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The Belles-Lettres Series

SECTION III

THE ENGLISH DRAMA

FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

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THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

AND

PHILASTER

By FRANCIS BEAUMONT

AND

JOHN FLETCHER

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THE BLACKFRIARS' THEATRE

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Biography

Francis Beaumont, third son of Sir Francis Beaumont of Grace Dieu in Leicestershire, one of the Justices of Common Pleas, was born about 1585 and died March 6, 1616. He was admitted gentleman commoner at Broadgates Hall, Oxford, in 1597, and was entered at the Inner Temple, London, November 3, 1600. He was married to Ursula, daughter of Henry Isley of Sundridge, Kent, probably in 1613, and left two daughters (one a posthumous child). He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

John Fletcher, son of Richard Fletcher, Bishop of London, was baptized at Rye in Sussex, where his father was then minister, December 20, 1579, and died of the plague in August, 1625. He was entered as a pensioner at Bene't College, Cambridge, 1591. His father as Dean of Peterborough attended Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringay, and was later rapidly promoted to the sees of Bristol, Worcester, and London. Handsome of person and eloquent of speech, he was a successful courtier and a favorite of the Queen, though he suffered a loss of favor shortly before his death in 1596. The dramatist received by bequest a share in his father's books, but apparently little other property. He was buried August 29, 1625, in Saint Saviour's, Southwark.

The biographical details of the friendship and collaboration of the two dramatists are involved in uncertainty. It is not known just when Fletcher came to London, when he began writing plays, or when he first became acquainted with Beaumont. D'Avenant in a prologue at a revival of the *Woman Hater*, evidently alluding to Fletcher, declares that "full twenty years he wore the bays." This would place the beginning of his play-writing in 1604–05,

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a date for which considerable other evidence has been accumulated.[1] In 1607, both he and Beaumont prefixed verses to *Volpone* (acted 1605). Beaumont praises Jonson for teaching "our tongue the rules of time, of place," and both appear as Jonson's friends. In 1607, then, they were well acquainted with Jonson and probably with each other. Beaumont wrote commendatory verses for *Epicœne* (1609 ?) and both Beaumont and Fletcher for *Catiline* (1611). Beaumont also wrote commendatory verses, together with Jonson, Chapman, and Field, for Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* (4to 1609 ?) The *Woman Hater*, probably by Beaumont alone, was published anonymously, 1607. Beaumont's oft-quoted epistle to Jonson is entitled in the 1679 folio, "written before he and Master Fletcher came to London with two of the precedent comedies, then not finished, which deferred their merry meetings at the Mermaid." The reference in the letter to Sutcliffe's wit seems to refer to the pamphlets produced by him in 1606. In 1610, Davies' *Scourge of Folly* was registered, containing an epigram on *Philaster*. In 1612, in the address to the reader prefixed to the *White Devil*, Webster praises "the no less worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher," ranking them on equal terms with such scholars and experienced dramatists as Chapman and Jonson, and apparently above Shakspere, Dekker, and Heywood. Before 1612, the reputation of Beaumont and Fletcher as dramatists must have been well established.

Only three plays in which Beaumont had a share were published before his death, the *Woman Hater*, 1607, the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1613, and *Cupid's Revenge*, 1615; and none of these appeared with his name. In addition to his plays, he wrote verses to the Countess of Rutland, and elegies on the Lady Markham, who died in 1609, the Countess of Rutland, who died in

1 See *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspere*, A. H. Thorndike.

1612, and Lady Penelope Clifton, who died in 1613. *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*, 1602, may possibly have been written by him; it is so assigned in the entry of 1639 in the Stationer's Register. In 1613, he wrote a masque for the Lady Elizabeth's marriage, which was performed with great splendor by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn, and published, presumably in the same year. There is no direct evidence that he wrote anything for the stage after 1612.

There is no doubt that Beaumont's reputation as a poet was very high even before his death. He was buried in Westminster Abbey close by Chaucer and Spenser; and the verses on Shakspere, usually attributed to William Basse, bid

> Renowned Spencer lye a thought more nye
> To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lye
> A little nearer Spenser, to make roome
> For Shakespeare in your threefold, fowerfold Tombe,
> To lodge all fowre in one bed make a shift
> Until Doomesdaye, for hardly will a fift
> Betwixt *this* day and *that* by Fate be slayne
> For whom your curtaines may be drawn againe.

Of Fletcher's life after Beaumont's withdrawal from the stage, our information is derived mainly from studies of the chronology of his plays and of his relations to collaborators. There is no trace of any discord between him and any of his fellows; and his continued friendship with Ben Jonson is testified to by the latter in his *Conversations with Drummond* and by the commendatory verses of William Brome.[1] In 1612–13, in the opinion of the present writer,[2] he was engaged with Shakspere in direct collaboration on *Henry VIII*, the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, and, perhaps, the non-extant *Cardenio*. From this time on, he wrote three or four plays each year, collaborating on many of these with Massinger. A communication of

1 Prefixed to Folio, 1647.

2 *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspere*, pp. 35–56.

about this date from Field, Daborne, and Massinger to Henslow alludes to a "play of Mr. Fletcher and ours." Before 1616 he wrote for various companies, but after that date so far as can be discovered, exclusively for the King's Men. Only ten plays in which he or Beaumont had a share were printed before his death: five with his name, — the *Faithful Shepherdess*, 1609 (?); *Cupid's Revenge*, 1615; the *Scornful Lady*, 1616; *A King and No King*, 1619; *Philaster*, 1620, '22 (the last three "by F. Beaumont and J. Fletcher"): four anonymously, — the *Woman Hater*, 1607, the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1613; the *Maid's Tragedy*, 1619, '22; *Thierry and Theodoret*, 1621; and one in the Shakspere Folio, 1623, *Henry VIII.*

There is abundant testimony to the great popularity of Fletcher's plays during his lifetime; and the Beaumont-Fletcher folio of 1647, containing plays not hitherto printed, was accompanied by a formidable array of commendatory verses. The literary reputation of the two friends can be judged from the fact that either during their lives or after their deaths, their praises were heralded by Jonson, Chapman, Webster, Waller, Denham, Lovelace, Cartwright, Herrick, Brome, and Shirley.

The following list [1] includes all the plays in which either Beaumont or Fletcher had a share, arranged in a conjecturally chronological order. The year of the first performance is given, this coinciding presumably with the time of composition. The exact date of many of the plays cannot be determined, and matters of date and authorship are in debate. Beaumont is not generally credited by critics with a share in any of the plays of the second period nor with *Woman's Prize*, *Monsieur Thomas*, or the *Faithful Shepherdess* of the first period.

1 *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspere*, pp. 92–93.

First Period.

Woman's Prize; or, The Tamer Tamed.	1604?
Wit at Several Weapons. First version.	1605?
The Woman Hater.	1606?
Love's Cure, or The Martial Maid.	1606?
Thierry and Theodoret.	1607?
Monsieur Thomas.	1607–8?
The Knight of The Burning Pestle.	1607–8?
Four Plays in One.	1608?
The Faithful Shepherdess.	1608?
Philaster; or Love lies a-bleeding.	1608?
The Coxcomb.	1609?
The Maid's Tragedy.	1609?
Cupid's Revenge.	1609–10?
The Scornful Lady.	1610–11?
A King and No King.	1611
The Captain.	1611?

Second Period.

The Nice Valour; or the Passionate Madman.	1612??
The Night Walker; or the Little Thief.	1612??
The Beggar's Bush.	1612??
Cardenio. (*Non-extant.*)	1612–13
The Mask of The Inner Temple.	1613
The Two Noble Kinsmen.	1613?
Henry VIII.	1613?
The Honest Man's Fortune.	1613
Wit Without Money.	1614?
Love's Pilgrimage.	1614?
The Faithful Friends.	1614?
The Chances.	1615?
Bonduca.	1615?
Valentinian.	1615–16?
The Jeweller of Amsterdam.	1616–17?
The Bloody Brother; or Rollo, Duke of Normandy.	1617??
The Queen of Corinth.	c 1617
The Loyal Subject.	1618

The Mad Lover.	c 1618
The Knight of Malta.	c 1618

THIRD PERIOD.

The Humourous Lieutenant.	c 1619?
Sir John van Olden Barnaveldt.	1619?
The Custom of the Country.	c 1619
The Double Marriage.	c 1619
The Laws of Candy.	c 1619
The Little French Lawyer.	c 1620
The False One.	c 1620
Woman Pleased.	c 1620
The Island Princess.	c 1620
The Pilgrim.	c 1621
The Wild Goose Chase.	c 1621
The Prophetess.	1622
The Sea Voyage.	1622
The Spanish Curate.	1622
The Maid in The Mill.	1623
The Lover's Progress (*The Wandering Lovers*).	1623
The Fair Maid of The Inn.	1623–4
A Wife for a Month.	1624
Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.	1624
The Noble Gentleman.	1625?
Coronation.	1625??
The Elder Brother.	1624–5??

The *Devil of Dowgate* and the *Unfortunate Piety* are non-extant and it is not certain that Fletcher had any share in them.

Introduction

The first plays by Beaumont and Fletcher were not written earlier than 1604, in 1612 Beaumont apparently ceased to write for the stage, and in 1616 he died. The brief period of their collaboration thus came at the climacteric of the astonishingly rapid and varied development of the Elizabethan drama. Thirty years before they began, there had been no theatre; barely twenty years before, Shakespeare had first obtained employment with a London company of actors; but the public that had then been satisfied with the doggerel and personified abstractions of Wilson's comedies was by 1604 able to enjoy the exquisite fun and sentiment of *Twelfth Night* and the clever caricatures of *Every Man in His Humour*. The same dramatist who had compiled *Titus Andronicus* was writing *Othello*, and the development of Shakespeare's genius had been paralleled by the general progress of dramatic art. The material prosperity, social status, and literary standing of the drama had also greatly improved, and playwrights were frequently gentlemen and scholars who brought to their work courtly or critical tastes, demanding new aims and new methods in art. It was recognized that the path for future progress was illuminated by the masterpieces of the past and present, but there was no suspicion that the highest point had been attained, rather a cry for advance and divergence.

The early drama had been nothing if not popular, but by the first decade of the seventeenth century the dramatists themselves were chafing under the whims of an illiterate audience and turning to the cultivated or courtly for support. Their appeal came to be less and less to the crowd in the pit and more to the gentles who witnessed the performances at court or sat on the stage in the public theatres. Thus Webster excuses the defects of the *White Devil* as a true dramatic poem because "the breath that comes from the incapable multitude is able to poison . . . the most sententious tragedy that ever was written." So Jonson dedicates plays to "the special fountain of manners, the Court," "to the noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the kingdom, the Inns of Court," and "to the most noble and most equal sisters, the two most famous universities." Instances of this sort could be multiplied from prologues and dedications; and further evidence of the growing influence of courtly and cultivated patronage may be found in the success of the private theatres with their higher prices and exclusive audiences, and also in the influence of courtly manners and courtly entertainments on the public stage.

In some important respects this change in the character of patronage pointed towards decadence. In appealing to the populace, the early drama had always been patriotic and usually moral, but the later drama turned to a court that possessed neither a national spirit nor moral decency. The vulgar crowd that delighted to see the field of Agincourt within the wooden O was a sounder moral guide than the wits who relished the double en-

tendre of Beaumont and Fletcher's courtiers, and the apprentice who approved of *Old Fortunatus* was perhaps as good a guide to vital worth in literature as the gentleman of fashion who accepted the dedication of one of Chapman's comedies. A corrupt and shameless court and its hangers-on was henceforth to patronize the drama and to furnish it with both subjects for satire and ideals of conduct, while the increasing Puritanism was to widen the breach between the people and the stage. The moral decadence that resulted was, however, by no means foreseen ; it was rather in desire for both moral and æsthetic refinement that the dramatists began to ridicule the taste of the vulgar and portray the manners of men of the world, to refuse the plaudits of the idle apprentices and seek those of the no less idle young gentlemen of the Inns of Court.

The early drama again had been anything but critical. Though Plautus and Seneca were its models, knowledge of the classical drama was not sufficiently general or thorough to afford effectual criticism ; while the demands of the audiences at the public theatres forced a complete adaptation of classical models and a neglect of classical precepts. Criticism was offered by outsiders with literary ideals like Sidney or by moral objecters like Gosson, but the dramatists pursued their

edingly, meeting the limitations of a bare
astes of a motley audience, and the varied
pulses of the Elizabethan Renaissance by
ne freest experimentation. The early years
efore, the time of experiment, of the multi-
id the confusion of types, and of an increas-

ing disregard of rule and precedent ; but by the end of the century the knowledge of the classical drama had increased and was possessed by men capable of applying it to their own work. The drama was established as a national, indigenous, and poetical form of literature ; there could be no danger, as there had been in the days of *Gorboduc*, of a return to mere classical imitation ; but there was opportunity for consideration, criticism, and new departures. Jonson and Webster recognized in their prefaces the impossibility of classical regularity in the face of audiences accustomed to other methods, and both paid hearty tribute to the genius of their predecessors, but, although the merits of preceding plays were recognized and adopted, their absurdities were by this time apparent and were to be hooted out of court. Instead of a hap-hazard representation of life, the drama was henceforth to be supplied with definite aims and definite methods and rules. This criticism prepared the way for a loss of spontaneity and initiative, but no decadence was manifest in the ideals proposed by Jonson ; and it was as his disciples that Beaumont and Fletcher began their work. They and the other dramatists were charged by Jonson to be conscious of high aims and of their duty as artists, to be able to declare with him in his dedication of *Volpone:* "I have laboured for their instruction and amendment, to reduce not only the ancient forms, but manners of the scene, the easiness, the propriety, the innocence, and last, the doctrine, which is the principle end of poesie, to inform men in the best reason of living." Working still for a popular stage and limited by the demands of

the theatres, they were to study past achievement critically, attend to purpose, method, and rule, and advance to new achievement with a finer and more thorough realization of their duties and opportunities than their predecessors had known.

Gentlemen by birth, attached to the court rather than the people, trained by their own education and their association with Jonson to a consciousness of their art, Beaumont and Fletcher naturally viewed the plays of their predecessors with critical, though doubtless appreciative minds. That they admired much is indicated by the freedom with which they borrowed situations, ideas, or types of character from Jonson, Shakespeare, or another ; but, though they did not remain Jonsonian realists or pay over-much heed to classical rules or precedents, there can be no doubt that they were in full sympathy with the struggle for a more cultivated audience and a more critical art. The importance of their relation to this new movement may be seen by reference to certain types of plays which they avoided as well as by reference to those types that they introduced or developed.

Chronicle-history plays were condemned by the critical group because of their absurd violations of the unities and because of the incongruities between their material, — battles, pageants, coronations, depositions, — and the inadequate facilities and few actors of the Elizabethan theatre. Chronicle-history in fact had run its course and was approaching a natural death. In the prologue to *Henry V* Shakespeare frankly acknowledged the absurdities of the genre at the same time that Jon-

son was vigorously ridiculing it in the prologue of *Every Man in His Humour*. These two critical declarations were its valedictory, although Shakespeare himself, working with stories from English chronicles and employing many of the methods which he had used earlier, developed the chronicle-history into *Macbeth* and *Lear*, and later joined with Fletcher in a revival of the old type in *Henry VIII*. Beaumont and Fletcher in their collaboration made no use of the matter of the chronicles or of the methods or spectacles of the chronicle play.

In a similar way the revenge tragedy reached its culmination at the time when the critical were ready to scoff at it. The story of blood vengeance, directed by a ghost and performed with hesitation and bewilderment by a philosophically inclined protagonist, had been introduced and popularized by Kyd in the *Spanish Tragedy*, but the dramatists themselves did not awake to the crudities of the type until many of them had used it and Shakespeare had transformed it into *Hamlet*. Then Ben Jonson was ready to ridicule the raging Hieronimo,[1] to whose part he had previously, in his additions to Kyd's play, given a serious interpretation and magnificent poetry. Hieronimo and Hamlet, too, became the butts of good-natured fun from Beaumont and Fletcher as representatives of a class of plays that fed the taste of the vulgar.

In comedy also they departed from the fashion of

[1] See Inductions to *Cynthia's Revels*, 1601, and *Bartholomew Fair*, 1631, acted 1614. See also the jokes on *Hamlet* in *Eastward Hoe*, 1605.

an earlier day. The formless combination of a dozen genres into something songful, witty, and entertaining, by no means answered the views of Jonson :

> But deeds and language such as men do use,
> And persons such as comedy would choose,
> When she would shew an image of the times,
> And sport with human follies, not with crimes.

The mixture of monsters, mythologies, sentimental couples, marvellous escapes, and witty dialogues, such as had been furnished by plays like *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, the *Old Wives Tale*, or the *Woman in the Moon*, was held contrary to law and order ; the comedy of Lyly, Peele, and Greene, which had made possible and conditioned the alluring romance of Arden and Illyria, was going out of fashion and giving place to the realistic and satirical comedies of Jonson and Middleton. It was this realistic comedy that Beaumont and Fletcher took as a point of departure for their subsequent innovations.

Some of their earliest plays were experiments that still further attest their attitude. Beaumont's *Woman Hater* is a comedy in Jonson's manner, and his *Knight of the Burning Pestle*,[1] written under the inspiration of Don Quixote, is a burlesque on contemporary plays of adventure. Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* is an attempt to replace the abortive pastorals of earlier playwrights by a genuine and elaborate pastoral tragi-comedy on the model of *Il Pastor Fido*. These plays won the praise of the critical, but the inimitable grace

[1] For a discussion of these plays see the volume on *Beaumont* of the *Belles Lettres Series*, Professor R. M. Alden.

and sweetness of the *Faithful Shepherdess* and the abounding drollery and *verve* of the *Burning Pestle* were alike impotent to avert the disapproval of a public all unused to such innovations.

Perhaps the failure of these plays taught the young poets their lesson. At all events their other plays, though they are not less novel in character and likewise show an attachment to contemporary foreign literature, especially Spanish novels, are characterized by an intimate knowledge of stage-craft and a constant attention to theatrical effectiveness. While they afforded full scope for the authors' dramatic ingenuity and poetical imagination, they also succeeded in captivating the public. These successes resulted after further development in two distinct classes of plays, the comedies and the heroic romances, both of which proved of vast importance in the later history of the drama.

Their comedy — of which the *Scornful Lady* is perhaps the best representative of their collaboration and the *Wild Goose Chase* of Fletcher's later development — has its resemblances and connections with preceding and contemporary plays, but it is a distinct departure from the humoristic drama, and it marks out a new line of development followed to the close of the Restoration. It is a comedy of lively plot, dealing with love as a game and woman as the quarry, and presenting the manners of the day, an overflowing wit, and no morals. Its full development belongs to Fletcher's later years.[1]

[1] For a discussion of this comedy see the volume, *Fletcher*, in the *Belles Lettres Series*.

The romances, sometimes tragic and sometimes tragic-comic, likewise drew much from the contemporary drama, but they also mark important innovations. The years 1601–1608, the period of Shakespeare's tragedies, were also, as has been noted, the time of the prevalence of the realistic drama and of the absence of sentimental or romantic comedy or tragi-comedy. The return to romance, heralded probably by *Philaster*,[1] resulted in six plays resembling one another and forming the most distinctive product of Beaumont and Fletcher's collaboration. Other plays of the collaboration and many later plays by Fletcher might be grouped with these, but the six will serve to define the type with distinctness. The six plays, *Four Plays in One*, *Thierry and Theodoret*, *Philaster*, the *Maid's Tragedy*, *Cupid's Revenge*, and *A King and No King*, resemble one another so closely in material, construction, characterization, and style that a single analysis will serve for all.

Their plots, largely invented, are ingenious and complicated. They deal with royal or noble persons, with heroic actions, and are placed in foreign localities. The conquests, usurpations, and passions that ruin kingdoms are their themes, there are no battles or pageants, and the action is usually confined to the rooms of the palace or its immediate neighborhood. Usually contrasting a story of gross sensual passion with one of idyllic love, they introduce a great variety of incidents and aim at constant but varied excitement. Some of the situations

[1] See *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspere*, A. H. Thorndike, 1901.

that they use more than once, indicate their general character, — a girl, disguised as a boy, is stabbed by the man whom she loves; a woman convicted of adultery brazenly defies her accusers; the hero is saved from the tyrant by a timely insurrection of the turbulent populace. The tragic, idyllic, and sensational material is skilfully constructed into a number of theatrically telling situations, which lead by a series of surprises to very effective climaxes or catastrophes. All signs of the epic methods of construction found in the early drama have disappeared; there is usually a chance until the last moment for either a happy or an unhappy ending, and in every case the dénouement or catastrophe is elaborately prepared for and complicated. The dramatis personae belong to impossible and romantic situations rather than to life, and are usually of certain types, — the sentimental or violent hero; his faithful friend, a blunt, outspoken soldier; the sentimental heroine, often a love-lorn maiden disguised as a page that she may serve the hero; the evil woman defiant in her crimes; and the poltroon, usually a comic personage. With the addition of a king, some gentlemen and ladies of the court, and a few persons from the lower ranks, the cast is complete. The plays depend for interest not on their observation or revelation of human nature, or the development of character, but on the variety of situations, the clever construction that holds the interest through one suspense to another up to the unravelling at the very end, and on the naturalness, felicity, and vigor of the poetry.

Such a summary is perhaps enough to suggest both

' indebtedness to preceding drama and their and contributions. Their indebtedness may some of their situations and types of charac- quarrel between Melantius and Amintor in *s Tragedy* must have been suggested by that and Cassius in *Julius Cæsar*; and in the of *Philaster*, the hero has marked resem- Hamlet. The sentimental heroines, who important parts in the romances, offer re- to Shakespeare's, and to other representa- s type from the day of Greene's Dorothea. The indebtedness of the six plays to preceding drama extends, indeed, beyond details. Like all tragedies from the time of *Gorboduc* and *Cambyses*, the tragedies of Beaumont and Fletcher dealt with kings and nobles, with marked reversals of fortune, with sensational crimes, and with numerous deaths. Like all preceding tragi-comedies, *Philaster* presents a happy conclusion and a general reconciliation after a succession of circumstances of a tragic cast, intermingled with others to supply comic relief. Even in their departures from precedent, Beaumont and Fletcher owe something to their predecessors. In breaking away from the realistic tendencies of Jonson, they availed themselves of some of the traits of earlier romantic comedy. On the other hand, in their abandonment of certain types of drama, and in their avoidance of extreme violations of time and place, and in their consequently more coherent structure, they profited from Jonson's counsel. Their fondness for fixed types of character may also possibly be taken as a sign of Jonson's influence.

The contribution of the heroic romance drama can be understood by a comparison of its characteristics just enumerated as defining the [illegible] with those of prevailing types of tragedy and tragi-comedy. Beaumont and Fletcher, as has been stated, forsook tragical chronicle-history with its inevitable accompaniment of armies and battles, and also the Kydian type of revenge tragedy, variously developed by Marston, Shakespeare, Chapman, and Webster. They forsook also the Marlowe type with its central protagonist and his dominant passion, a type that conditioned the supreme efforts of Shakespeare in *Lear* and *Othello*. Their tragedies differ from these classes of tragedies in their stories, situations, and characters. They differ almost as saliently in their methods of structure. Beaumont and Fletcher did not, like most of their predecessors, turn to English or Roman history for their plots, nor did they adhere closely to any given narratives. They either, as apparently in *Philaster*, the *Maid's Tragedy*, and *A King and No King*, invented their plots entirely; or, as in *Thierry and Theodoret* and *Cupid's Revenge*, they used old stories merely as a basis for their favorite characters and situations. Narrative and expository scenes, the accompaniments of the old chronicle or epic method of structure, disappeared in their facile development of incidents into telling situations, and in their clever entanglement of varied situations leading to surprising and theatrically effective catastrophes and dénouements. *Antony and Cleopatra*, with its numerous narrative scenes and its cumbersome structure, illustrates the survival of the epic method, as

the *Maid's Tragedy*, with its rapidity of surprise, illustrates the abandonment.

In tragi-comedy Beaumont and Fletcher's departure from preceding plays is distinguished by the same innovations in material and structure as in tragedy, and especially by the constant emphasis they place on the contrast between the tragic and the idyllic elements of their plots and by their use of surprising and complicated dénouements. *Measure for Measure*, a tragi-comedy preceding *Philaster* by only a few years, illustrates this departure. In *Philaster*, the idyllic element, neglected in the Mariana story of *Measure for Measure*, receives full treatment in constant contrast with the tragic; and the dénouement, which in *Measure for Measure* is only a long explanation of what every one knows, carries us rapidly from the tragic crisis to a happy ending through a series of telling situations. This achievement of theatrical effectiveness even at the cost of plausibility and consistency of character is perhaps the chief contribution of Beaumont and Fletcher to dramatic art and the most striking characteristic of both their comedies and their romances.

Both classes of plays pleased their own age. By 1612, when Beaumont was twenty-six and Fletcher thirty-three, and their work together was finished, they were established among the poets of the highest rank in both critical and popular estimation. Evidence has elsewhere been advanced to show that their heroic plays had an influence on Shakespeare's change from tragedy to romance and on the material and structure of his latest plays, and that *Philaster* led somewhat di-

rectly to *Cymbeline*.[1] At all events there can be no doubt that both comedies and romances marked out pathways much frequented by dramatists of the next thirty years. The paths led possibly to the ruin of the drama through a less formal versification, an emphasis on stage situation rather than interpretation of character, a heedlessness of moral taste, and a fondness for abnormally sensational themes; but what is worthy as well as what is unworthy in the plays of Massinger, Shirley, and even the Restoration writers, owes much to Beaumont and Fletcher. In 1647, when their plays were first collected, nearly all of the poets of the day joined in commendatory verses expressing admiration without bounds. They were ranked above Jonson and Shakespeare; and, if we make all due allowance for adulation, there remains an unquestionable sincerity in the preference that most of the verses accord them. An archaicism in language and taste and an unevenness of style are charged to Shakespeare, and a heaviness and laboriousness to Jonson, while the modernity and naturalness of the younger men receive contrasted praise. The Restoration found their plays the favorites of the theatre, though the genius of Betterton discovered its best opportunities in the great parts of Shakespeare's tragedies; and Dryden only summed up the critical opinion of the day in his masterly analyses that ranked them with Shakespeare and Jonson. By the beginning of the eighteenth century, Pseudo-classicism brought them into disrepute with the critical, and a chastened stage

[1] *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspere*, A. H. Thorndike, 1901.

saw their plays but seldom. During the two centuries since, they have never recovered their former popularity, yet they have never been long without favor from the reading public, as the various editions of their plays testify, and one may doubt whether their influence on the stage has ever been quite lost.

To-day, however, it is only by recalling their position and relations in the history of the drama in the seventeenth century that we are likely to form a generous estimate of their genius and art or a just appreciation of the plays that best represent their combined endeavors, the heroic romances. On reading them, one's first admiration is doubtless for the astonishing cleverness of the invention and construction. Since their day we have had romances and melodramas in multitudes, both in dramas and novels; and devices for exciting the reader's attention and holding him in a suspense to be ended by a surprise and a fresh suspense have been multiplied and elaborated indefinitely. Yet few works of fiction secure the reader's attention to the story with the power of the *Maid's Tragedy*. There are faults and conventions, to be sure, that would not be repeated to-day. The masque in it is an interlude, a piece of stage decoration and vocalism, peculiar to the period; and the idyl of Aspatia, though it affords an opportunity for exquisite poetry, is again not altogether to our taste. The lady who accompanies Melantius to the masque is introduced with a good deal of flourish but to no purpose; and the sudden conversion of Evadne from the merciless and shameless taunter of Amintor into his penitent lover and avenger, is a sheer impossibility. This last

rect, however, illustrates both the method and the power of the authors. The difficulty is one not infrequent in romance: a sensational plot requires an incredible revolution in the character of one of the actors. Evadne has to be converted, and her conversion must take place on the stage, and the agent cannot be the frantic Amintor but must be her brother, the blunt and unyielding Melantius. Given the situation — Melantius is to cow and convert Evadne — and how could it be managed with greater theatrical effectiveness or indeed with more vivid suggestion of reality than in the unrelenting tirades that Fletcher has written? Our authors never hesitated to face impossibilities, least of all incredible changes in character; they simply sat firm in the saddle and spurred their Pegasus for the jump.

That some of the scenes act with unparalleled stage effect, we have the testimony of seventeenth century playgoers and of some few amateurs who have undertaken the play in recent years. The murder of the king would surely thrill the spectator as few stage murders do. With what extraordinary vividness the whole scene comes before even a reader's eyes, — the smirking jests of the gentlemen-in-waiting, the half-lit room, the stealthy binding of the king, his slow awakening, his confused impotent interruptions of Evadne's unflinching recital, the uplifted knife, the groans for pity, the terrible stabs —

> Hell take me then! This for my Lord Amintor!
> This for my noble brother! And this stroke
> For the most wronged of women!

She glides across the stage — the bloody knife unconcealed — and the smirking gentlemen enter again.

The particular kingdom in the world of romance to which Beaumont and Fletcher introduce us is not a happy or a healthy one, but it does not lack excitement. It is no place for meditation over life's purposes, or for observation of human motives, and none is permitted. We are given seats in an ante-room of the palace, and at once the flow of events engrosses us, — conspiracies and imprisonments, insurrections and wars, adultery, seduction and murder, the talk of courtiers, gossip of women, banquets of the monarch, tempests of passion, and the laments of the love-lorn. A few hours, and kingdoms have trembled in the balance; the heroine has been proved guilty and innocent again; the murdered have come to life; and the lover has been ecstatic, jealous, frantic, implacable, forgiving, and serene at last. Yet all is plausible enough in the brilliant flow of the verse; or if part of it is incredible, it all passes on so rapidly that there is no time for doubt.

This land of romance is a land of thrills, and thrills of many sorts. It is not altogether given up to violence; it has its idyls and sentiments. Near the palace is a forest, where now and then after a tumultuous hour we may retire to cool our harried senses, and where the lovers wander to forget their misfortunes and by its fountains weave their sighs into lyrical garlands. For even in this realm love is often innocent and young. Athwart the path of the murderous Evadne comes the melancholy and tender Aspatia; and amid the corruption of the court of Iberia there has grown the pure devotion of a Bellario. Beaumont and Fletcher did nothing by halves. If a man is a coward, he endures a

thousand kicks; if a woman sins, she multiplies adultery by murder; if a woman is pure and gentle, she finds her sweetest pleasure in dying by the hand of the man she loves. On their idyls they lavished all the graces of their art. Their maidens suffer, serve, and weep, love, forgive, and die in lines that somehow preserve the grace of simplicity though they wear all the jewels of imagery and allusion that the authors possess. The portraits of these martyrs in love are far from life-like; they belong to the idyllic forest of the court-romance; they seem to be made in response to a challenge, — "Paint me tenderness, sweetness, feminine perfection." Yet one will not read the plays without falling now and again under the charm of the lovely verses that tell of woman's love — often indeed with fine dramatic insight, with consummate fitness of language, and an imaginative ideality. Recall Bellario and Ordella facing death for their beloved.

> *Bellario.* Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
> Worthy your noble thoughts! 'tis not a life,
> 'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.[1]
> *Ordella.* 'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest;
> Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
> And kings from height of all their painted glories
> Fall like spent exhalations to this centre:
> And those are fools that fear it, or imagine,
> A few unhandsome pleasures, or life's profits,
> Can recompense this place; and mad that stay it
> Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humours
> Bring them dispersed to earth.[2]

After all one rejoices that this Camelot has its Astolat and one regrets that the forests and fountains could not

[1] *Philaster*, v, 2. [2] *Thierry and Theodoret*, iv, 1.

be kept sacred to true love and its lyrics. But the forest is close to the palace, and the shouting and tumult are carried from the one to the other. The various persons introduce one another in long descriptions, and after an introductory speech, the character remains fixed except as the shifting situations demand some unexpected change. There is no shading or subtlety in the characterization, little discrimination or individuality in the different representatives of their favorite types, who, however, are not at all wanting in originality. The *miles gloriosus*, for example, becomes in their hands a very different person from Falstaff or Bobadill; he displays new resources of vanity and meets exposure with new feats of audacity; he is perfectly distinct and ingeniously comic, at least as a stage figure. So, too, the conventional type of the querulous old man becomes a source of fresh comedy in Calianax, and the old captain who leads the insurrection in *Philaster* is conceived with audacious humor and abundant spirit. And if our poets do not reveal the depths or complexities of human nature, they have the power of rising to a situation and of expressing dramatic emotion. So their type of evil woman acquires tremendous force in the great scenes where Evadne plays her part, and their type of female saintliness becomes human and sincere in the white light of Ordella's devotion.

Moreover their men and women talk like real persons. Dryden declared that they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better than Shakespeare, and in some respects this distinction is clear enough to-day. The men of the early tragedies, by

Marlowe, Kyd, Marston, or Shakespeare, had spoken a language elevated and removed from ordinary discourse. The bombastic vein finds repeated illustration in Shakespeare's early plays; as in the opening lines of *Henry VI*, —

> Hung be the heavens with black! yield day to night! etc.

Or of *Richard III*, —

> Now is the winter of our discontent
> Made glorious summer by this sun of York —

Nor did the effort for a declamatory and sententious tragic style fail to leave an impression on the works of his maturer genius. The very style of phrase that comes from *Coriolanus*, *Lear*, or *Othello* removes the speakers from the manners of the age and the habits of the auditors. Coriolanus begins, —

> Thanks. What 's the matter you disentious rogues,
> That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
> Make yourselves scabs?

And Othello, —

> Let him do his spite:
> My services which I have done the signiory
> Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know, —
> Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
> I shall promulgate —

Compare these speeches with the opening words of Melantius, and there can be no doubt that the phrases of Beaumont and Fletcher have the advantage in naturalness. Or compare them with the opening boast of the most ranting of their kings, Arbaces —

> Thy sadness, brave Tigranes, takes away
> From my full victory: am I become
> Of so small fame, that any man should grieve
> When I o'ercome him?

The vaunt is melodramatic, but the language is keyed to ordinary speech.

Such talk as this makes the thrilling events and the exaggerated types of character seem plausible. The method of Shakespeare is reversed. We accept his land of romance, but it is far from the world of the day, and we have a sense of being conveyed thither. So the opening dialogue of Theseus and Hippolyta bears us one stage from reality toward fairy-land, and the opening lines of the Duke in *Twelfth Night* prepare us for an Illyria of sunshine, sentiment, and song. The poetry of Beaumont and Fletcher, on the contrary, does not carry us to romance, it brings romance to us. We are introduced into a court, which despite the foreign names much resembles the court of James I; there is some gossip or compliment among a few gentlemen, and there is no elevation of language, the phrases are not heavy with premonitions of disaster; in comparison with preceding Elizabethan tragedies, the diction is natural, clear, and modern. The spectators at Blackfriars must have felt that they were viewing men and women like themselves, and thereby have been inclined to accept the marvels and horrors that followed. The trick has since become common in romance; a clever young American invades a marvellous toy kingdom in central Europe, foils conspiracies, marries the princess, and accomplishes all sorts of upsets and escapes, — and we accept everything as we read because the persons appear and talk like acquaintances. Similarly a lack of archaicism or remoteness in speech goes far to make Beaumont and Fletcher's romances plausible.

Perhaps the happiest result of their introduction of a gentleman of 1610 into a romantic orgy is found in the character of Melantius. Theatre-goers had been long used to a central figure in tragedy, vehement, ranting, eloquent, and passionate, with a part full of violent action and sounding declamation; as, Tamburlaine, Hieronimo, Richard III, Othello, or Lear. Melantius is of a different sort; he does not tear a passion to tatters in sounding polysyllabics; or go insane; or invoke earth and heaven and their mysteries in his midnight meditations. He talks without inflatus, periphrasis, or aphorism, like a gentleman of the day; yet how he talks! His gift of blunt, soldierly conversation wins the keys of the castle from his bitterest enemy, wrings the secret of his sister's dishonor from the wronged Amintor, and converts that sister from a brazen sinner into a penitent martyr. The protagonist must still excel in talk, but his talk is different, and his character as well. The protagonist is no longer the creature of a mysterious fate, a self-revealing villain, or a victim of his own overpowering passion, but he is the beau ideal of the seventeenth century gentleman, clever, daring, indomitable, never at a loss, fastidious of honor, and above all a loyal and efficient friend. His loyalty appeals to our sympathies less deeply than Kent's and his avowals of friendship have the taint of exaggeration, but perhaps the well-worn stage type of the faithful friend has never been drawn with greater distinctness and enthusiasm.

In the main, however, what existence the characters have outside of the situations in which they are placed,

what reality they retain in our memories, is due to the power of the verse to reflect clearly the emotions of the moment. There is, as has been said, an absence of that tragic inflatus made so effective in Marlowe, striven after by many imitators, and not wanting even in Shakespeare's masterpieces. There is a notable absence of the merely sonorous, the turgid declamation, the mouthing of strange words; that sort of style is ridiculed in Pharamond and Bessus. The style of the romances is marked, too, by an absence of overcrowding thought, such as seems sometimes striven after in Marston or Chapman, and such as sometimes makes Shakespeare's lines a puzzle. Beaumont and Fletcher have no emotions too fleeting or too profound for utterance, no perplexing tangle of thought that defies expression in decasyllabics; and they had no desire to make their style sententious, weighty, philosophical. They had no doubt about what they wanted to say, and they said it clearly and rapidly. They had room for ornament and rhetorical device but none for eccentricity or obscurity. Dryden's remark that they perfected the English language deserves consideration as the view of a century later, and can be appreciated to-day. After the tragedies of Jonson, Marston, Marlowe, Chapman, Webster, or Tourneur, one escapes with an elation of temper to the unpuzzling verse of the *Maid's Tragedy* and *Philaster*. One misses with a sense of joy the entanglement and doubt felt in the others, and often enough, too, in Shakespeare.

Such traits of style as have been noticed are common to both men, and seem due — so far as they are con-

scious at all — to an effort to make dramatic style correspond as nearly as possible to natural speech. This seems particularly true of Fletcher, who is the more revolutionary of the two in his innovations and the more persistent in his mannerisms. His structure is loose and conversational; parentheses and colloquialisms abound; and his blank verse breaks down the barriers of the rigid pentameter and approaches the irregular rhythm of prose. Added syllables are numerous, and feminine endings usurp a large majority of the lines. Beaumont differs from Fletcher in his use of feminine endings and end-stopt lines, using far fewer of either than Fletcher, but he too imitates the broken and unpremeditated effect of ordinary speech and, like Fletcher, avoids unusual words and obscure constructions. In long speeches or in descriptive or lyrical passages, the structure naturally becomes more periodic, the rhythm more sustained, and the imagery more elaborate; and it is in such passages that Beaumont is often at his best. He is free, too, from the annoying faults of Fletcher, who is careless and monotonous in rhythm and structure. But both writers rise now and then to an intensely imaginative phrase or a beautifully wrought description, and the chief merit of their style is its constant power to suit itself to the ever-shifting action and emotion. The style of neither is suggestive of the intricacies of human feeling or the splendor of human intellect, but the style of both, of Fletcher preëminently, reveals a fertility of imagination and an astonishing mobility of words. For what it attempts, it is surprisingly competent. In its lyric moments, it sings; in

the conversation of gentlemen, it is deft and rapid; in the crises of passion, thrilling; in its idyls, melodious and sweet; and it is always copious and lucid.

It is these extraordinary merits of style that gave Beaumont and Fletcher their seventeenth century reputation and have attracted readers in the generations since. Ethical objections to their plays drove them finally from the stage and continue to disturb readers to-day.

One ethical charge, fathered by Coleridge and often repeated, calls for defence. Coleridge denounced them as servile, *divino jure*, royalists, and Professor Ward, though he instances the climax of the *Maid's Tragedy* to the contrary, declares that their sentiment of loyalty "means the abandonment of the aspiration for freedom as part of the sense of manhood; — it is slavery draping itself with chivalrous dignity in the cloak of 'the Emperor's loyal general.'" A belief in divine right may naturally have been acquired and possibly retained by Beaumont and Fletcher as well as by most dramatists of the day. They certainly make use of the sanctity of the king's person as a motive intelligible to their audiences and of importance to the persons in the drama; but the "servility" and "slavery" are hardly apparent. Both *Philaster* and the *Maid's Tragedy*, having plots of the authors' invention, deal with successful insurrections against royal power, and in the *Maid's Tragedy* the leader of the insurrection induces his sister to murder the king. When we recall that in 1601 actors were punished for performing *Richard II* with the deposition of the king, and that the scene was omitted from the first two editions of the play, and

when we recall that an alteration of the *Maid's Tragedy*, omitting the murder of the king, was deemed necessary in the reign of Charles II, the attitude of Beaumont and Fletcher seems daring rather than servile. Still farther, they are no great respecters of royal worth. Their monarchs are weak, corrupt, lustful; and the most vigorous of them all, Arbaces, is not of royal birth and has no divine right. It has been argued that Shakespeare was a democrat because in opposition to current laudation of royalty he represented kings with the weaknesses and crimes of ordinary men; and if this argument be allowed weight, Beaumont and Fletcher were democrats and revolutionists. Perhaps it is fairer to judge them as literary artists and not as political theorists. Their tragedies, as all Elizabethan tragedies, dealt with kings; dealing with kings, they naturally made divine right play an important part; they emphasized the sentiment of royal sanctity in order to make royal weakness more effective dramatically, — in order to make the assassination of a king more theatrically sensational. They wrote as dramatists, described kings as both good and bad, but generally bad, and if necessary they murdered them without pity.

Other ethical objections to their plays, however, are less easily refuted. Beaumont and Fletcher depict love of many kinds and they present its abnormal or sensational aspects with an outspokenness that is offensive to modern refinement and reveals an absence of moral taste on the part of the authors. In view of the character of the court of James I and the contemporary ex-

posure of the career of Frances Howard, it must be admitted that the dramatists represented faithfully the loose manners and flagrant immorality of their age; but the representation is without apology or satire and apparently without consciousness of its grossness. The atmosphere is never quite pure. A model of feminine purity may kiss and be kissed by the suitors she resists, and an ideal of innocence join unabashed in jests that to-day would be unpardonable. The themes of their plays are hardly more sensational than those of many recent novels, and their outspokenness might possibly be defended in comparison with modern reticence and suggestion, but it must be confessed that the whole tone of their work is less pure and healthy than of any dramatist preceding them, and that it opens the way to the lewdness of the Restoration.

No one indeed will care to claim much credit for Beaumont and Fletcher as moral teachers. Unlike some of their contemporaries, they did not seek to discover and chastise the follies and excesses of their time; and their conception of drama did not involve the study of human motives in the light of moral law. They dealt with themes that would please their audience and patrons and would offer a sufficient range of emotions for the exhibition of the authors' poetic powers. Of many modern romanticists and sentimentalists little more can be said; like them, Beaumont and Fletcher were fond of love and lovers and sought to present many varieties, but their imaginations kept too frequent company with the gross and unhealthy. With no distinct moral purpose, without imaginations that touched spiritual heights

or penetrated to the real significance of moral conflict, they entered unhesitatingly on the task of holding up a mirror to a society loose in manners and unprincipled in morals. They are not so much guilty of intentional immorality as impotent to produce moral effect. But something must be added on the other side. If their imaginations run loose in a corrupt society, they also seek at times the sweeter and the nobler aspects of life. What won for their ethics high laudation from contemporary critics and may carry to us at least a partial justification for their lapses, were their rhetorical and dramatic adulation of innocence and purity, and, as it seems to us, their more sincere and not less enthusiastic exaltation of generosity, friendship, and devotion. The critic of their ethics should not forget Melantius and Ordella.

If little enlightenment for the moral perceptions comes from reading their plays, there will surely be astonishment and admiration for the triumphant flow of verse, scene, and plot; and by the historical student, a recognition of the freshness and importance of their art in its own day. In all the marvellous story of the Elizabethan drama few chapters captivate the fancy more delightfully than the one that tells of their precocious success. At the time when Jonson and Shakespeare were at their best, these two striplings began. The critical, humorous, and imaginative Beaumont and the witty, irresponsible, and extraordinarily clever Fletcher somehow harmonized their differences and united their powers. They wrote plays as plays, poems as poems, mindful of the courtly public, mindful of the

critics, heedless of the moralists. They were neither psychologists nor preachers ; they did not harness philosophy to the drama ; they had none of that high seriousness, which Matthew Arnold says is necessary to great poetry and which has certainly spoiled a great deal of poetry. Their view of life was that of the wits, gallants, and poets of the Mermaid tavern. To be generous, courtly, loyal in friendship, was enough of a creed ; their aspiration was artistic rather than ethical, — "to put their whole wit in a jest," their whole genius in a play. Their genius to be sure has sometimes the appearance of sowing its wild oats ; but with the faults of youth, it has some of the virtues. If it has no power to widen the reader's horizon, to stimulate a finer and kindlier interest in life, or to purify the passions through a revelation of their torments, it has certainly the power to excite, fascinate, thrill, and delight us. If their presentation of life lacks a sustained suggestiveness of reality, that is a fault of immaturity ; if their poetry responds to every challenge of their subject, that is the triumph of prodigal genius.

Let us not emphasize unduly their spontaneity and cleverness at the expense of their artistic endeavor. They were artists coming late in a great creative period, aware of the greatness of what had preceded and also of its irregularities and excesses. They used the dramatic form with copious invention and an unrivalled perception of dramatic possibilities in story or scene. They added new types of plays and they developed these with the zest and freedom of genius and the care of constructive artists. They subdued their ingenuity

to the requirements of the stage and they made their blank verse a pellucid mirror of the situations and emotions that they conceived.

After all, the plays of their collaboration are the experiments of men in their twenties. Perhaps, if Beaumont had lived, their brotherly coöperation would have resulted in maturer and nobler achievement. As it is, their plays, with their excitement and surprises, their heroisms and their wit, disclose an imagination that can often pierce to the heart of a passion or reveal anew the beauty of language; and they bring before us an age with manners and morals far removed from our own, an age brutal, passionate, unreserved, quick and indiscriminate in its emotions, but an age still cherishing its ideals of magnanimity and its dreams of idyllic love and courageous friendship.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE MAID'S TRAGEDY AND PHILASTER

The division of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher between the two authors has been much discussed, and substantial agreement in regard to their respective shares has been reached through the application of verse-tests by Mr. Fleay, Mr. Boyle, and Mr. Oliphant.[1] The verse of

[1] F. G. Fleay: *Transactions N. S. S.*, 1874; *Chronicle of the English Drama*, 1891.

R. Boyle: *Englische Studien*, v, vii, viii, ix, x; *Trans. N. S. S.*, 1886.

E. F. Oliphant: *Englische Studien*, xiv, xv, xvi.

See also *Francis Beaumont, a critical study*, G. C. Macaulay,

Fletcher has certain marked traits that render it easily recognizable, for instance, a large proportion of feminine endings, often 60 to 70 %, and a small proportion of run-over lines, 10 to 20 % ; Beaumont's verse has a small proportion of feminine endings, 10 to 15 %, and a larger proportion (about 25 %) of run-over lines than Fletcher's. The verse of Fletcher, in plays of which he was the sole author, exhibits these percentages with constancy ; for Beaumont's verse we have a less certain criterion since we have no external evidence that any play was the result of his unaided effort. The metrical tests, however, furnish in a large number of scenes a certain means for distinguishing the work of the two authors. When, for example, every 20 lines of a scene have a majority of double endings, the scene is Fletcher's ; when every 20 lines have but two or three feminine endings, the scene is certainly not Fletcher's but Beaumont's.

Some difficulties, however, counsel caution. The verse-tests are applicable when the collaboration is after the usual Elizabethan manner, each author taking certain scenes or divisions of the play and writing these with little or no intervention from his collaborator ; but if two writers worked in more intimate coöperation on a scene, verse-tests might fail to indicate their shares. Again, many passages evidently written as verse are printed as prose in the early editions, and the division into verse is the work of modern editors ; and other passages that are still printed as prose seem likely to have been written as verse. Prose passages and songs offer no

1883, London, and the article on Fletcher by A. H. Bullen in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

For detailed treatment of the verse-tests for Beaumont and Fletcher, see the volumes of the *Belles Lettres Series* dealing with each dramatist.

opportunity for verse-tests; and although prose is usually assigned to Beaumont, such assignment rests mainly on the fact that there is almost no prose in plays by Fletcher alone. In the case of the two plays in this book, there are some further considerations. There are few places where the percentage of double endings runs as high as in Fletcher's later or even in his other early plays, as, for example, the last two of the *Four Plays in One*. On the other hand, in the scenes usually assigned to Beaumont the percentage of feminine endings occasionally exceeds his average. There is always the possibility that Fletcher discarded for a time his mannerisms, as he did in the *Faithful Shepherdess*, which differs entirely in versification from the rest of his plays; and one may suspect him of attuning himself more closely to Beaumont in these two plays than elsewhere. But in view of all these considerations, the fact that the verse-tests reveal decisive and consistent differences goes far to establish their reliability.

In the case of the *Maid's Tragedy*, critics are practically agreed, and a careful application of verse-tests by the present editor suggests little amendment. To Fletcher may be assigned: ii, 2; iv, 1; v, 1, 2 (*i. e.* 1, 2, 3, as printed in other editions). The close of v, 1, after the exit of Evadne, is given by Fleay and Oliphant to Beaumont, and the metrical characteristics are certainly not Fletcher's. Act i, scene 2, contains some prose and the masque, and cannot be assigned by verse-tests. The remainder of the play — i, 1; ii, 1; iii, 1, 2; iv, 2; v, 3 (4, in other editions) — is given by all critics to Beaumont, and contains no trace of Fletcher, except possibly in i, 1.

Philaster offers a more difficult problem. About one fourth of the play is in prose, the assignment of which is precarious; and several of the verse-scenes exhibit some

of the qualities of both poets and a percentage of double endings too small for Fletcher and too large for Beaumont. Their contributions cannot always be distinctly separated. Evidence of Fletcher's hand seems apparent to the present editor in — i, 1b (after entry of king); ii, 2 (mostly prose); ii, 4b (from reëntry of Dion); iii, 2 (traces, *passim*); v, 3, 4. This assignment agrees with that made by Oliphant; Fleay gives Fletcher all of act i, scene 1, and v, 3, 4; Boyle, only v, 3, 4. The following scenes are wholly or largely prose, and their assignment to Beaumont by the critics rests on no very conclusive evidence — i, 1a (to entry of king); iv, 1; v, 1. The remainder of the play is assigned to Beaumont by all critics — i, 2; ii, 1, 3, 4a (to reëntry of Dion); iii, 1, 2 (in part); iv, 2, 3, 4; v, 2, 5.

The separation of the verse of the two authors by no means determines the exact share of each in the total creative work. Who invented? who suggested? and who corrected? are questions that even they themselves might have found it difficult to answer. In *Philaster*, one of the earliest of the joint plays, there are indications that the two poets worked on the same scenes in a way that baffles exact analysis to-day; but here Fletcher's share seems subsidiary and supplementary. He wrote at least a part of the first scene, contributed parts of the Megra-Pharamond story, and the lively account of the insurrection, but had little to do with the development of the main action or with the most important situations; none of the scenes indeed seem absolutely free from Beaumont's hand. In the *Maid's Tragedy*, the collaboration was more distinct; and there, though Beaumont's share is much the larger, Fletcher's scenes are among the most important in the play and present Aspatia, Evadne, and Philaster in some of their most characteristic mo-

ments. In these two plays and in the other heroic romances Beaumont's share seems predominant, and from these plays, together with the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, we draw most of our inferences in respect to the qualities of his genius. The two friends, however, harmonized their sentiments, modes of thought, and interpretations of character better than their methods of versification; and any attempts to restrict a particular mental attitude to the one is likely to be frustrated by its appearance in verse unmistakably by the other. Each doubtless deserves, what each has long received, a share in the credit for the plot, situations, characters, style, and sentiments of *Philaster* and the *Maid's Tragedy*.

TEXT

The first quarto, 1619, presents an abbreviated, mangled, and evidently unauthorized text. The second quarto, 1622, "Newly perused, augmented and inlarged," is much less corrupt, but contains some verbal alterations that are not improvements on Q1. The third quarto, 1630, presents for the first time the names of the authors and the "Censure" of the stationer, Richard Hawkins. A few of its corrections have been approved by modern editors. Four other quartos, in the main agreeing with Q3, were published before 1679, when the play was included in the Second Folio, reprinted apparently from Q6. No edition, it will be noted, was printed during Beaumont's lifetime: none for some ten years after the play was written, circa 1609; and apparently none received any direct revision from either author, though Q2 undoubtedly is the best authority. Under these circumstances an edition of the play must be eclectic, based on the first three quartos, and availing itself of corrections in the later quartos and folio and in the editions of modern editors, Theobald (Th), Weber (W), Dyce (D), and Daniel in the recent variorum edition under the general supervision of Mr. A. H. Bullen (B).

The present edition follows Q2, but frequently readings from Q1 have been adopted, and all variants that have any claim to recognition have been given in the notes, especially those of Q1 and Q3. The variants of Leonhardt and of Daniel have been compared with the original editions, and a number of minor corrections have been made in their records of the quartos. The variants of the later quartos, the folio, and the modern editors are recorded only when of importance to the text; in the case of accepted emendations, usually only the name of the editor responsible has been given, but the variants of Dyce and Daniel from the present text are specifically noted. The arrangement of the verse lines is based on Dyce. The quartos are here very uncertain guides, but important deviations from Q2, D, or B, are recorded in the notes. In accord with the practice of the *Belles-Lettres Series*, the spelling of Q2 has been

kept, all additions to its text or stage-directions are enclosed in brackets, and all variations from the letter of that edition except obvious misprints are noted. The punctuation and capitalization have been modernized, but the old punctuation has been retained when possible, and the old abbreviations, involving apostrophes, have been preserved. The past participles in -ed, -'d, -t, have also been retained as in Q2, even when a different pronunciation of the final syllable is rendered necessary by the versification. Any stage-directions which seem in the early editions to have been placed merely where the length of the lines permit, have been placed where the indicated actions should occur, with a note among the variants on the original position. *Aside*, often printed at the end of a line or speech, is uniformly placed before its line or speech. Explanation of the abbreviations used in referring to the various editions will be found in the Bibliography.

The Maids Tragedie.

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Newly peruſed, augmented, and inlarged, This ſecond Impreſſion.

LONDON,
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SOURCES

There is nothing to add to Dyce's statement in his collective edition that "the source from which the incidents of this drama were derived, has not been discovered." He noted a resemblance between Aspatia's duel with Amintor and the combat between Parthenia and Amphialus in the third book of Sidney's *Arcadia*. The quarrel of Melantius and Amintor in Act III owes something to that of Brutus and Cassius in *Julius Cæsar*. The character and story of Aspatia are to some extent paralleled by those of Bellario in *Philaster* and Urania in *Cupid's Revenge*; and other parallelisms in characters and situations can be traced with the other romances of Beaumont and Fletcher.

SPEAKERS.

KING.
LISIPPUS, brother to the KING.
AMINTOR, [a noble Gentleman.]
EVADNE, wife to AMINTOR.
MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, } brothers to EVADNE.
ASPATIA, troth-plight wife to AMINTOR.
CALLIANAX, an old humorous Lord, and father to ASPATIA.
CLEON, STRATO, } Gentlemen.
DIAGORAS, a servant.
ANTIPHILA, OLIMPIAS, } Waiting Gentlewomen to ASPATIA.
DULA, a Lady.
NIGHT, CINTHIA, NEPTUNE, EOLUS, } Maskers.

[Sea Gods, Winds,
Lords, Gentlemen, Servants, &c.

SCENE, RHODES.]

[THE STATIONERS CENSURE.

Good wine requires no bush, they say,
And *I*, no prologue such a play:
The makers therefore did forebeare
To have that grace prefixed here.
But cease here, Censure, least the buyer
Hold thee in this a vaine supplyer.
My office is to set it forth,
Where fame applauds its reale worth.]

a noble Gentleman. Added in Q3.
Sea Gods . . . Rhodes. Supplied by modern editors.
Censure. The lines, not in Q1 and Q2, are in Q3–Q6 printed after the *Dramatis Personae.*

The Maydes Tragedy

Actus I. Scaen I.

[*An Apartment in the Palace.*]

Enter Cleon, Strato, Lisippus, Diphilus.

Cleon. The rest are making ready, sir.
Lysippus. So let them; theres time enough.
Diphilus. You are the brother to the King, my lord;
Weele take your word.
Lys. Strato, thou hast some skill in poetrie;
What think'st [thou] of the mask? will it be well?
Strato. As well as masks can be.
Lys. As masks can be!
Stra. Yes; they must commend their king, & speake in praise
Of the assembly, blesse the bride and bride-groome
In person of some god: they'r tied to rules
Of flatterie.
Cle. See, good my lord, who is return'd!

2 *Lysippus*, Q1. Q2–F, *Stra.*
6 *thou*, Q1. *the mask.* Qq, F, a mask, corrected by Seward.

Enter Melantius.

Lys. Noble Melantius, the land by me
Welcomes thy vertues home to Rhodes;
Thou that with blood abroad buyest our peace!
The breath of kings is like the breath of gods;
My brother wisht thee here, and thou art here;
He will be too kind, and wearie thee
With often welcomes; but the time doth give thee
A welcome above his or all the worlds.

Melantius. My lord, my thankes; but these scratcht limbes of mine
Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends
More then my tongue ere could. My mind's the same
It ever was to you; where I finde worth,
I love the keeper till he let it goe,
And then I follow it.

Diph. Haile, worthy brother;
He that rejoyces not at your returne
In safety is mine enemie forever.

Mel. I thanke thee, Diphilus. But thou art faultie;
I sent for thee to exercise thine armes

13 *to Rhodes.* Q1 and B omit.
17 *be too kind.* Q1, be kind. B, be too-too kind.
23 *It.* The scene from the beginning through this word is printed as prose in Qq and F. It continues as prose through l. 24 in Q6 and F.

With me at Patria; thou cam'st not, Diphilus;
Twas ill.
Diph. My noble brother, my excuse
Is my king's strict command, which you, my lord,
Can witnesse with me.
Lys. 'Tis [most] true, Melantius;
He might not come till the solemnities
Of this great match were past.
Diph. Have you heard of it?
Mel. Yes, and have given cause to those that here
Envy my deeds abroad to call me gamesome.
I have no other businesse heere at Rhodes.
Lys. We have a maske to-night, and you must tread
A souldiers measure.
Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me;
The musicke must be shrill and all confus'd
That stirres my bloud; and then I dance with armes.
But is Amintor wed?
Diph. This day.

32 *strict.* Q1, straight.
33 *most*, Q1. Omitted in Q2 *et al.*
34 *solemnities*, Q1. Solemnitie in other Qq and F.
36 *Yes . . . here.* So in Q1. Q2, Yes I have given cause to those that.

Mel. All joyes upon him! for he is my friend.
Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend:
His worth is great; valiant he is and temperate;
And one that never thinkes his life his owne,
If his friend neede it. When he was a boy,
As oft as I return'd (as, without boast,
I brought home conquest), he would gaze upon me
And view me round, to finde in what one limbe
The vertue lay to doe these things he heard;
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feele
The quicknesse of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it: he oft would make me smile at this.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe yeares
Will see it all performd.

Enter Aspatia, passing by.

Haile, maid and wife!
Thou faire Aspatia, may the holy knot,
That thou hast tied to-day, last till the hand
Of age undoe't! mayst thou bring a race
Unto Amintor, that may fill the world
Successively with souldiers!

Aspatia. My hard fortunes
Deserve not scorne, for I was never proud
When they were good. *Exit Aspatia.*

Enter . . . by. Q1, Enter Aspatia passing with attendance.

Mel. Howes this?
Lys. You are mistaken sir; She is not married.
Mel. You said Amintor was.
Diph. Tis true; but—
Mel. Pardon me; I did receive Letters at Patria from my Amintor, That he should marrie her.
Diph. And so it stood In all opinion long; but your arrivall Made me imagine you had heard the change.
Mel. Who hath he taken then?
Lys. A ladie, sir, That beares the light above her, and strikes dead With flashes of her eye; the faire Evadne, Your vertuous sister.
Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them! But this is strange.
Lys. The King, my brother, did it To honor you, and these solemnities Are at his charge.
Mel. Tis royall like himselfe. But I am sad, My speech beares so unfortunate a sound To beautifull Aspatia. There is rage Hid in her fathers breast, Calianax, Bent long against me; and he should not thinke,

65 *sir*, Q1. Q2, for.
73 *above*. Q1, aboue; Q2, about. See note.

If I could call it backe, that I would take
So base revenges as to scorne the state
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still
His greatnesse with the King?
Lys. Yes. But this lady
Walkes discontented, with her watrie eies
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods
Are her delight; where, when she sees a bancke
Stucke full of flowers, shee with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a prittie place it were
To burie lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck 'em and strow her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious griefe
That strikes all her beholders. She will sing
The mournfulst things that ever eare hath heard,
And sigh, and sing againe; and when the rest
Of our young ladyes, in their wanton bloud,
Tell mirthfull tales in course, that fill the roome
With laughter, she will with so sad a looke
Bring forth the story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her griefe
Will put in such a phrase that, ere she end,
Shee'le send them weeping one by one away.
Mel. She has a brother under my command,
Like her, a face as womanish as hers,
But with a spirit that hath much outgrowne
The number of his yeares.

84 *If I could.* Q1, B, Could I but. 90 *where*, Q1. Q2–F, and.

Enter Amintor.

Cle. My lord the bridegroome!
Mel. I might runne fiercely, not more hastily,
Upon my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;
I joy to looke upon those eies of thine;
Thou art my friend, but my disordered speech
Cuts off my love.
Amintor. Thou art Melantius;
All love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,
To thanke the gods Melantius is return'd
In safety! Victory sits on his sword
As she was wont. May she build there and dwell;
And may thy armour be, as it hath beene,
Only thy valor and thine innocence!
What endlesse treasures would our enemies give
That I might hold thee still thus!
Mel. I am poore
In words; but credit me, young man, thy mother
Could [do] no more but weep for joy to see thee
After long absence. All the wounds I have,
Fetcht not so much away, nor all the cries
Of widowed mothers. But this is peace,
And that was warre.

109 *My lord the.* Th, D, comma after *lord.* 110 *fiercely.* Coleridge, more fiercely. 123–125 *That . . . thee.* So arranged by Th. Qq and F end lines with *thus . . . man . . . thee.* 125 *do.* Only in Q1. 126 *have.* B, gave.

Amin. Pardon, thou holy god
Of mariage-bed, and frowne not; I am forc'd,
In answer of such noble teares as those,
To weepe upon my wedding-day!
Mel. I feare thou art growne too fickle, for I heare
A lady mournes for thee, men say, to death,
Forsaken of thee, on what termes I know not.
Amin. She had my promise; but the King forbade it,
And made me make this worthy change, thy sister,
Accompanied with graces [far] above her,
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth
And grow old in her armes.
Mel. Be prosperous!

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. My lord, the maskers rage for you.
Lys. We are gone. —
Cleon, Strato, Diphilus!
Amin. Weele all attend you. —

[*Exeunt Lysippus, Cleon, Strato, Diphilus, and Messenger.*]

We shall trouble you
With our solemnities.

131 *those.* Q1, these. 133 *fickle.* Q1, cruell; Q3–F, sicke.
138 *far above*, Th. Q1, Q2, about; Q3, above.
141 *Messenger.* Q1, Amint. Q2 to F, Serv.
Exeunt . . . Messenger. This stage-direction is found only in Q1, which omits *and Messenger.*

Mel. Not so, Amintor;
But if you laugh at my rude cariage
In peace, I'll do as much for you in warre,
When you come thither. But I have a mistresse
To bring to your delights; rough though I am,
I have a mistresse, and she has a heart,
She saies; but, trust me, it is stone, no better;
There is no place that I can challenge in't.
But you stand still, and here my way lies.

Exeunt.

[Scene II. *A Hall in the Palace, with a Gallery full of Spectators.*]

Enter Calianax with Diagoras.

Calianax. Diagoras, looke to the doores better, for shame! you let in all the world, and anone the King will raile at me. Why, very well said. By Jove, the King will have the show i' th' court.

Diagoras. Why doe you sweare so, my lord? you know heele have it heere.

Cal. By this light, if he be wise, he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworne.

Cal. One may weare his heart out with

151 *in't*, Q3 to F. Q1, challenge gentlemen. Q2 omits.
Exeunt. Q2, Exit. 5 *i' th'*. Q2 misprints i' th the.
11 *may weare his heart out*, so F; Q2, may sweare out his heart; Q1, must sweat out his heart.

swearing, and get thankes on no side. Ile be gone, look too't who will.

Diag. My lord, I shall never keepe them out. Pray stay; your lookes will terrifie them.

Cal. My looks terrifie them, you coxcombly asse, you! Ile be judge[d] by all the company whether thou hast not a worse face then I.

Diag. I meane because they know you and your office.

Cal. Office! I would I could put it off! I am sure I sweat quite through my office. I might have made roome at my daughters wedding;—they ha nere kild her amongst them, and now I must doe service for him that hath forsaken her. Serve that will! *Exit Calianax.*

Diag. Hee's so humorous since his daughter was forsaken! (*Knocke within.*) Harke, harke! there, there! so, so! codes, codes! What now.

Melantius (*within*). Open the doore.

Diag. Who's there?

Mel. [*within*]. Melantius.

Diag. I hope your lordship brings no troope with you; for, if you doe, I must returne them. [*Opens the door.*]

Enter Melantius and a Lady.

Mel. None but this lady, sir.

Diag. The ladies are all plac'd above, save

17 *judged*, Q4 *et al.* Q2, Q3, judge. Q1, iudgde. 28 *Knocke within*, 30 *within*. Qq, F, print after l. 29, *within Knocke within*.

those that come in the Kings troope; the best of Rhodes sit there, and theres roome.

Mel. I thanke you, sir. — When I have seene you placed, madam, I must attend the King; but the maske done, Ile waite on you againe.

Diag. [*opening another door*]. Stand backe there! Roome for my lord Melantius! [*Exit Melantius, Lady, other doore.*] — Pray beare backe — this is no place for such youth and their truls — let the dores shut agen. — No! — do your heads itch? Ile scratch them for you. [*Shuts the door.*] — So, now thrust and hang. [*Knocking within.*] — Againe! Who is't now? — I cannot blame my Lord Calianax for going away. Would he were here! he would run raging amongst them and breake a dozen wiser heads than his own in the twinckling of an eie. — Whats the newes now?

[*Voice*] *within.* I pray you, can you helpe mee to the speech of the master-cooke?

Diag. If I open the dore, Ile cooke some of your calves-heads. Peace rogues! [*Knocking within.*] — Againe! who is't?

Mel. (*within*). Melantius.

Enter Calianax, to Melantius.

Cal. Let him not in.

43 *Exit . . . doore.* Only in Q1, which places the exit after l. 41.
46 *No*, Q1. Q2 *et al.*, I. 52 *wiser*. Q1 omits.
59 *within*. After Melantius in Qq.

Diag. O, my lord, a must. [*Opening the door.*] — Make roome there for my lord. — Is your lady plac't?

[*Enter Melantius.*]

Mel. Yes, sir.
I thanke you. — My Lord Calianax, well met.
Your causelesse hate to me I hope is buried.
Cal. Yes, I doe service for your sister here,
That brings mine owne poore child to timelesse death;
She loves your friend Amintor; such another
False-hearted lord as you.
Mel. You doe me wrong,
A most unmanly one, and I am slow
In taking vengeance; but be well advis'd.
Cal. It may be so. Who plac'd the lady there
So neere the presence of the King?
Mel. I did.
Cal. My lord, she must not sit there.
Mel. Why?
Cal. The place is kept for women of more worth.
Mel. More worth than she! It misbecomes your age
And place to be thus womanish: forbeare!
What you have spoke, I am content to thinke
The palsey shooke your tongue to.

Enter Melantius. Only in Q1.

Cal. Why, tis well,
If I stand here to place mens wenches.
Mel. I
Shall [quite] forget this place, thy age, my safety,
And, through all, cut that poor sickly weeke
Thou hast to live away from thee.
Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your whore.
Mel. Bate [me] the King, and, be hee flesh and blood,
A lies that says it! Thy mother at fifteene
Was blacke and sinfull to her.
Diag. Good my lord —
Mel. Some god pluck threescore yeeres from that fond man,
That I may kill him, and not staine mine honor!
It is the curse of souldiers, that in peace
They shall be braved by such ignoble men,
As, if the land were troubled, would with teares
And knees beg succor from 'em. Would that blood,
That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight,
Were running in thy veines, that it might make thee
Apt to say lesse, or able to maintaine,

82 *quite.* Only in Q1. 83 *through.* Theobald, thorough.
86 *me.* Only in Q1. 94 *that.* Q1, D, B, the.

Should'st thou say more! This Rhodes, I see, is nought
But a place priviledg'd to do men wrong.
Cal. I, you may say your pleasure.

Enter Amintor.

Amintor. What vilde injurie
Has sturd my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words as he is quick of hand?
Mel. That heape of age, which I should reverence
If it were temperate, but testie yeeres
Are most contemptible.
Amin. Good sir, forbeare.
Cal. There is just such another as yourselfe.
Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talke as if he had no life to lose,
Since this our match. The King is comming in;
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy
He should perceive you raging; he did heare
You were at difference now, which hastned him.

Hoboyes play within.

Cal. Make roome there!

Enter King, Evadne, Aspatia, Lords and Ladies.

King. Melantius, thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee still; but this is not a place
To brabble in. — Calianax, joyne hands.

103 *hand.* Q1, B, hands.

Cal. Hee shall not have mine hand.
King. This is no time
To force you too't. I do love you both :—
Calianax, you looke well to your office ;—
And you, Melantius, are welcome home.—
Begin the maske.
Mel. Sister, I joy to see you and your choyse.
You lookt with my eies when you tooke that man ;
Be happy in him ! *Recorders.*
Evadne. O, my deerest brother,
Your presence is more joyful then this day
Can be unto me.

THE MASKE

Night rises in mists.

Night. Our reigne is come ; for in the raging sea
The sun is drownd, and with him fell the Day.
Bright Cinthia, heare my voice! I am the Night,
For whom thou bearst about thy borrowed light.
Appeare! no longer thy pale visage shrowde,
But strike thy silver hornes quite through a cloud,
And send a beame upon my swarthie face,
By which I may discover all the place
And persons, and how many longing eies
Are come to waite on our solemnities.

Enter Cynthia.

How dull and blacke am I! I could not finde
This beautie without thee, I am so blinde.

128 *raging.* Q1 quenching.

Methinkes they shew like to those easterne streakes,
That warne us hence before the morning breakes.
Back, my pale servant! for these eies know how
To shoote farre more and quicker rayes then thou.
Cynthia. Great queen, they be a troope for whom alone
One of my clearest moones I have put on;
A troope that lookes as if thyselfe and I
Had pluckt our reines in and our whips laid by,
To gaze upon these mortals, that appeare
Brighter than we.
Night. Then let us keepe 'em here,
And never more our chariots drive away,
But hold our places and outshine the Day.
Cynth. Great queene of shaddowes, you are pleasde to speake
Of more then may be done; we may not breake
The gods decrees; but, when our time is come,
Must drive away, and give the Day our roome.
Yet, whilst our raigne lasts, let us stretch our power
To give our servants one contented houre,
With such unwonted solemne grace and state,
As may for ever after force them hate
Our brothers glorious beames, and wish the Night,
Crown'd with a thousand starres and our cold light;
For almost all the world their service bend
To Phœbus, and in vaine my light I lend,
Gaz'd on unto my setting from my rise
Almost of none but of unquiet eyes.
Night. Then shine at full, faire queene, & by thy power
Produce a birth, to crowne this happy houre,

151 *hold.* So F and Qq, except Q2, which misprints, keepe.
156 *whilst.* Q2, whil'st. Q1 omits lines 156–165.
160 *wish*, Q3–F. Q2, with.

Of nymphes and shepheards ; let their songs discover,
Easie and sweete, who is a happy lover ;
Or, if thou woo't, then call thine owne Endimion
From the sweete flowrie bed he lies upon,
On Latmus' top, thy pale beames drawne away,
And of his long night let him make a day.
Cynth. Thou dreamst, darke queene ; that faire boy was not mine,
Nor went I downe to kisse him. Ease and wine
Have bred these bold tales ; poets, when they rage,
Turne gods to men, and make an houre an age.
But I will give a greater state and glory,
And raise to time a noble[r] memory
Of what these lovers are. — Rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deepes, thy surges laid away,
Neptune, great king of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded !

Neptune rises.

Neptune. Cinthia, see,
Thy word hath fetcht me hither ; let me know
Why I ascend.
Cynth. Doth this majesticke show
Give thee no knowledge yet ?
Nep. Yes, now I see
Something entended, Cinthia, worthy thee.
Go on ; Ile be a helper.
Cynth. Hie thee, then,
And charge the Winde flie from his rockie den,

170 *woo't.* Q2, w'oo't. *then call.* Q1, B, omit.
171 *bed.* Q1, banck. 172 *top.* Q1, B, brow.
173 *And of his . . . a day*, so D. Q2, this long night . . this day ; Q1, his . . . thy ; Q3, this . . . a.
179 *nobler*, so Q1.
189 *flie*, Q3–F. Q1, Q2, goe.

Let loose his subjects ; onely Boreas,
Too foule for our intentions as he was,
Still keep him fast chaind : we must have none here
But vernall blasts and gentle winds appeare,
Such as blow flowers and through the glad bowes sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring ;
These are our musicke. Next, thy watrie race
Bring on in couples (we are pleasd to grace
This noble night), each in their richest things
Your owne deepes or the broken vessell brings.
Be prodigall, and I shall be as kind
And shine at full upon you.
Nep. Oh, the Wind !
Commanding Eolus !

Enter Eolus out of a Rocke.

Æolus. Great Neptune !
Nept. He.
Æol. What is thy will ?
Nep. We doe command thee, free
Favonius and thy milder winds to waite
Upon our Cinthia ; but tie Boreas straight,
Hee's too rebellious.
Æol. I shall doe it.
Nep. Doe. [*Exit Æolus.*]
[*Æolus, within.*] Great master of the floud and all below,

190 *his*, Q1. Q2, thy.

196–97 *These . . . couples.* Q1 reads :

> Bid them draw neere to have thy watrie race
> Led on in couples, we are pleas'd to grace

See Notes for proposed emendations.

201 *Oh.* Q1, See ; Q3, Hoe. *Wind !* So Dyce. Theo, W, and B insert a hyphen after *wind* ; no punctuation in Qq, F.

204 *Favonius.* Q2, Fanonius.

207–08 *Great . . . O, the.* This arrangement of the text is due to Theobald. In Q1, Q2, Æolus's speech begins with, *O, the Maine !*

Thy full command has taken. — O, the Maine!
Neptune!

Nep. Heere.

[*Re-enter Æolus, followed by Favonius and other Winds.*]

Æol. Boreas has broke his chaine
And, strugling with the rest, has got away.
Nep. Let him alone ; Ile take him up at sea ;
He will not long be thence. Goe once againe,
And call out of the bottomes of the maine
Blew Proteus and the rest ; charge them put on
Their greatest pearles, and the most sparkling stone
The beaten rocke breeds ; tell this night is done
By me a solemne honor to the Moone.
Flie, like a full saile.

Æol. I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Cynth. Darke Night,
Strike a full silence, doe a thorow right
To this great chorus, that our musicke may
Touch high as Heaven, and make the east breake day
At midnight. *Musicke.*

[FIRST] SONG.

[*During which Proteus and other Sea-deities enter.*]

Cinthia, to thy power and thee
We obey.
Joy to this great company!
And no day
Come to steale this night away,
Till the rites of love are ended,
And the lusty bridegroome say,
Welcome, light, of all befriended!

212 *He.* Q1, D, B, I.
216 *tell*, Mason, D. Qq, F, till.

Pace out, you watery powers below;
Let your feete,
Like the gallies when they row,
Even beate.
Let your unknowne measures, set
To the still windes, tell to all,
That gods are come, immortall, great,
To honor this great nuptiall.

The Measure.

SECOND SONG.

Hold backe thy houres, darke Night, till we have done:
The day will come too soone:
Young maydes will curse thee, if thou steal'st away
And leav'st their losses open to the day:
Stay, stay and hide
The blushes of the bride.

Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darknesse cover
The kisses of her lover;
Stay, and confound her teares and her shrill cryings;
Her weake denials, vows, and often-dyings;
Stay, and hide all;
But helpe not, though she call.

Nep. Great queene of us and heaven, hear what I bring
To make this houre a full one, if not her measure.
Cynth. Speak, seas king.

242 *losses*, Q1. Q2–F, blushes.

252 *if not her measure.* Fleay suggests, "Another measure." Q1 has a stage-direction after the second song, "Maskers daunce, Neptune leads it," — followed by Æolus's speech (l. 266). It omits the third song and the three speeches preceding. See Notes.

Nep. The tunes my Amphitrite joyes to have
When she will dance upon the rising wave,
And court me as she sayles. My Tritons, play
Musicke to lay a storme. Ile lead the way. *Measure.*

[THIRD] SONG.

To bed, to bed! Come, Hymen, lead the bride
And lay her by her husbands side;
Bring in the virgins every one
That greeve to lie alone,
That they may kiss while they may say a maid;
To-morrow 'twill be other kist and said.
Hesperus, be long a-shining
Whilst these lovers are a-twining.

Æol. [*within*]. Ho, Neptune!
Nep. Eolus!
[*Re-enter Æolus.*]
Æol. The sea goes hie;
Boreas hath rais'd a storme; goe and apply
Thy trident; else, I prophesie, ere day
Many a tall ship will be cast away.
Descend with all the gods and all their power,
To strike a calme. [*Exit.*]
Cynth. [We thanke you for this houre;
My favour to you all.] To gratulate
So great a service, done at my desire,
Ye shall have many floods, fuller and higher
Than you have wisht for, [and] no ebb shall dare

254 *The.* Q2, Thy. *Amphitrite*, Q3. Q2, Amphitrites.
255 *she*, Seward. Q2, they.
259 *lay*, Heath, D. Q2, lead.
271–72 *We thanke you . . . you all*, so Q1. Q2, A thanks to every one, and. 275 *and.* Only in Q1.

To let the day see where your dwelling[s] are.
Now back unto your government in hast,
Lest your proud charge should swell above the wast
And win upon the iland.
Nep. We obay.
Neptune descends and the Sea Gods. [*Exeunt Favonius and other Winds.*]
Cynth. Hold up thy head, dead Night; seest thou not Day?
The east begins to lighten; I must downe
And give my brother place.
Night. Oh, I could frowne
To see the Day, the Day that flings his light
Upon my kingdomes and contemnes old Night!
Let him goe on and flame! I hope to see
Another wild-fire in his axel-tree.
And all fall drencht. But I forget: speake queene.
The Day growes on; I must no more be seene.
Cynth. Heave up thy drowsie head agen and see
A greater light, a greater majestie
Between our set and us! Whip up thy team:
The Day breakes here, and yon same flashing streame
Shot from the south. Say, which way wilt thou goe?
Night. Ile vanish into mists.
Cynth. I into Day.
Exeunt [*Night and Cynthia*].
Finis Maske.

276 *dwellings*. Only Q2 reads, dwelling.
277 *government*. Q1, governments.
Neptune . . . Sea Gods. After this line Q1 has stage-direction, *Exeunt Maskers Descend.*
291 *set*. Seward's correction for Qq, F, sect. *Whip*. Q1, Lash.
292 *same flashing*. Q1, D, B, sun-flaring.
293 *Say . . . goe*. D, making a rhyming couplet, Which way wilt thou goe, say. 294 *I into Day*. Q1 adds, Adew.

King. Take lights there! — Ladies, get the bride to bed. —

We will not see you laid; good night, Amintor;
Weele ease you of that tedious ceremonie.
Were it my case, I should thinke time runne slow.
If thou beest noble, youth, get me a boy
That may defend my kingdomes from my foes.

Amin. All happinesse to you!

King. Good night, Melantius.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

[Scene I. *Ante-room to Evadne's Bed-chamber.*]

Enter Evadne, Aspatia, Dula, and other Ladyes.

Dula. Madam, shall we undresse you for this
fight?
The wars are nak't that you must make to-night.
Evadne. You are very merry, Dula.
Dul. I should be
Far merrier, madam, if it were with me
As it is with you.
[*Evad.* Howes that?
Dul. That I might goe
To bed with him wi'th' credit that you doe.]
Evad. Why, how now, wench?
Dul. Come, ladies, will you helpe?
Evad. I am soone undone.
Dul. And as soone done;
Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.
Evad. Art thou drunke, Dula?
Dul. Why, heeres none but we.
Evad. Thou thinkst belike there is no modesty
When we are alone.

5–6 *Howes that . . . doe.* Evadne's speech and Dula's reply are only in Q1.

Dul. I, by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.
Evad. You pricke me, lady.
1st Lady. Tis against my will.
Dul. Anon you must indure more and lie still; You're best to practise.
Evad. Sure, this wench is mad.
Dul. No faith, this is a tricke that I have had Since I was foureteene.
Evad. Tis high time to leave it.
Dul. Nay, now Ile keepe it till the trick leave me.
A dozen wanton words put in your head Will make you livelier in your husbands bed.
Evad. Nay, faith, then take it.
Dul. Take it, madam; where? We all, I hope, will take it that are here.
Evad. Nay, then, Ile give you ore.
Dul. So will I make The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ake.
Evad. Wilt take my place to-night?
Dul. Ile hold your cards Against any two I know.
Evad. What wilt thou doe?
Dul. Madam, weele doo't, and make 'm leave play too.

14 *1st Lady.* Q2, Dul.
26 *take.* Q1, lie in.
27 *Against.* Th, D, 'Gainst.

Evad. Aspatia, take her part.
Dul. I will refuse it;
She will plucke downe a side; she does not use it.
Evad. Why, doe, [I prethee.]
Dul. You will find the play
Quickly, because your head lies well that way.
Evad. I thanke thee, Dula. Would thou couldst instill
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia!
Nothing but sad thoughts in her brest doe dwell;
Methinkes a meane betwixt you would doe well.
Dul. She is in love: hang me, if I were so,
But I could run my countrey. I love too
To doe those things that people in love doe.
Aspatia. It were a timelesse smile should prove my cheeke.
It were a fitter houre for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended powers
With sacrifice, then now. This should have beene
My rite; and all your hands have bin imploy'd
In giving me a spotlesse offering
To young Amintors bed, as we are now
For you. Pardon, Evadne: would my worth
Were great as yours, or that the King, or he,

31 *I prethee.* Only in Q1. 38 *could.* B queries, would.
40 *cheeke.* Q2, checke.
45 *rite*, so D. Q1, right; Q2 and other Qq and F, night.

Or both, thought so. Perhaps he found me worthlesse;
But till he did so, in these eares of mine,
These credulous eares, he powred the sweetest words
That art or love could frame. If he were false,
Pardon it, Heaven! and, if I did want
Vertue, you safely may forgive that too;
For I have lost none that I had from you.

Evad. Nay, leave this sad talke, madame.

Asp. Would I could!
Then I should leave the cause.

Evad. See, if you have not spoild all Dulas mirth!

Asp. Thou thinkst thy heart hard; but if thou beest caught,
Remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire
Shot suddenly into thee.

Dul. Thats not so good;
Let 'em shoot anything but fire, I feare 'em not.

Asp. Well, wench, thou maist be taken.

Evad. Ladies, good-night; Ile doe the rest myselfe.

Dul. Nay, let your lord doe some.

Asp. [*singing*].

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismall yew —

56 *lost.* Q5–F, left. 58 *I should.* Q3–F, should I.
63 *I feare.* Q1, B, and I fear.
67–90 *Lay . . . Madame.* Q1 omits.

Evad. Thats one of your sad songs, madame.
Asp. Beleeve me, tis a very prety one.
Evad. How is it, madame?
Asp.

SONG.

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismall yew;
Maidens, willow-branches beare,
Say I died true.

My love was false, but I was firme
From my houre of birth;
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Evad. Fie ont, madame, the words are so strange, they
Are able to make one dreame of hobgoblines. — "I could never have the power" — sing that, Dula.
Dul. [*singing*].

I could never have the power
To love one above an houre,
But my heart would prompt mine eie
On some other man to flie.
Venus, fix mine eies fast,
Or, if not, give me all that I shall see at last!

78 *lie*, Th. Qq, F, lay.
79 *gentle*, Q4–F. Q2, Q3, gently.
80–82 *Fie* . . . *Dula*. Qq, F, B print as prose.

Evad. So, leave me now.
Dul. Nay, we must see you laid.
Asp. Madame, good night. May all the mar-
iage joyes
That longing maids imagine in their beds
Prove so unto you! May no discontent
Grow twixt your love and you! but, if there
doe,
Enquire of me, and I will guide your mone;
Teach you an artificiall way to grieve,
To keepe your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I; but, if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him; so did I.
This is the last time you shall looke on me.—
Ladies, farewell. As soone as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournefull story and a teare,
To offer at it when I goe to earth;
With flattering ivy claspe my coffin round;
Write on my brow my fortune; let my beere
Be borne by virgins, that shall sing by course
The truth of maides and perjuries of men.
Evad. Alas, I pittie thee. *Exit Evadne.*
Omnes. Madame, good night.
1st Lady. Come, weele let in the bridegroome.
Dul. Where's my lord?
1st Lady. Heere, take this light.

95 *Teach*, Q3. Q1, Q2, and teach.

Enter Amintor.

Dul. You'le finde her in the darke.
1st Lady. Your ladye's scarce a-bed yet; you must helpe her.
Asp. Goe, and be happy in your ladies love.
May all the wrongs that you have done to me
Be utterly forgotten in my death!
Ile trouble you no more, yet I will take
A parting kisse, and will not be denied.
[*Kisses Amintor.*]
You'le come, my lord, and see the virgins weepe
When I am laid in earth, though you yourselfe
Can know no pitty. Thus I winde myselfe
Into this willow-garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love, though now refus'd,
Then to have had another true to me.
So with [my] praiers I leave you, and must trie
Some yet unpractis'd way to grieve and die.
Exit Aspatia.
Dul. Come, ladies, will you go?
Omnes. Good night, my lord.
Amintor. Much happinesse unto you all!
Exeunt [*Dula and*] *Ladies.*
I did that lady wrong. Methinkes I feele
A griefe shoot suddenly through all my veines;
Mine eyes raine; this is strange at such a time.
It was the King first mov'd me too't; but he

110 *You'le.* Q1, D, B, Heele. 123 *my*, Q3.
128 *A*, Q1. Q2, Her. 129 *raine*, Q1. Q2, runne.

Has not my will in keeping. — Why doe I
Perplex myselfe thus? Something whispers me,
Goe not to bed. My guilt is not so great
As mine owne conscience (too sensible)
Would make me thinke; I onely brake a promise,
And twas the King that forst me. Timorous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so? Away, my idle feares!

Enter Evadne.

Yonder she is, the luster of whose eie
Can blot away the sad remembrance
Of all these things. — Oh, my Evadne, spare
That tender body; let it not take cold!
The vapors of the night will not fall here.
To bed, my love; Hymen will punish us
For being slacke performers of his rites.
Camst thou to call me?

Evad. No.

Amin. Come, come, my love,
And let us lose ourselves to one another.
Why art thou up so long?

Evad. I am not well.

Amin. To bed then; let me winde thee in these armes
Till I have banisht sicknesse.

136 *that forst.* Q1, inforst; D, enforc'd.
142 *will.* Q1, D, B, shall.

Evad. Good my lord,
I cannot sleepe.
Amin. Evadne, weele watch;
I meane no sleeping.
Evad. Ile not goe to bed.
Amin. I prethee, do.
Evad. I will not for the world.
Amin. Why, my deere love?
Evad. Why? I have sworne I will not.
Amin. Sworne!
Evad. I.
Amin. How? sworne, Evadne!
Evad. Yes, sworne, Amintor; and will sweare again,
If you will wish to heare me.
Amin. To whom have you sworne this?
Evad. If I should name him, the matter were not great.
Amin. Come, this is but the coynesse of a bride.
Evad. The coynesse of a bride!
Amin. How pretily
That frowne becomes thee!
Evad. Doe you like it so?
Amin. Thou canst not dresse thy face in such a looke
But I shall like it.
Evad. What looke likes you best?

164 *likes.* Q1, B, will like.

Amin. Why doe you aske?
Evad. That I may shew you one lesse pleasing to you.
Amin. Howes that?
Evad. That I may show you one lesse pleasing to you.
Amin. I prethee, put thy jests in milder lookes;
It shewes as thou wert angry.
Evad. So perhaps
I am indeede.
Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thyselfe I sweare,
Thy yet unconquered self, I will revenge thee!
Evad. Now I shall trie thy truth. If thou doest love me,
Thou weighest not anything compar'd with me:
Life, honour, joyes eternall, all delights
This world can yeeld, or hopefull people faine,
Or in the life to come, are light as aire
To a true lover when his lady frownes,
And bids him, "Doe this." Wilt thou kill this man?
Sweare, my Amintor, and I'le kisse the sin
Off from thy lips.
Amin. I wonnot sweare, sweet love,
Till I do know the cause.
Evad. I wood thou wouldst.

Why, it is thou that wrongst me; I hate thee;
Thou should'st have kild thyselfe.
Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.
Evad. Know it, then, and doo't.
Amin. Oh, no! what look so ere thou shalt put on
To trie my faith, I shall not think thee false;
I cannot finde one blemish in thy face
Where falsehood should abide. Leave, and to bed.
If you have sworne to any of the virgins
That were your old companions, to preserve
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
Without this meanes.
Evad. A maidenhead, Amintor,
At my yeares!
Amin. Sure she raves; this cannot be
Thy natural temper. — Shall I call thy maides?
Either thy healthfull sleepe hath left thee long,
Or else some feaver rages in thy blood.
Evad. Neither, Amintor: thinke you I am mad
Because I speake the truth?
Amin. [Is this the truth?]
Will you not lie with me to-night?

196 *Thy.* Q1, B, Her. 200 *Is this the truth?* Only in Q1.

Evad. To-night!
You talke as if [you thought] I would hereafter.
Amin. Hereafter! yes, I doe.
Evad. You are deceiv'd.
Put off amazement & with patience marke
What I shall utter, for the oracle
Knowes nothing truer. Tis not for a night
Or two that I forbeare thy bed, but ever.
Amin. I dreame. Awake, Amintor!
Evad. You heare right:
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,
And with my youthful bloud warme their cold flesh,
Letting them curle themselves about my limbes,
Then sleepe one night with thee. This is not faind,
Nor sounds it like the coynesse of a bride.
Amin. Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?
Are these the joys of mariage? Hymen, keepe
This story (that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all eares;
Let it not rise up, for thy shame and mine,
To after ages. We will scorne thy laws,
If thou no better blesse them. Touch the heart
Of her that thou hast sent me, or the world
Shall know; there's not an altar that will smoke

202 *you thought.* Only in Q1. 207 *ever.* Q4–F, forever.
222 *Shall know; there's not an altar.* Q1, Shall know this, not an altar then will smoake — adopted by B. Q2 has no punctuation after *know.*

In praise of thee; we will adopt us sons;
Then vertue shall inherit, and not blood.
If we doe lust, wee'le take the next we meet,
Serving ourselves as other creatures doe;
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue. — I doe rage in vaine;
She can but jest. — Oh, pardon me, my love!
So deare the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must breake forth. Satisfie my feare;
It is a paine, beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt: confirme it with an oath,
If this be true.
Evad. Doe you invent the forme;
Let there be in it all the binding words
Divels and conjurers can put together,
And I will take it. I have sworne before,
And here by all things holy doe againe,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed.
Is your doubt over now?
Amin. I know too much: would I had doubted still!
Was ever such a mariage-night as this!
You powers above, if you did ever meane
Man should be us'd thus, you have thought a way
How he may beare himselfe and save his honour:
Instruct me in it; for to my dull eyes
There is no meane, no moderate course to runne;

I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer:
Is there a third? Why is this night so calme?
Why does not Heaven speake in thunder to us
And drowne her voice?
Evad. This rage will doe no good.
Amin. Evadne, heare me. Thou has tane an oath,
But such a rash one, that to keepe it were
Worse then to sweare it: call it backe to thee;
Such vowes as those never ascend the Heaven;
A teare or two will wash it quite away.
Have mercy on my youth, my hopefull youth,
If thou be pittifull! for, without boast,
This land was proud of me: what lady was there,
That men cald faire and vertuous in this isle,
That would have shund my love? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth. Oh, we vaine men,
That trust [out] all our reputation
To rest upon the weake and yeelding hand
Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The spirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard.
Come, lead me from the bottome of despaire
To all the joyes thou hast; I know thou wilt;
And make me carefull lest the sudden change
Orecome my spirits.

255 *those.* Q1, Th, D, B, that. 263 *out*, Q3.
266 *doth*, Q3. Q2, doe.

Evad. When I call backe this oath,
The paines of hell inviron me!
Amin. I sleepe, and am too temperate. Come to bed!
Or, by those haires, which, if thou ha[d]st a soule
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to weare
About their armes —
Evad. Why, so perhaps they are.
Amin. Ile dragge thee to my bed and make thy tongue
Undoe this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
Ile print a thousand wounds to let out life!
Evad. I feare thee not; do what thou dar'st to me!
Every ill-sounding word or threatning look
Thou shewest to me will be reveng'd at full.
Amin. It will not sure, Evadne?
Evad. Do not you hazard that.
Amin. Ha ye your champions?
Evad. Alas, Amintor, thinkst thou I forbeare
To sleepe with thee, because I have put on
A maidens strictnesse? Looke upon these cheekes,
And thou shalt finde the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart

274 *badst*, Th.

There dwels as much desire and as much will
To put that wisht act in practice as ever yet
Was knowne to woman; and they have been
shownе
Both. But it was the folly of thy youth
To think this beauty, to what land soere
It shall be cald, shall stoope to any second.
I doe enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworne to stand or die: you guesse the
man.
Amin. No; let me know the man that wrongs
me so,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the northren winde.
Evad. You dare not strike him.
Amin. Doe not wrong me so:
Yes, if his body were a poysonous plant
That it were death to touch, I have a soule
Will throw me on him.
Evad. Why tis the King.
Amin. The King!
Evad. What will you doe now?
Amin. Tis not the King!
Evad. What did he make this match for,
dull Amintor?

291 *wisht*. Q1, B, wished. *ever*. D, e'er.
294 *land*. B conjectures hand, observing that Evadne is employing the language of falconry.

Amin. Oh, thou hast nam'd a word that wipes away
All thoughts revengefull! In that sacred name,
"The King," there lies a terror. What fraile man
Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods
Speake to him when they please: till when, let us
Suffer and waite.
Evad. Why should you fill yourselfe so full of heate
And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.
Amin. What divell put it in thy fancy, then,
To mary me?
Evad. Alas, I must have one
To father children and to beare the name
Of husband to me, that my sinne may be
More honorable!
Amin. What a strange thing am I!
Evad. A miserable one, one that myselfe
Am sory for.
Amin. Why, shew it then in this:
If thou hast pittie, though thy love be none,
Kill me; and all true lovers, that shall live
In after ages crost in their desires,
Shall blesse thy memory and call thee good,
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid a lingring wretch.

308 *name.* Q1, Th, D, B, word. 319 *a.* Q1, B, omit.

Evad. I must have one
To fill thy roome again, if thou wert dead;
Else, by this night, I would! I pitty thee.
Amin. These strange and sudden injuries have falne
So thicke upon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are. Methinkes I am not wrong'd;
Nor is it ought, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it. — Reputation,
Thou art a word, no more! — But thou hast showne
An impudence so high that to the world
I feare thou wilt betray or shame thyselfe.
Evad. To cover shame, I tooke thee; never feare
That I would blaze myselfe.
Amin. Nor let the King
Know I conceive he wrongs me; then mine honor
Will thrust me into action; that my flesh
Could beare with patience. And it is some ease
To me in these extremes, that I know this
Before I toucht thee; else, had all the sinnes
Of mankinde stood betwixt me and the King,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
I have lost one desire: tis not his crowne

341 *that.* Edd. 1778, W, tho'. 343 *know.* Q4, knew.
347 *lost.* Q1, left.

Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve
He has dishonour'd thee. Give me thy hand;
Be carefull of thy credit, and sin close;
Tis all I wish. Upon thy chamber-floure
Ile rest to-night that morning visiters
May thinke we did as married people use:
And prethee, smile upon me when they come,
And seeme to toy as if thou hadst beene pleased
With what we did.

Evad. Feare not; I will doe this.

Amin. Come, let us practise; and, as wantonly
As ever loving bride and bridegroome met,
Lets laugh and enter here.

Evad. I am content.

Amin. Downe all the swellings of my troubled heart!
When we walke thus intwin'd, let all eies see
If ever lovers better did agree. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. *An Apartment in the House of Calianax.*]

Enter Aspatia, Antiphila, and Olimpias.

Aspatia. Away, you are not sad; force it no further.
Good gods, how well you looke! Such a full colour

358 *loving.* Q1, B, longing. *Exeunt.* Q2, Exit.

Yo[u]ng bashfull brides put on; sure, you are new maried!

Antiphila. Yes, madame, to your griefe.

Asp. Alas, poor wenches!
Goe learn to love first; learne to lose yourselves;
Learne to be flattered, and beleeve and blesse
The double tongue that did it; make a faith
Out of the miracles of ancient lovers,
Such as speake truth and died in't; and, like me,
Beleeve all faithful, and be miserable.
Did you nere love yet, wenches? Speake, Olimpias:
Thou hast an easie temper, fit for stamp.

Olimpias. Never.

Asp. Nor you, Antiphila?

Ant. Nor I.

Asp. Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise;
At least bee more than I was; and be sure
You credit anything the light gives life to,
Before a man. Rather beleeve the sea

9 *speake.* Th, D, spake. *died.* Q2, di'd.

11 *Did . . . Olimpias.* In all early editions except Q1, this line follows l. 8; the transposition was made by Theobald.

Q1, The double tongue that did it,
Did you ere love yet wenches, speake Olimpas,
Thou hast a metled temper, fit for stamp.

15–27 *and be sure . . . beast man.* Q1 omits. Q2–F, as prose.

16 *life*, Q2. Q3–F, light.

Weepes for the ruin'd marchant, when he rores;
Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sailes,
When the strong cordage crackes; rather, the sunne
Comes but to kisse the fruit in wealthy autumne,
When all falles blasted. If you needs must love,
(Forc'd by ill fate) take to your maiden bosomes
Two dead-cold aspicks, and of them make lovers:
They cannot flatter nor forsweare; one kisse
Makes a long peace for all. But man —
Oh, that beast man! Come, lets be sad, my girles:
That downe-cast of thine eie, Olimpias,
Shewes a fine sorrow. — Marke, Antiphila;
Just such another was the nymph Ænones,
When Paris brought home Hellen. — Now, a teare;
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage queene, when from a cold sea-rocke,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the faire Trojan ships; and having lost them,
Just as thine does, downe stole a teare. — Antiphila,

24 *dead-cold.* Q2, dead cold; corrected by Th.
30 *Ænones.* F, Œnone.
36 *thine does.* Q3, thine eyes does; Q4–F, D, thine eyes do.

What would this wench doe, if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand till some more pittying god
Turnd her to marble! — Tis enough, my wench! —
Shew me the peece of needleworke you wrought.
Ant. Of Ariadne, madam?
Asp. Yes, that peece. —
This should be Theseus; h'as a cousening face. —
You meant him for a man?
Ant. He was so, madame.
Asp. Why, then, tis well enough. — Never looke backe;
You have a full winde and a false heart, Theseus. —
Does not the story say, his keele was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kinde rocke or other
Met with his vessell?
Ant. Not as I remember.
Asp. It should ha beene so. Could the gods know this,
And not, of all their number, raise a storme?
But they are all as evil. This false smile
Was well exprest; just such another caught me. —

51-54 *But they . . . quicksand.* The division of lines follows D. In Q2 lines end with *exprest*, *Antiphila*, *quicksand*.
51 *evil*, D. Qq, F, ill.

You shall not goe so. —
Antiphila, in this place worke a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it ; and then a Feare :
Doe that Feare to the life, wench.
Ant. Twill wrong the storie
Asp. Twill make the story, wrong'd by wanton poets,
Live long and be beleev'd. But wheres the lady ?
Ant. There, madame.
Asp. Fie, you have mist it here, Antiphila ;
You are much mistaken, wench :
These colours are not dull and pale enough
To shew a soule so full of misery
As this sad ladies was. Doe it by me,
Doe it againe by me, the lost Aspatia ;
And you shall finde all true but the wilde iland.
I stand upon the sea-breach now ; and thinke
Mine armes thus, and mine haire blowne with the wind,
Wilde as that desart ; and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken. Doe my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila : strive to make me looke

57 *to the life.* Q1, bravely.
68 *and thinke*, Q1 and D omit. Q1, D, B, Suppose I stand upon the sea-breach now.
71 *Tell that I am forsaken.* Q1 substitutes, Be teares of my story ; Theobald, Be teachers, etc.

Like Sorrowes monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leaveless; let the rocks
Groane with continuall surges; and behind me,
Make all a desolation. Looke, looke, wenches,
A miserable life of this poore picture!
Olim. Deere madam!
Asp. I have done. Sit downe, and let us
Upon that point fixe all our eyes, that point there.
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sadnesse
Give us new soules.

Enter Calianax.

Calianax. The King may doe this, and he may not doe it:
My child is wrongd, disgrac'd. — Well, how now, huswives?
What, at your ease! is this a time to sit still?
Up, you young lazie whores, up, or Ile swenge you!
Olim. Nay, good my lord —
Cal. You'l lie downe shortly. Get you in, and worke!
What, are you growne so reasty you want heates?

77 *Looke, looke.* Q1, D, B, See, see.
81 *dull*, Q3 *et al.*; Q1, Q2, dumbe.
89 *reasty.* Q1, rusty. Q5, resty.

We shall have some of the court-boyes doe that office.
Ant. My lord, we doe no more than we are charg'd:
It is the ladies pleasure we be thus
In griefe, shee is forsaken.
Cal. Theres a rogue too,
A young dissembling slave! — Well, get you in. —
Ile have a bout with that boy. Tis hie time
Now to be valiant: I confesse my youth
Was never prone that way. What, made an asse!
A court-stale! Well, I will be valiant,
And beate some dozen of these whelps; I will!
And theres another of 'em, a trim cheating souldier;
Ile maule that rascall; has out-brav'd me twice;
But now, I thanke the gods, I am valiant. —
Goe, get you in. — Ile take a course with all.
Exeunt Om[*nes*].

90 *doe that office.* Q1, D, B, heat you shortly.

93 *In griefe, shee is forsaken.* Dyce omits comma; Mason, B, omit comma and put semi-colon after *thus*. Q1–Q5 print *in griefe* in the preceding line.

Actus Tertius.

[Scene I. *Ante-room to Evadne's Bed-chamber.*]

Enter Cleon, Strato, and Diphilus.

Cleon. Your sister is not up yet.

Diphilus. Oh, brides must take their mornings rest; the night is troublesome.

Strato. But not tedious.

Diph. What ods, hee has not my sisters maidenhead to-night?

Stra. None; its ods against any bridegrome living, he nere gets it while he lives.

Diph. Y'are merry with my sister; you'le please to allow me the same freedome with your mother.

Stra. Shees at your service.

Diph. Then shees merry enough of herselfe; shee needs no tickling. Knocke at the dore.

Stra. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter; they have the yeare before them. [*Strato knocks.*]
Good morrow, sister. Spare yourselfe to-day;
The night will come againe.

Enter Amintor

Amintor. Whose there? my brother! I'm no readier yet.
Your sister is but now up.

7 *None*, Q1. Q2, No.

Diph. You looke as you had lost your eyes to-night:
I thinke you ha not slept.
Amin. I faith I have not.
Diph. You have done better, then.
Amin. We ventured for a boy; when he is twelve,
A shall command against the foes of Rhodes.
Shall we be merry?
Stra. You cannot; you want sleepe.
Amin. Tis true. — (*Aside.*) But she,
As if she had drunke Lethe, or had made
Even with Heaven, did fetch so still a sleepe,
So sweet and sound —
Diph. Whats that?
Amin. Your sister frets
This morning, and does turn her eyes upon me,
As people on their headsman. She does chafe
And kisse, and chafe againe, and clap my cheekes;
Shees in another world.
Diph. Then I had lost: I was about to lay
You had not got her maidenhead to-night.
Amin. [*aside*]. Ha! he does not mocke me? —
Y'ad lost indeed;
I doe not use to bungle.
Cleon. You doe deserve her.

38 *he does not mocke.* Q1, D, B, does he not mocke.

Amin. (*aside*). I laid my lips to hers, and that wild breath,
That was so rude and rough to me last night,
Was sweet as Aprill. Ile be guilty too,
If these be the effects.

Enter Melantius.

Melantius. Good day, Amintor; for to me the name
Of brother is too distant; we are friends,
And that is nearer.

Amin. Deare Melantius!
Let me behold thee. — Is it possible?

Mel. What sudden gaze is this?

Amin. Tis wondrous strange!

Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view
Of that it knowes so well? Theres nothing heere
That is not thine.

Amin. I wonder much, Melantius,
To see those noble lookes, that made me thinke
How vertuous thou art; and, on the sudden,
Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and honour;
Or not be base, and false, and trecherous,
And every ill. But —

Mel. Stay, stay, my friend;
I feare this sound will not become our loves:
No more; embrace me!

58 *No more; embrace me.* Qq and D read, No more embrace me. F has comma after more.

Amin. Oh, mistake me not!
I know thee to be full of all those deeds
That we fraile men call good; but by the course
Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd
As are the windes, dissembling as the sea,
That now weares browes as smooth as virgins be,
Tempting the merchant to invade his face,
And in an houre cals his billows up,
And shoots em at the sun, destroying all
A carries on him. — (*Aside.*) Oh, how nere am I
To utter my sicke thoughts!

Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?

Amin. I have wed thy sister, who hath vertuous thoughts
Enow for one whole family; and it is strange
That you should feele no want.

Mel. Beleeve me, this is complement too cunning for me.

Diph. What should I be then by the course of nature,
They having both robd me of so much vertue?

Stra. Oh, call the bride, my lord Amintor,
That wee may see her blush, and turne her eies downe:
It is the pritiest sport.

Amin. Evadne!

73 *this is complement.* D, this compliment's.

Evadne (*within*). My lord?
Amin. Come forth, my love:
Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.
Evad. [*within*]. I am not ready yet.
Amin. Enough, enough.
Evad. [*within*]. They'le mock me.
Amin. Faith, thou shalt come in.

Enter Evadne.

Mel. Good morrow, sister. He that understands
Whom you have wed, neede not to wish you joy;
You have enough; take heede you be not proud.
Diph. Oh, sister, what have you done?
Evad. I done! Why, what have I done?
Stra. My lord Amintor sweares you are no maid now.
Evad. Push!
Stra. I faith, he does.
Evad. I knew I should be mockt.
Diph. With a truth.
Evad. If twere to doe againe,
In faith I would not mary.
Amin. (*aside*). Nor I, by Heaven!
Diph. Sister, Dula sweares
Shee heard you cry two roomes off.
Evad. Fie, how you talke!

86–102 *Oh, sister . . . the other way.* The arrangement of lines is based on that of Dyce. B prints as prose.

Diph. Lets see you walke.
Evad. By my troth y'are spoild.
Mel. Amintor. —
Amin. Ha!
Mel. Thou art sad.
Amin. Who, I? I thanke you for that.
Shall Diphilus, thou, and I sing a catch?
Mel. How?
Amin. Prethee, lets.
Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.
Amin. I am so lightned with my happinesse! —
How dost thou, love? Kisse me.
Evad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.
Amin. Nothing but what becomes us. — Gentlemen,
Would you had all such wives, — and all the world,
That I might be no wonder! — Y'are all sad:
What, doe you envie me? I walke, methinks,
On water, and nere sinke, I am so light.
Mel. Tis well you are so.
Amin. Well, how can I be other,
When shee lookes thus? — Is there no musicke there?
Lets dance.

95–96 *Diph. Lets . . . spoild.* Edd. 1778, W, and B, read: *Diph.* Let's see you walk, Evadne. By my troth, y'are spoil'd.

Mel. Why this is strange, Amintor!
Amin. I doe not know myselfe; yet I could wish
My joy were lesse.
Diph. Ile mary too, if it will make one thus.
Evad. (*aside*). Amintor, harke.
Amin. What saies my love? — I must obey.
Evad. You doe it scurvily; twill be perceiv'd.
Cleon. My lord, the King is here.
Enter King and Lisip[*pus*].
Amin. Where?
Stra. And his brother.
King. Good morrow, all! —
Amintor, joy on joy fall thicke upon thee! —
And, madame you are alterd since I saw you;
I must salute you; you are now anothers.
How lik't you your nights rest?
Evad. Ill, sir.
Amin. Indeed,
She tooke but little.
Lysippus. You'le let her take more,
And thanke her too, shortly.
King. Amintor, wert thou truely honest till
Thou wert maried?
Amin. Yes, sir.
King. Tell me, then, how shews
The sport unto thee?
Amin. Why, well.

King. What did you doe?
Amin. No more, nor lesse then other couples use;
You know what tis; it has but a coarse name.
King. But, prethee, I should thinke by her blacke eie
And her red cheeke, shee should be quicke and stirring
In this same businesse, ha?
Amin. I cannot tell;
I nere tried other, sir; but I perceive
She is as quicke as you delivered.
King. Well, youle trust me then, Amintor, to choose
A wife for you agen?
Amin. No, never, sir.
King. Why, like you this so ill?
Amin. So well I like her.
For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And unto Heaven will pay my gratefull tribute
Hourely; and doe hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And die, both full of gray haires, in one day:
For which the thanks is yours. But if the powers
That rule us please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife
Worthy to take her roome.

King. I doe not like this. — All forbeare the roome,
But you, Amintor, and your lady.
[*Exeunt all but the King, Amintor, and Evadne.*]
I have some speech with you that may concerne
Your after living well.
Amin. [*aside*]. A will not tell me that he lies with her!
If he doe, something heavenly stay my heart,
For I shall be apt to thrust this arme of mine
To acts unlawfull!
King. You will suffer me
To talke with her, Amintor, and not have
A jealous pang?
Amin. Sir, I dare trust my wife
With whom she dares to talke, and not be jealous. [*Retires.*]
King. How doe you like Amintor?
Evad. As I did, sir.
King. Howes that?
Evad. As one that, to fulfil your will and pleasure,
I have given leave to call me wife and love.
King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin;
They that breake word with Heaven will breake agen
With all the world, and so doest thou with me?

165 *your will.* Q1 omits.

Evad. How, sir?
King. This subtle womans ignorance
Will not excuse you: thou hast taken oathes,
So great, methought, they did misbecome
A womans mouth, that thou wouldst nere injoy
A man but me.
Evad. I never did sweare so;
You doe me wrong.
King. Day and night have heard it.
Evad. I swore indeed that I would never love
A man of lower place; but, if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your throne: I love with my ambition,
Not with my eies. But, if I ever yet
Toucht any other, leprosie light here
Upon my face! which for your royalty
I would not staine.
King. Why, thou dissemblest, and
It is in me to punish thee.
Evad. Why, it is in me,
Then, not to love you, which will more afflict
Your body then your punishment can mine.
King. But thou hast let Amintor lie with thee.
Evad. I hannot.

172 *methought*, Q3–F. Q1, Q2, that methought.
misbecome. Q3–F, D, B, not well become.

King. Impudence! he saies himselfe so.
Evad. A lies.
King. A does not.
Evad. By this light, he does,
Strangely and basely! and Ile prove it so.
I did not only shun him for a night,
But told him I would never close with him.
King. Speake lower; tis false.
Evad. I am no man
To answere with a blow; or if I were,
You are the King. But urge [me] not; tis most true.
King. Doe not I know the uncontrouled thoughts
That youth brings with him when his blood is high
With expectation and desire of that
He long hath waited for? Is not his spirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valiant straine
As this our age hath knowne? What could he doe,
If such a suddaine speech had met his blood,
But ruine thee forever, if he had not kild thee?
He could not beare it thus: he is as we,
Or any other wrong'd man.
Evad. It is dissembling.

196 *me*, Q3. Q1, Q2, omit.

King. Take him! farewel; henceforth I am
thy foe;
And what disgraces I can blot thee with, looke
for.
Evad. Stay, sir. — Amintor! — You shall
heare. — Amintor!
Amin. [*coming forward*]. What, my love?
Evad. Amintor, thou hast an ingenious look,
And shouldst be vertuous: it amazeth me
That thou canst make such base malicious lies.
Amin. What, my deere wife?
Evad. Deere wife! I doe despise thee.
Why, nothing can be baser then to sow
Dissention amongst lovers.
Amin. Lovers, who?
Evad. The King and me.
Amin. Oh, God!
Evad. Who should live long and love with-
out distast,
Were it not for such pickthanks as thyselfe.
Did you lie with me? sweare now, and be punisht
In hell for this.
Amin. The faithlesse sin I made
To faire Aspatia is not yet reveng'd;
It followes me. — I will not lose a word

212 *shouldst.* Q2, should'st. 213 *canst.* Q2, can'st.
217 *God*, Q2. Later editions change to Heaven, and so throughout the play. 223 *lose.* Q6, F, D, B. Q1–Q5, loose.

To this vilde woman: but to you, my King,
The anguish of my soule thrusts out this truth,
Y'are a tyrant! and not so much to wrong
An honest man thus, as to take a pride
In talking with him of it.
Evad. Now, sir, see
How loud this fellow lied!
Amin. You that can know to wrong, should know how men
Must right themselves. What punishment is due
From me to him that shall abuse my bed?
Is it not death? Nor can that satisfie,
Unlesse I send your lives through all the land,
To shew how nobly I have freed myselfe.
King. Draw not thy sword; thou know'st I cannot feare
A subjects hand; but thou shall feele the weight
Of this, if thou doest rage.
Amin. The weight of that!
If you have any worth, for Heavens sake, thinke
I feare not swords; for, as you are meere man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare thinke to doe it. But there is
Divinitie about you that strikes dead
My rising passions: as you are my King,
I fall before you and present my sword

224 *vilde*, D. Qq, F, wild. 233 *Is it*, Edd. 1778. Qq, F, It is.
234 *lives*. Sympson, D, limbs.

To cut mine owne flesh, if it be your will.
Alas, I am nothing but a multitude
Of wa[l]king griefes! Yet, should I murder
you,
I might before the world take the excuse
Of madnesse: for, compare my injuries,
And they will well appeare too sad a weight
For reason to endure. But fall I first
Amongst my sorrowes, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things! But why (I know not what
I have to say) why did you choose out me
To make thus wretched? There were thou-
sands, fooles,
Easie to worke on, and of state enough,
Within the iland.
Evad. I would not have a foole;
It were no credit for me.
Amin. Worse and worse!
Thou that dar'st talke unto thy husband thus,
Professe thyselfe a whore, and, more then so,
Resolve to be so still! — It is my fate
To beare and bowe beneath a thousand griefes,
To keepe that little credit with the world! —
But there were wise ones too; you might have
tane
Another.

248 *walking:* so Qq, except Q2, which misprints, waking.
256 *thousands.* Comma inserted by B. F, D, thousand fooles.

King. No, for I beleve[d] thee honest
As thou wert valiant.
Amin. All the happinesse
Bestow'd upon me turnes into disgrace.
Gods, take your honesty againe, for I
Am loaden with it! — Good my lord the King,
Be private in it.
King. Thou maist live, Amintor,
Free as thy King, if thou wilt winke at this
And be a meanes that we may meet in secret.
Amin. A baud! Hold, hold, my brest! A bitter curse
Seize me if I forget not all respects
That are religious, on another word
Sounded like that; and through a sea of sinnes
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Paines heere and after life upon my soule!
King. Well, I am resolute you lay not with her;
And so I leave you. *Exit King.*
Evad. You must needs be prating;
And see what follows!
Amin. Prethe, vex me not.
Leave me. I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murther on me.
Evad. I am gone;
I love my life well. *Exit Evadne.*

266 *beleved.* Corrected by D.

Amin. I hate mine as much.
This tis to breake a troth! I should be glad
If all this tide of griefe would make me mad.
Exit.

[Scene II. *A Room in the Palace.*]

Enter Melantius.

Melantius. Ile know the cause of all Amintors griefes,
Or friendship shall be idle.

Enter Calianax.

Calianax. Oh, Melantius,
My daughter will die!
Mel. Trust me, I am sorry;
Would thou hadst tane her roome!
Cal. Thou art a slave,
A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave!
Mel. Take heed, old man; thou wilt be heard to rave,
And lose thine offices.
Cal. I am valiant growne
At all these yeares, and thou art but a slave!
Mel. Leave!
Some company will come, and I respect
Thy yeares, not thee, so much that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.
Cal. Ile spoile your mirth:

I meane to fight with thee. There lie, my cloake!
This was my fathers sword, and he durst fight.
Are you prepar'd?
Mel. Why, wilt thou doate thyselfe
Out of thy life? Hence, get thee to bed,
Have carefull looking-to, and eate warme things,
And trouble not mee: my head is full of thoughts
More waighty then thy life or death can be.
Cal. You have a name in warre, where you stand safe
Amongst a multitude; but I will try
What you dare doe unto a weake old man
In single fight. You'le give ground, I feare.
Come, draw.
Mel. I will not draw, unlesse thou pulst thy death
Upon thee with a stroke. Theres no one blow
That thou canst give hath strength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not so far, then; the power of earth
Shall not redeeme thee.
Cal. [*aside*]. I must let him alone;
Hees stout and able; and, to say the truth,
However I may set a face and talke,
I am not valiant. When I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a testie tricke
I had amongst cowards, but durst never fight.

34 *amongst.* Q1, mongst.

Mel. I will not promise to preserve your life,
If you doe stay.
Cal. [*aside*]. I would give halfe my land
That I durst fight with that proud man a little.
If I had men to hold him, I would beate him
Till he aske me mercy.
Mel. Sir, wil you be gone?
Cal. [*aside*]. I dare not stay; but I will goe home and beat
My servants all over for this. *Exit Calianax.*
Mel. This old fellow haunts me.
But this distracted carriage of mine Amintor
Takes deepely on me. I will finde the cause:
I fear his conscience cries, he wrong'd Aspatia.

Enter Amintor.

Amintor [*aside*]. Mens eyes are not so subtill to perceive
My inward miserie: I beare my griefe
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched then?
For ought I know, all husbands are like me;
And every one I talke with of his wife
Is but a well dissembler of his woes,
As I am. Would I knew it! for the rarenesse
Afflicts me now.
Mel. Amintor, we have not enjoy'd our

39 *aske.* Q1, askt.

54–63 *Amintor . . . to mee.* As prose Qq, F, B. The original may have been in verse, but its restoration seems impossible. Weber and Dyce have made attempts.

friendship of late, for we were wont to change our soules in talke.

Amin. Melantius, I can tell thee a good jest of Strato and a lady the last day.

Mel. How wast?

Amin. Why such an odde one!

Mel. I have longd to speake with you; not of an idle jest that's forc'd, but of matter that you are bound to utter to mee.

Amin. What is that, my friend?

Mel. I have observ'd your words fall from your tongue
Wildly; and all your carriage
Like one that strove to shew his merry mood,
When he were ill dispos'd: you were not wont
To put such scorne into your speech, or weare
Upon your face ridiculous jollitie.
Some sadnesse sits here, which your cunning would
Cover ore with smiles, and twill not be. What is it?

Amin. A sadnesse here! what cause
Can fate provide for me to make me so?
Am I not lov'd through all this isle? The King

55 *change*, Th. Qq, F, charge.

65–66 *I have . . . carriage*, so Qq, F, B. Edd. 1778 *et al.* end first line, *words*.

73 *A sadnesse here! what cause.* D, A sadnesse here, Melantius! what cause.

Raines greatnesse on me. Have I not received
A lady to my bed, that in her eie
Keepes mounting fire, and on her tender cheekes
Inevitable colour, in her heart
A prison for all vertue? Are not you,
Which is above all joyes, my constant friend?
What sadnesse can I have? No; I am light
And feele the courses of my bloud more warme
And stirring than they were. Faith, mary too;
And you will feel so unexprest a joy
In chaste embraces that you will indeed
Appeare another.

Mel. You may shape, Amintor,
Causes to cozen the whole world withall,
And you yourselfe too; but tis not like a friend
To hide your soule from me. Tis not your nature
To be thus idle: I have seene you stand
As you were blasted midst of all your mirth;
Call thrice aloud, and then start, faining joy
So coldly! — World, what doe I here? a friend
Is nothing! Heaven, I would ha told that man
My secret sinnes! Ile search an unknowne land,
And there plant friendship; all is withered here.
Come with a complement! I would have fought,
Or told my friend a lied, ere soothd him so.
Out of my bosome!

79 *Inevitable.* Q1, immutable.

Amin. But there is nothing.
Mel. Worse and worse! farewell.
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.
Amin. Melantius, stay; you shall know what that is.
Mel. See; how you plaid with friendship! be advis'd
How you give cause unto yourselfe to say
You ha lost a friend.
Amin. Forgive what I ha done;
For I am so oregone with injuries
Unheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to doe. — Oh! — Oh!
Mel. Doe not weepe.
What ist? May I once but know the man
Hath turn'd my friend thus!
Amin. I had spoke at first,
But that —
Mel. But what?
Amin. I held it most unfit
For you to know. Faith, doe not know it yet.
Mel. Thou seest my love, that will keepe company
With thee in teares; hide nothing, then, from me;
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,

104 *See; how you plaid.* No punctuation after *See* in Qq, F. B conjectures, See how you play. Q1 has *plead* for *plaid.*

With mine old armour Ile adorne myselfe,
My resolution, and cut through thy foes,
Unto thy quiet, till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotlesse innocence.
What is it?
Amin. Why, tis this — it is too bigge
To get out — let my teares make way awhile.
Mel. Punish me strangely, Heaven, if he escape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this!
Amin. Your sister —
Mel. Well sayd.
Amin. You'l wish't unknowne,
When you have heard it.
Mel. No.
Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the King has given her honour up,
And lives in whoredome with him.
Mel. How's this?
Thou art run mad with injury indeed;
Thou couldst not utter this else. Speake againe,
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefes.
Amin. Shees wanton; I am loth to say, a whore,
Though it be true.
Mel. Speake yet againe, before mine anger grow
Up beyond throwing downe: what are thy griefes?

Amin. By all our friendship, these.
Mel. What, am I tame?
After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and strike the brand
Of whore upon my sister, unreveng'd?
My shaking flesh, be thou a witnesse for me
With what unwillingnesse I goe to scourge
This rayler, whom my folly hath cald friend.
I will not take thee basely: thy sword
[*Draws his sword*]
Hangs neere thy hand; draw it that I may whip
Thy rashnesse to repentance; draw thy sword!
Amin. Not on thee, did thy anger goe as hie
As troubled waters. Thou shouldst do me ease
Here and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.
Mel. This is base
And fearefull. They that use to utter lies
Provide not blowes but words to qualifie
The men they wrong'd. Thou hast a guilty cause.
Amin. Thou pleasest me; for so much more like this
Will raise my anger up above my griefes
(Which is a passion easier to be borne)
And I shall then be happy.

139 *strike.* Q1, stick. 147 *goe.* Q3, swell.
148 *troubled waters,* Q1, Q2. Q3, D, B, the wilde surges.

Mel. Take, then, more
To raise thine anger: tis meere cowardise
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead,
However. But if thou art so much prest
With guilt and feare as not to dare to fight,
Ile make thy memory loath'd and fixe a scandall
Upon thy name for ever.
Amin. Then I draw,
As justly as our magistrates their swords
To cut offenders off. I knew before
Twould grate your eares; but it was base in you
To urge a waighty secret from your friend
And then rage at it. I shall be at ease,
If I be kild; and, if you fall by me,
I shall not long outlive you.
Mel. Stay awhile.—
The name of friend is more than family
Or all the world besides: I was a foole.
Thou searching humane nature that didst wake
To doe me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrusts me upon questions that will take
My sleepe away. Would I had died, ere knowne
This sad dishonour! —pardon me, my friend.
[*Sheaths his sword.*]
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithfull heart;
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand
To thine. Behold the power thou hast in me!

I doe beleeve my sister is a whore,
A leprous one. Put up thy sword, young man.
Amin. How should I beare it, then, she being so?
I feare, my friend, that you will lose me shortly,
[*Sheaths his sword.*]
And I shall doe a foule act on myselfe,
Through these disgraces.
Mel. Better halfe the land
Were buried quick together. No, Amintor,
Thou shalt have ease. Oh, this adulterous King,
That drew her too't! where got he the spirit
To wrong me so?
Amin. What is it, then, to me,
If it be wrong to you?
Mel. Why, not so much:
The credit of our house is throwne away.
But from his iron den Ile waken Death,
And hurle him on this King: my honestie
Shall steele my sword; and on its horrid point
Ile weare my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittring
For him to looke on.
Amin. I have quite undone my fame.
Mel. Drie up thy watrie eyes,
And cast a manly looke upon my face,
For nothing is so wilde as I thy friend

195 *its*, Q3. Q1, Q2, my.

Till I have freed thee: still this swelling brest.
I goe thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance till I finde thy heart at peace.
Amin. It must not be so. Stay! Mine eies would tell
How loth I am to this; but, love and teares,
Leave me awhile! for I have hazarded
All that this world cals happy. — Thou hast wrought
A secret from me, under name of friend,
Which art could nere have found, or torture wrung
From out my bosome. Give it me agen;
For I will find it where soere it lies,
Hid in the mortal'st part: invent a way
To give it backe.
Mel. Why would you have it backe?
I will to death pursue him with revenge.
Amin. Therefore I call it backe from thee; for I know
Thy blood so high that thou wilt stir in this,
And shame me to posterity. Take to thy weapon. [*Draws his sword.*]
Mel. Heare thy friend that beares more yeares then thou.
Amin. I will not heare: but draw, or I —
Mel. Amintor!

205 *thy*, Q1. Q2–F, my.

Amin. Draw, then: for I am full as resolute
As fame and honour can inforce me be:
I cannot linger. Draw!
Mel. I doe. But is not
My share of credit equall with thine,
If I doe stir?
Amin. No: for it will be cald
Honor in thee to spill thy sisters blood,
If she her birth abuse; and, on the King
A brave revenge: but on me, that have walkt
With patience in it, it will fixe the name
Of fearefull cuckold. O, that word! Be quicke!
Mel. Then, joyne with me.
Amin. I dare not doe a sinne,
Or else I would. Be speedy.
Mel. Then, dare not fight with me; for that's a sin. —
His griefe distracts him. — Call thy thoughts agen,
And to thyselfe pronounce the name of friend,
And see what that will worke. I will not fight.
Amin. You must.
Mel. [*sheathing his sword*]. I will be kild first. Though my passions
Offered the like to you, tis not this earth

225 *thine.* D suggests, thine own.
232–233 *I . . . speedy.* The division of lines is by editor. Qq, F, D, B, end lines with *me*, *would*, *speedy*.

Shall buy my reason to it. Thinke awhile,
For you are (I must weepe when I speake that)
Almost besides yourselfe.
Amin. [*sheathing his sword*]. Oh, my soft temper!
So many sweet words from thy sisters mouth,
I am afraid would make me take her to
Embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed
And know not what I doe. Yet have a care
Of me in what thou doest.
Mel. Why, thinks my friend
I will forget his honor? or, to save
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,
And feare to touch the throne of majestie?
Amin. A curse will follow that; but rather live
And suffer with me.
Mel. I will doe what worth
Shall bid me, and no more.
Amin. Faith, I am sicke,
And desperately I hope; yet, leaning thus,
I feele a kind of ease.
Mel. Come, take agen
Your mirth about you.
Amin. I shall never doo't.
Mel. I warrant you; looke up; weele walke together;
Put thine arme here; all shall be well agen?

Amin. Thy love (oh, wretched!) I, thy love, Melantius;
Why I have nothing else.
Mel. Be merry then.
Exeunt.

Enter Melantius agen.

Mel. This worthy yong man may doe violence
Upon himselfe, but I have cherisht him
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me,
To counterfeit againe. Sword, hold thy edge;
My heart will never faile me.

Enter Diphilus.

Diphilus!
Thou comst as sent.
Diphilus. Yonder has bin such laughing.
Mel. Betwixt whom?
Diph. Why, our sister and the King.
I thought their spleenes would breake; they laught us all
Out of the roome.
Mel. They must weepe, Diphilus.
Diph. Must they?
Mel. They must.
Thou art my brother; &, if I did beleeve

263 *To my best power*, Q3 *et al.* Q1, Q2, As well as I could.
Enter Diphilus. This follows *Thou comst as sent*, in Q2.

Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.
Diph. You should not; I would first
Mangle myselfe and finde it.
Mel. That was spoke
According to our straine. Come, joyne thy hands to mine,
And sweare a firmnesse to what project I
Shall lay before thee.
Diph. You doe wrong us both:
People hereafter shall not say there past
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.
Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish.
Anon Ile tell you wonders: we are wrong'd.
Diph. But I will tell you now, weele right ourselves.
Mel. Stay not: prepare the armour in my house;
And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too.
Haste, Diph[ilus], the time requires it, haste! —
Exit Diphilus.
I hope my cause is just; I know my blood
Tels me it is; and I will credit it.
To take revenge, and lose myself withall,
Were idle; and to scape impossible,

275 *to mine.* Q1, Th, B, omit.

Without I had the fort, which (miserie!)
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy,
Calianax — but I must have it. See,

Enter Calianax.

Where he comes shaking by me! — Good my lord,
Forget your spleene to me; I never wrong'd you,
But would have peace with every man.
Cal. Tis well;
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.
Mel. Y'are touchie without all cause.
Cal. Doe, mocke me.
Mel. By mine honor, I speake truth.
Cal. Honor! where ist?
Mel. See, what starts you make
Into your [idle] hatred to my love
And freedome to you. I come with resolution
To obtaine a sute of you.
Cal. A sute of me!
Tis very like it should be granted, sir.
Mel. Nay, goe not hence:
Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort,
And I would wish you, by the love you ought
To beare unto me, to deliver it
Into my hands.
Cal. I am in hope thou art mad,
To talke to me thus.

299 *all.* Mermaid ed. omits. 302 *idle.* Only in Q1.

Mel. But there is a reason
To move you to it: I would kill the King,
That wrong'd you and your daughter.
Cal. Out, traitor!
Mel. Nay, but stay: I cannot scape, the deed once done,
Without I have this fort.
Cal. And should I helpe thee?
Now thy treacherous mind betraies itselfe.
Mel. Come, delay me not;
Give me a sudden answere, or already
Thy last is spoke! Refuse not offered love
When it comes clad in secrets.
Cal. [*aside*]. If I say
I will not, he will kill me; I doe see't
Writ in his lookes; and should I say I will,
Heele run and tell the King. — I doe not shun
Your friendship, deere Melantius, but this cause
Is weighty: give me but an houre to thinke.
Mel. Take it. — [*Aside.*] I know this goes unto the King;
But I am arm'd. *Exit Melantius.*
Cal. Methinks I feele myselfe
But twenty now agen. This fighting foole
Wants policie: I shall revenge my girle,
And make her red againe. I pray my legges
Will last that pace that I will carry them;
I shall want breath before I find the King.
Exit.

Actus Quartus.

[Scene I. *An Apartment of Evadne.*]

Enter Melantius, Evadne, and a Lady.

Melantius. Save you
Evadne. Save you, sweet brother.
Mel. In my blunt eie, methinks, you looke, Evadne —
Evad. Come, you would make me blush.
Mel. I would, Evadne; I shall displease my ends else.
Evad. You shall, if you Commend me; I am bashfull. Come, sir, how doe I looke?
Mel. I would not have your women heare me Break into commendations of you; tis not Seemely.
Evad. Goe waite me in the gallery.
Exeunt Ladies.
Now speake.
Mel. Ile locke the dore first.
Evad. Why?

5 *Commend.* Qq, Command. Corrected by Th.

Exeunt Ladies. Qq, F, print this after *the dore first.* The inconsistency between *Ladies* and *a Lady* at the opening of the act has been corrected by modern editors.

Mel. I will not have your guilded things, that dance
In visitation with their Millan skins,
Choake up my businesse.
Evad. You are strangely dispos'd, sir.
Mel. Good madame, not to make you merry.
Evad. No, if you praise me, twill make me sad.
Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.
Evad. Brother,
The court has made you wittie, and learne to riddle.
Mel. I praise the court for't: has it learnd you nothing?
Evad. Me!
Mel. I, Evadne, thou art young and hansome,
A lady of a sweet complexion,
And such a flowing carriage that it cannot
Chuse but inflame a kingdome.
Evad. Gentle brother!
Mel. Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,
To make me gentle.
Evad. How is this?
Mel. Tis base,

15 *commendation*, Q6. Q2, commendations.

And I could blush at these yeeres, through all
My honord scars, to come to such a parly.
Evad. I understand ye not.
Mel. You dare not, foole!
They that commit thy faults flie the remembrance.
Evad. My faults, sir! I would have you know, I care not
If they were written here, here in my forehead.
Mel. Thy body is too little for the story;
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had twins within her.
Evad. This is saucie:
Looke you intrude no more. There [lies] your way.
Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
Till I find truth out.
Evad. What truth is that you looke for?
Mel. Thy long-lost honour. Would the gods had set mee
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts! Come, tell me quickly;
Doe it without inforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my temper.

25 *through.* Q3, thorough.
34 *There lies*, Q3. Q1, Q2, Theres.

Evad. How sir!
Where got you this report?
Mel. Where there was people,
In every place.
Evad. They and the seconds of it
Are base people; beleeve them not; they lied.
Mel. Do not play with mine anger; doe not, wretch!
I come to know that desperate foole that drew thee
From thy faire life: be wise and lay him open.
Evad. Unhand me, and learne manners! such another
Forgetfulnesse forfets your life.
Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me
Whose whore you are; for you are one, I know it.
Let all mine honors perish but Ile find him,
Though he lie lockt up in thy bloud! Be sudden;
There is no facing it; and be not flattered;
The burnt aire where the Dog raignes is not fouler
Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sicknesse.
Evad. Begone! you are my brother; thats your safety.
Mel. Ile be a wolfe first: tis, to be thy brother,
An infamy below the sinne of coward.

I am as far from being part of thee
As thou art from thy vertue: seeke a kindred
Mongst sensuall beasts, and make a goat thy brother;
A goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet?
Evad. If you stay here and raile thus, I shall tell you
Ile ha you whipt. Get you to your command,
And there preach to your centinels, and tell them
What a brave man you are: I shall laugh at you.
Mel. Y'are growne a glorious whore! Where be your fighters?
What mortall foole durst raise thee to this daring,
And I alive! By my just sword, h'ad safer
Bestrid a billow when the angry North
Plowes up the sea, or made Heavens fire his foe!
Worke me no hier. Will you discover yet?
Evad. The fellowes mad. Sleepe, and speake sense.
Mel. Force my swolne heart no further: I would save thee.
Your great maintainers are not here; they dare not:
Would they were all, and armed! I would speake loud:

72 *Bestrid.* Q2, Bestride. 73 *foe.* Only in Q1. Q2, food.
76–85 *Force . . . canker.* Prose in Qq and F.

Heres one should thunder to 'em! Will you tell
me? —
Thou hast no hope to scape: he that dares most
And dams away his soule to doe thee service,
Will sooner snatch meat from a hungry lyon
Then come to rescue thee; thou hast death
about thee —
Has undone thine honour, poyson'd thy vertue,
And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker.
Evad. Let me consider.
Mel. Doe, whose childe thou wert,
Whose honour thou hast murdered, whose grave
opened,
And so pul'd on the gods that in their justice
They must restore him flesh agen and life,
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandall.
Evad. The gods are not of my minde; they
had better
Let 'em lie sweet still in the earth; they'l stinke
here.
Mel. Doe you raise mirth out of my easinesse?
Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature,
That make men women! Speake, you whore,
speake truth,
Or, by the deare soule of thy sleeping father,
This sword shall be thy lover! Tell, or Ile kill
thee;
And, when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.

84 *Has.* F, H'as; D, He has.

Evad. You will not murther me?
Mel. No; tis a justice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.
Evad. Helpe!
Mel. By thy foule selfe, no humane helpe shal help thee,
If thou criest! When I have kild thee, as I
Have vow'd to doe, if thou confesse not, naked
As thou hast left thine honor, will I leave thee,
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy blacke shame and my justice. Wilt thou bend yet?
Evad. Yes.
Mel. Up, and begin your storie.
Evad. Oh, I am miserable!
Mel. Tis true, thou art. Speake truth still.
Evad. I have offended: noble sir, forgive me!
Mel. With what secure slave?
Evad. Doe not ask me, sir;
Mine owne remembrance is a miserie
Too mightie for me.
Mel. Do not fall back agen;
My sword's unsheathed yet.
Evad. What shall I doe?
Mel. Be true, and make your fault lesse.
Evad. I dare not tell.
Mel. Tell, or Ile be this day a-killing thee.
Evad. Will you forgive me, then?

Mel. Stay; I must aske mine honor first.
I have too much foolish nature in me. Speake.
Evad. Is there none else here?
Mel. None but a fearefull conscience; thats too many.
Who ist?
Evad. Oh, heare me gently! It was the King.
Mel. No more. My worthy fathers and my services
Are liberally rewarded! King, I thanke thee!
For all my dangers and my wounds thou hast paid me
In my owne metall: these are souldiers thanks!—
How long have you lived thus, Evadne?
Evad. Too long.
Mel. Too late you find it. Can you be sorry?
Evad. Would I were halfe as blamelesse!
Mel. Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade againe.
Evad. First to my grave.
Mel. Would gods thou hadst beene so blest!
Dost thou not hate this King now? prethe hate him.

129–130 *Too . . . sorry.*
Q1, *Evad.* Too long, too late I finde it.
Mel. Can you be very sorry?

Could'st thou not curse him? I command thee,
curse him;
Curse till the gods heare, and deliver him
To thy just wishes. Yet I feare, Evadne,
You had rather play your game out.
Evad. No; I feele
Too many sad confusions here, to let in
Any loose flame hereafter.
Mel. Dost thou not feele amongst all those,
one brave anger
That breakes out nobly and directs thine arme
To kill this base King?
Evad. All the gods forbid it!
Mel. No, all the gods require it!
They are dishonored in him.
Evad. Tis too fearefull.
Mel. Y'are valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale whore, and have your madams name
Discourse for groomes and pages; and hereafter,
When his coole majestie hath laid you by,
To be at pension with some needie sir
For meat and courser cloathes; thus far you know
No feare. Come, you shall kill him.

135 *Could'st thou not curse him?* Q1, Has sunke thy faire soule.
151 *know.* Q1, had. Q3, knew.

Evad. Good sir!
Mel. An twere to kisse him dead, thoudst smoother him:
Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and know
What noble minds shall make thee, see thyselfe
Found out with every finger, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this great ruine
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus. Kneele and sweare to helpe me,
When I shall call thee to it; or, by all
Holy in Heaven and earth, thou shalt not live
To breath a full houre longer; not a thought!
Come, tis a righteous oath. Give me thy hand[s],
And, both to Heaven held up, swear, by that wealth
This lustfull theefe stole from thee, when I say it,
To let his foule soule out.
Evad. Here I sweare it; [*Kneels.*]
And, all you spirits of abused ladies,
Helpe me in this performance!
Mel. [*raising her*]. Enough! This must be knowne to none
But you and I, Evadne, not to your lord,

155 *make thee, see thyselfe.* Q2, make thee see thyselfe.
163 *hands*, Edd. 1778.

Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as farre into a worthy action
As the most daring, I, as farre as justice.
Aske me not why. Farewell. *Exit Mel*[*antius*].
Evad. Would I could say so to my blacke disgrace!
Oh, where have I beene all this time? how friended
That I should lose myselfe thus desperately,
And none for pittie shew me how I wandred?
There is not in the compasse of the light
A more unhappy creature: sure I am monstrous;
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefes,
Would dare a woman. Oh, my loaden soule,
Be not so cruell to me; choake not up
The way to my repentance!
Enter Amintor.
Oh, my lord!
Amin. How now?
Evad. My much abused lord! [*Kneels.*]
Amin. This cannot be!
Evad. I doe not kneele to live; I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater. Looke upon me,
Though I appeare with all my faults.

Enter Amintor. In Q2 this follows l. 183.

Amin. Stand up.
This is a new way to beget more sorrow:
Heaven knowes I have too many. Doe not
mocke me:
Though I am tame and bred up with my
wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leape,
Like a hand-wolf, into my naturall wildnesse,
And doe an outrage: prethee, doe not mocke me.
Evad. My whole life is so leaprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set, even with my life:
That sleight contrition, that['s] no sacrifice
For what I have committed.
Amin. Sure, I dazle:
There cannot be a faith in that foule woman,
That knowes no god more mighty than her
mischiefes.
Thou doest still worse, still number on thy faults,
To presse my poore heart thus. Can I beleeve
Theres any seed of vertue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares goe on in sinne,
Knowne, and so knowne as thine is? Oh,
Evadne!
Would there were any safetie in thy sex,

189 *a.* Only in Q1. Q2, no. *sorrow.* Q1, sorrows.
198 *that's no*, Q6–B. Q1, Q2, that; no. Q3, Q4, thats; no. Q5, thats no.

That I might put a thousand sorrowes off,
And credit thy repentance! but I must not.
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamitie,
To that strange misbeleefe of all the world
And all things that are in it, that I feare
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembring that I grieve.
Evad. My lord,
Give me your griefes; you are an innocent,
A soule as white as Heaven; let not my sinnes
Perish your noble youth. I doe not fall here
To shadow by dissembling with my teares
(As all say women can) or to make lesse
What my hot will hath done, which Heaven & you
Knowes to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from mans remembrance; no, I doe not;
I doe appeare the same, the same Evadne,
Drest in the shames I liv'd in, the same monster.
But these are names of honour to what I am;
I doe present myself the foulest creature,
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despisde of men,
Lerna ere bred or Nilus. I am hell,
Till you, my deare lord, shoot your light into me,
The beames of your forgivenesse; I am soule-sicke,

And wither with the feare of one condemn'd,
Till I have got your pardon.
Amin. Rise, Evadne;
Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee;
Make thyselfe worthy of it, and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.
Mocke not the powers above that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all insuing eies, if thou plai'st
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.
Evad. I have done nothing good to win beleefe,
My life hath been so faithlesse. All the creatures,
Made for Heavens honors, have their ends, and good ones,
All but the cousening crocodiles, false women:
They reigne here like those plagues, those killing sores,
Men pray against; and when they die, like tales
Ill told and unbeleev'd, they passe away,
And goe to dust forgotten. But, my lord,
Those short daies I shall number to my rest
(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,

239 *eies.* W, D, B, ages.

Though in my evening, yet perceive a will,
Since I can doe no good, because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is neere it:
I will redeeme one minute of my age,
Or, like another Niobe, Ile weepe
Till I am water.
Amin. I am now dissolved;
My frozen soule melts. May each sin thou hast
Finde a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace.
Hadst thou beene thus, thus excellently good,
Before that devill-king tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star. Give me thy hand:
From this time I will know thee; and, as far
As honor gives me leave, be thy Amintor.
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairely,
And pray the gods to give thee happy daies;
My charity shall goe along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.
I should ha' kild thee, but this sweet repentance
Lockes up my vengeance; for which thus I kisse thee —
The last kisse we must take: and would to Heaven
The holy priest that gave our hands together
Had given us equall vertues! Goe, Evadne;
The gods thus part our bodies. Have a care
My honour falles no farther: I am well, then.
Evad. All the deare joys here, and above hereafter,

Crowne thy faire soule! Thus I take leave, my lord;
And never shall you see the foule Evadne,
Till she have tried all honoured meanes that may
Set her in rest and wash her staines away.

Exeunt.

[Scene II. *A hall in the Palace.*]

Banquet. Enter King, Calianax. Hoboyes play within.

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you that are his enemie.
Calianax. I am sure
He said it to me; and Ile justifie it
What way he dares oppose — but with my sword.
King. But did he breake, without all circumstance,
To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,
To kill me and then scape?
Cal. If he denie it,
Ile make him blush.
King. It sounds incredibly.
Cal. I, so does everything I say of late.
King. Not so, Calianax.
Cal. Yes, I should sit
Mute, whilst a rogue with strong armes cuts your throat.

King. Well, I will trie him; and, if this be true,
Ile pawn my life Ile find it; if 't be false
And that you cloath your hate in such a lie,
You shall hereafter doate in your owne house,
Not in the court.
Cal. Why, if it be a lie,
Mine eares are false, for Ile be sworne I heard it.
Old men are good for nothing: you were best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning it. You would a trusted me
Once, but the time is altered.
King. And will still,
Where I may doe with justice to the world;
You have no witnesse.
Cal. Yes, myselfe.
King. No more,
I meane, there were that heard it.
Cal. How? no more!
Would you have more? why, am not I enough
To hang a thousand rogues?
King. But so you may
Hang honest men too, if you please.
Cal. I may!
Tis like I will doe so: there are a hundred
Will sweare it for a need too, if I say it —

13 *if 't.* Q2, if t.

King. Such witnesses we need not.
Cal. And tis hard
If my word cannot hang a boisterous knave.
King. Enough. — Where's Strato?

Enter Strat[o].

Strato. Sir?
King. Why, wheres all the company? Call Amintor in;
Evadne. Wheres my brother and Melantius?
Bid him come too, and Diphilus. Call all
That are without there. — (*Exit Strat[o].*) If he should desire
The combat of you, tis not in the power
Of all our lawes to hinder it, unlesse
We meane to quit 'em.
Cal. Why, if you doe thinke
Tis fit an old man and a counsellor
To fight for what he saies, then you may grant it.

Enter Amint[or], Evad[ne], Melant[ius], Diph-[ilus], Lisip[pus], Cle[on], Stra[to, and] Diag[oras].

King. Come, sirs! — Amintor, thou art yet a bridegroome,
And I will use thee so; thou shalt sit downe. —
Evadne, sit; — and you, Amintor, too;
This banquet is for you, sir. — Who has brought
A merry tale about him to raise laughter

Enter Strato. In Q2 this follows *Sir.*

Amongst our wine? Why, Strato, where art thou?
Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,
When I desire 'em not.
Stra. Tis my ill lucke, sir, so to spend them, then.
King. Reach me a boule of wine. — Melantius, thou
Art sad.
[*Melantius.*] I should be, sir, the merriest here,
But I ha nere a story of mine own
Worth telling at this time.
King. Give me the wine. —
Melantius, I am now considering
How easie twere for any man we trust
To poyson one of us in such a boule.
Mel. I thinke it were not hard, sir, for a knave.
Cal. [*aside*]. Such as you are.
King. I faith, twere easie. It becomes us well
To get plaine dealing men about ourselves;
Such as you all are here. — Amintor, to thee;
And to thy faire Evadne.
Mel. (*aside*). Have you thought
Of this, Calianax?
Cal. Yes, marry, have I.

52 *Melantius.* Only Q1. Q2–F, *Amin.*

Mel. And whats your resolution?
Cal. Ye shall have it —
[*Aside.*] Soundly, I warrant you.
King. Reach to Amintor, Strato.
Amintor. Here, my love:
[*Drinks, and hands the cup to Evadne.*]
This wine will doe thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheekes; and, till thou dost
A fault, twere pitty.
King. Yet I wonder much
[At] the strange desperation of these men
That dare attempt such acts here in our state:
He could not scape that did it.
Mel. Were he knowne,
Unpossible.
King. It would be knowne, Melantius.
Mel. It ought to be. If he got then away,
He must weare all our lives upon his sword:
He need not flie the island; he must leave
No one alive.
King. No; I should thinke no man
Could kill me and scape cleare, but that old man.
Cal. But I! Heaven blesse me! I! should
I, my liege?
King. I doe not think thou wouldst, but yet
thou mightst,
For thou hast in thy hands the meanes to scape,

71 *At*, Th–B. Q9, F, Of.

By keeping of the fort. — He has, Melantius,
And he has kept it well.
Mel. From cobwebs, sir;
Tis clean swept: I can find no other art
In keeping of it now: twas nere besieg'd
Since he commanded.
Cal. I shall be sure
Of your good word: but I have kept it safe
From such as you.
Mel. Keepe your ill temper in;
I speake no malice; had my brother kept it,
I should ha sed as much.
King. You are not merry.
Brother, drinke wine. Sit you all still? — (*Aside*)
Calianax,
I cannot trust this; I have throwne out words,
That would have fetcht warme blood upon the
cheekes
Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd;
He knowes no such thing.
Cal. Impudence may scape,
When feeble vertue is accus'd.
King. A must,
If he were guilty, feele an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:
You see he does not.
Cal. Let him hang himselfe;
What care I what he does? this he did say.

93 *this*, D. Qq, F, thus.

King. Melan[tius], you can easily conceive
What I have meant; for men that are in fault
Can subtly apprehend when others aime
At what they doe amisse: but I forgive
Freely before this man, — Heaven doe so too!
I will not touch thee, so much as with shame
Of telling it. Let it be so no more.
Cal. Why, this is very fine!
Mel. I cannot tell
What tis you meane; but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into [an] ignorant fault.
But let me know it: happily tis nought
But misconstruction; and, where I am cleare,
I will not take forgivenesse of the gods,
Much less of you.
King. Nay, if you stand so stiffe,
I shall call back my mercy.
Mel. I want smoothnes
To thanke a man for pardoning of a crime
I never knew.
King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to show you
My eares are everywhere; you meant to kill me,
And get the fort to scape.
Mel. Pardon me, sir;
My bluntnesse will be pardoned. You preserve
A race of idle people here about you,

111 *an.* Inserted by Th.

Facers and talkers, to defame the worth
Of those that doe things worthy. The man that uttered this
Had perisht without food, bee't who it will,
But for this arme, that fenst him from the foe:
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,
The plainnesse of my nature would speake more.
Give me a pardon (for you ought to doo't)
To kill him that spake this.
Cal. [*aside*]. I, that will be
The end of all; then I am fairely paide
For all my care and service.
Mel. That old man,
Who cals me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my hate so low)
Have no good thought, would yet, I thinke, excuse me,
And sweare he thought me wrong'd in this.
Cal. Who, I?
Thou shamelesse fellow! didst thou not speake to me
Of it thyselfe?
Mel. O, then it came from him!
Cal. From me! who should it come from but from me?
Mel. Nay, I beleeve your malice is enough:
But I ha lost my anger. — Sir, I hope
You are well satisfied.

124 *Facers*, Q1. Q2 *et al.*, Eaters.

King. Lisip[pus], cheare
Amintor & his lady: theres no sound
Comes from you; I will come and doo't myselfe.
Amin. You have done already, sir, for me, I thanke you.
King. Melantius, I doe credit this from him,
How sleight so ere you mak't.
Mel. Tis strange you should.
Cal. Tis strange a should beleeve an old mans word
That never lied ins life!
Mel. I talke not to thee. — Shall the wilde words of this distempered man,
Franticke with age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your majestie and me? Twas wrong
To harken to him; but to credit him,
As much at least as I have power to beare.
But pardon me, (whilst I speake onely truth,
I may commend myselfe) I have bestowd
My carelesse blood with you, and should be loth
To thinke an action that would make me lose
That and my thankes too. When I was a boy,
I thrust myselfe into my countries cause
And did a deed that pluckt five yeares from time
And stil'd me man then. And for you, my King,
Your subjects all have fed by vertue of
My arme; this sword of mine hath plowd the ground

And reapt the fruit in peace;
And you yourselfe have liv'd at home in ease.
So terrible I grew, that without swords
My name hath fetcht you conquest: and my heart
And limmes are still the same, my will as great
To doe you service. Let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.
King. Melant[ius],
I held it great injustice to beleeve
Thine enemie, and did not; if I did,
I doe not; let that satisfie. — What, strucke
With sadnesse all? More wine!
Cal. A few fine words
Have overthrowne my truth. Ah, th'art a villaine!
Mel. (*aside*). Why, thou wert better let me have the fort:
Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever;
There shall no credit lie upon thy words:
Thinke better, and deliver it.
Cal. My leige,
Hees at me now agen to doe it. — Speake;
Denie it, if thou canst. — Examine him
Whilst he is hot, for if hee coole agen,
He will forsweare it.
King. This is lunacie,
I hope, Melantius.

177 *Ah*, F. Qq, A.

Mel. He hath lost himselfe
Much, since his daughter mist the happinesse
My sister gaind; and, though he call me foe,
I pittie him.
Cal. Pittie! a pox upon you!
Mel. Marke his disordered words: and at the maske
Diagoras knows he rag'd and raild at me,
And cald a lady "whore," so innocent
She understood him not. But it becomes
Both you and me too to forgive distraction:
Pardon him, as I doe.
Cal. Ile not speake for thee,
For all thy cunning. — If you will be safe,
Chop off his head, for there was never knowne
So impudent a rascall.
King. Some that love him
Get him to bed. Why, pittie should not let
Age make itselfe contemptible; wee must be
All old. Have him away.
Mel. [*aside*]. Calianax,
The King beleeves you; come, you shall go home
And rest; you ha done well. Youle give it up
When I have us'd you thus a month, I hope.
Cal. Now, now, tis plaine, sir; he does move me still:

189 *Pittie.* Q2, A pittie. 191 *Diagoras . . . at me.* Q1, Q2, print *Mel.* before this line.

A e saies he knowes Ile give him up the fort,
When he has usd me thus a month. I am mad,
Am I not, still?
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!
Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you doe thus.
Why should you trust a sturdie fellow there
(That has no vertue in him, als in his sword)
Before me? Doe but take his weapons from him,
And hees an asse; and I am a very foole,
Both with him and without him, as you use me.
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!
King. Tis well, Cal[ianax]: but if you use
This once agen, I shall intreat some other
To see your offices be well discharg'd. —
Be merry, gentlemen. — It growes somewhat late. —
Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed agen.
Amin. Yes, sir.
King. And you, Evadne. — Let me take
Thee in my armes, Melantius, & beleeve
Thou art, as thou deservest to be, my friend
Still and for ever. — Good Cal[ianax],
Sleepe soundly; it will bring thee to thyselfe.
Exeunt omnes. Manent Mel[antius] & Cal[ianax].
Cal. Sleepe soundly! I sleepe soundly now, I hope;

214 *with him and without him.* D, B, with 'em and without 'em.

I could not be thus else. — How dar'st thou
stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me?
Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue,
and thats
The strongest part you have about you.
Cal. I
Doe looke for some great punishment for this;
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And tak't unkindly that mine enemie
Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.
Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt.
Cal. Thoult anger me agen. Thou wretched
roague,
Meant me no hurt! disgrace me with the King!
Lose all my offices! This is no hurt,
Is it? I prethee, what dost thou call hurt?
Mel. To poyson men, because they love me
not;
To call the credit of mens wives in question;
To murder children betwixt me and land;
This I call hurt.
Cal. All this thou thinkst is sport,
For mine is worse; but use thy will with me,
For betwixt griefe and anger I could crie.
Mel. Be wise, then, and be safe; thou mai'st
revenge —

Cal. I, o th' King. I would revenge of thee.
Mel. That you must plot yourselfe.
Cal. I am a fine plotter.
Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the King
In this perplexity, till peevishnesse
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave:
But if thou wilt deliver up the fort,
Ile take thy trembling body in my armes,
And beare thee over dangers: thou shalt hold
Thy wonted state.
Cal. If I should tell the King,
Canst thou deni't agen?
Mel. Trie, and beleeve.
Cal. Nay, then, thou canst bring anything about.
[Melantius], thou shalt have the fort.
Mel. Why, well.
Here let our hate be buried; and this hand
Shall right us both. Give me thy aged brest
To compasse.
Cal. Nay, I doe not love thee yet;
I cannot well endure to looke on thee;
And if I thought it were a curtesie,
Thou shouldst not have it. But I am disgrac't;
My offices are to be taen away;
And if I did but hold this fort a day,

259 *Melantius.* Only Q1.

I doe beleeve the King would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried.
Nere thanke me for't; but yet the King shall know
There was some such thing in't I told him of,
And that I was an honest man.
Mel. Heele buy
That knowledge very deerely.
Enter Diphilus.
Diph[ilus],
What newes with thee?
Diphilus. This were a night indeed
To doe it in; the King hath sent for her.
Mel. Shee shall performe it, then. — Goe,
Diph[ilus],
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The fort; heele give it thee.
Diph. Ha you got that?
Cal. Art thou of the same breed? Canst thou denie
This to the King too?
Diph. With a confidence
As great as his.
Cal. Faith, like enough.
Mel. Away, and use him kindly.
Cal. Touch not me;
I hate the whole straine. If thou follow me
A great way off, Ile give thee up the fort;
And hang yourselves.

Mel. Begone!
Diph. Hees finely wrought.
Exeunt Cal[*ianax and*] *Diph*[*ilus*].
Mel. This is a night, spight of astronomers,
To doe the deed in. I will wash the staine
That rests upon our house off with his bloud.
Enter Amintor.
Amin. Melantius, now assist me; if thou beest
That which thou saist, assist me. I have lost
All my distempers and have found a rage
So pleasing. Helpe me!
Mel. [*aside*]. Who can see him thus,
And not sweare vengeance? — Whats the matter, friend?
Amin. Out with thy sword; and, hand in hand with mee,
Rush to the chamber of this hated King,
And sinke him with the weight of all his sinnes
To hell for ever.
Mel. Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety. Let your reason
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.
Amin. If thou refusest me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend. He sent for her to me;
By Heaven, to me, myselfe! and, I must tell ye,
I love her as a stranger: there is worth

In that vild woman, worthy things, Melantius,
And she repents. Ile doo't myselfe alone,
Though I be slaine. Farewell.
Mel. [*aside*]. Heele overthrow
My whole designe with madnes. — Amintor,
Thinke what thou doest: I dare as much as valour:
But tis the King, the King, the King, Amintor,
With whom thou fightest! — (*Aside.*) I know hees honest,
And this will worke with him.
Amin. I cannot tell
What thou hast said; but thou hast charm'd my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here,
Defenselesse.
Mel. I will take it up for thee.
Amin. What a wild beast is uncollected man!
The thing that we call honor beares us all
Headlong unto sinne, and yet itselfe is nothing.
Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!
Amin. Just like my fortunes. I was run to that
I purpos'd to have chid thee for. Some plot,
I did distrust, thou hadst against the King,
By that old fellowes carriage. But take heede;
Theres not the least limbe growing to a king
But carries thunder in't.

Mel. I have none
Against him.
Amin. Why, come then, and still remember
Wee may not thinke revenge.
Mel. I will remember.
Exeunt.

Actus 5

[Scene I. *A Room in the Palace.*]

Enter Evadne and a Gentleman [of the Bed-chamber.]

Evadne. Sir, is the King a-bed?
Gentleman. Madame, an houre agoe.
Evad. Give me the key then, and let none be neere.
Tis the Kings pleasure.
Gent. I understand you, madame; would twere mine!
I must not wish good rest unto your ladiship.
Evad. You talke, you talke.
Gent. Tis all I dare doe, madame; but the King
Will wake, and then, [methinks —]
Evad. Saving your imagination, pray, good night, sir.
Gent. A good night be it then, and a long one, madam.
I am gone. *Exit.*
Evad. The night growes horrible; and all about me,
Like my blacke purpose. Oh, the conscience
King abed.

8 *methinks.* Only Q1. 11 *Exit*, so Q1, Q2. Q3–F, mark no exit. W, D, B, begin a new scene here.

Of a lost virgin, whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things dismall as the depth of hell
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this houre be disloyall, if her heart be flesh,
If she have blood and can feare. Tis a daring
Above that desperate fooles that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight: tis so many sins,
An age cannot repent 'm; and so great
The gods want mercy for. Yet I must through 'm:
I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there. — A sleepes. Good Heavens!
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast,
That hath so long transgrest you? I must kill him,
And I will doo't bravely: the meere joy
Tels me, I merit in it. Yet I must not
Thus tamely doe it as he sleepes — that were
To rock him to another world: my vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments:
Ile shape his sins like Furies, till I waken
His evill angell, his sicke conscience,

14 *virgin.* Q1, B, virtue.
21 *repent.* Only Q1. Q2 *et al.*, prevent.
24 *Good Heavens!* Q1, B, Oh God!

And then Ile strick him dead. King, by your
leave — *Ties his armes to the bed.*
I dare not trust your strength; you[r] grace
and I
Must grapple upon even tearmes no more.
So, if he raile me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough. — My lord, the King!
My lord! — A sleepes as if he meant to wake
No more. — My lord! — Is he not dead already?
Sir! My lord!
King. Whose that?
Evad. Oh, you sleepe soundly, sir!
King. My deare Evadne,
I have been dreaming of thee: come to bed.
Evad. I am come at length, sir; but how
welcome?
King. What prettie new device is this,
Evadne?
What, doe you tie me to you? By my love,
This is a queint one. Come, my deare, and
kisse me;
Ile be thy Mars; to bed, my queene of love:

38–39 *So, if . . . the King!* Q1 reads: —

So if he raile me not from my resolution,
As I beleeve I shall not, I shall fit him.
My lord, the King! etc.

39–42 The arrangement of the verse follows D and Th. Qq, F, B, end the verse lines with *enough . . . sleepes . . . lord . . . lord.*

Let us be caught together, that the gods
May see and envie our embraces.
Evad. Stay, sir, stay;
You are too hot, and I have brought you physick
To temper your high veines.
King. Prethee, to bed, then; let me take it warme;
There thou shalt know the state of my body better.
Evad. I know you have a surfeited foule body;
And you must bleed. [*Draws a knife.*]
King. Bleed!
Evad. I, you shall bleed. Lie still; and, if the devill,
Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This steele
Comes to redeeme the honor that you stole,
King, my faire name; which nothing but thy death
Can answere to the world.
King. How's this, Evadne?
Evad. I am not she; nor beare I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be cald a woman·
I am a tiger; I am anything
That knowes not pittie. Stirre not: if thou doest,
Ile take thee unprepar'd, thy feares upon thee,

That make thy sins looke double, and so send thee
(By my revenge, I will!) to looke those torments
Prepar'd for such blacke soules.
King. Thou doest not meane this; tis impossible;
Thou art too sweet and gentle.
Evad. No, I am not;
I am as foule as thou art, and can number
As many such hels here. I was once faire,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose
More chastly sweet, till thou, thou, thou foule canker,
(Stirre not) didst poison me. I was a world of vertue
Till your curst court and you (Hell blesse you for't)
With your temptations on temptations
Made me give up mine honour; for which, King,
I am come to kill thee.
King. No!
Evad. I am.
King. Thou art not!
I prethee speake not these things: thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.
Evad. Peace, and heare me.

Stirre nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy
To those above us; by whose lights I vow,
Those blessed fires that shot to see our sinne,
If thy hot soule had substance with thy bloud,
I would kill that too, which being past my steele,
My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shamelesse villaine;
A thing out of the overcharge of nature,
Sent, like a thicke cloud, to disperse a plague
Upon weake catching women; such a tyrant
That for his lust would sell away his subjects,
I, all his Heaven hereafter!
King. Heare, Evadne,
Thou soule of sweetnesse, heare! I am thy King.
Evad. Thou art my shame! Lie still; theres none about you,
Within your cries; all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreames. Thus, thus, thou foule man,
Thus I begin my vengeance! *Stabs him.*
King. Hold, Evadne!
I do command thee hold.
Evad. I doe not meane, sir,
To part so fairely with you; we must change
More of these love trickes yet.
King. What bloudie villaine
Provok't thee to this murther?

Evad. Thou, thou monster!
King. Oh!
Evad. Thou keptst me brave at court, and whorde me, King;
Then married me to a young noble gentleman,
And whorde me still.
King. Evadne, pittie me!
Evad. Hell take me, then! This for my lord Amintor!
This for my noble brother! And this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women! *Kils him.*
King. Oh! I die.
Evad. Die all our faults together! I forgive thee. *Exit.*

Enter two [Gentlemen] of the Bed-chamber.

1st Gentleman. Come, now shees gone, lets enter; the King expects it and will be angry.

2nd Gentleman. Tis a fine wench; weele have a snap at her one of these nights as she goes from him.

1st Gent. Content. How quickly hee had done with her! I see kings can do no more that way than other mortall people.

2d Gent. How fast he is! I cannot heare him breathe.

1st Gent. Either the tapers give a feeble light,
Or hee lookes very pale.

Exit. Q2, *Exeunt.*

2d Gent. And so he does:
Pray Heaven he be well; lets looke — Alas!
Hees stiffe, wounded, and dead! Treason, treason!
1st Gent. Run forth and call.
2d Gent. Treason, treason!
Exit [*Second*] *Gent*[*leman*].
1st Gent. This will be laid on us:
Who can beleeve a woman could doe this?
Enter Cleon and Lisippus.
Cleon. How now! wheres the traitor?
1st Gent. Fled, fled away! but there her woefull act
Lies still.
Cleon. Her act! a woman!
Lysippus. Wheres the body?
1st Gent. There.
Lys. Farewell, thou worthy man! there were two bonds
That tied our loves, a brother and a king,
The least of which might fetch a floud of teares;
But such the miserie of greatnesse is,
They have no time to mourne; then, pardon me!
Sirs, which way went she?
Enter Strato.
Strato. Never follow her;
For she, alas! was but the instrument.

Exit Gentleman. In Q2, after l. 126.

Newes is now brought in that Melantius
Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall,
And with a loud voice cals those few that passe
At this dead time of night, delivering
The innocence of this act.
Lys. Gentlemen,
I am your King.
Strat. We doe acknowledge it.
Lys. I would I were not! Follow all; for this
Must have a sudden stop. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. *Before the Fort.*]

Enter Melant[ius], Diph[ilus, and] Cal[ianax], on the Walls.

Melantius. If the dull people can beleeve I am arm'd,
(Be constant, Diph[ilus],) now we have time
Either to bring our banisht honors home,
Or create new ones in our ends.
Diphilus. I feare not;
My spirit lies not that way. — Courage, Calianax!
Calianax. Would I had any! You should quickly know it.
Mel. Speake to the people; thou art eloquent.
Cal. Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallowes:

You were born to be my end; the devill take you!
Now must I hang for companie. Tis strange,
I should be old and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter Lisip[pus], Diag[oras], Cleon, Strat[o, and] Guard.

Lysippus. See where he stands, as boldly confident
As if he had his full command about him.

Strato. He lookes as if he had the better cause, sir;
Under your gracious pardon, let me speake it.
Though he be mighty-spirited and forward
To all great things, to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of, yet certainly
I doe beleeve him noble, and this action
Rather puld on then sought: his mind was ever
As worthy as his hand.

Lys. Tis my feare too.
Heaven forgive all! — Summon him, Lord Cleon.

Cleon. Ho, from the wals there!

Mel. Worthy Cleon, welcome:
We could have wisht you here, lord; you are honest.

Cal. (*aside*). Well, thou art as flattering a knave, though
I dare not tell thee so —

Lys. Melantius!
Mel. Sir?
Lys. I am sorry that we meet thus; our old love
Never requir'd such distance. Pray [to] Heaven,
You have not left yourselfe and sought this safety
More out of feare than honor! You have lost
A noble master; which your faith, Melantius,
Some thinke might have preserved; yet you know best.
Cal. [*aside*]. When time was, I was mad some that dares fight,
I hope will pay this rascall.
Mel. Royall young man; those teares looke lovely on thee:
Had they beene shed for a deserving one,
They had beene lasting monuments. Thy brother,
Whil'st he was good, I cald him King, and serv'd him
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour
Puld people from the farthest sunne to seeke him,
And buy his friendship. I was then his souldier.

28 *to*. Only in Q1.
32 *Some . . . best*. Q1, I'm sure might have preserved.
41 *buy*. Q1, D, B, beg.

But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust,
(That never cur'd dishonor of my sister,
Base staine of whore, and, which is worse, the joy
To make it still so) like myselfe, thus I
Have flung him off with my allegeance;
And stand here, mine owne justice, to revenge
What I have suffered in him, and this old man
Wrong'd almost to lunacie.
Cal. Who, I?
You wud draw me in. I have had no wrong;
I doe disclaime ye all.
Mel. The short is this.
Tis no ambition to lift up myselfe
Urgeth me thus; I doe desire againe
To be a subject, so I may be free;
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly towne. Be speedy and be wise
In a reply.
Strat. Be sudden, sir, to tie
All up againe. What's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands
That wait for such a troubled houre as this.
Throw him the blanke.

45–47 *Base . . . allegeance*, the verse division of D. Qq, F, B, end lines with *worse . . . myselfe . . . allegeance.*

Lys. Melantius, write in that
Thy choice: my seale is at it.
[*Throws a paper to Melantius.*]
Mel. It was our honours drew us to this act,
Not gaine; and we will only worke our pardons.
Cal. Put my name in too.
Diph. You disclaim'd us all
But now, Calianax.
Cal. Thats all one;
Ile not be hangd hereafter by a tricke;
Ile have it in.
Mel. You shall, you shall —
Come to the backe gate, and weele call you King,
And give you up the fort.
Lys. Away, away!
Exeunt Omnes.

[Scene III. *Ante-room to Amintor's Apartments.*]

Enter Aspatia, in mans apparell, [*and with artificial scars on her face.*]

Aspatia. This is my fatall houre. Heaven may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Grifes on me that will never let me rest,
And put a womans hart into my breast.
It is more honor for you that I die;

For she that can endure the misery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at al that you can doe. —
God save you, sir!

Enter Servant.

Servant. And you, sir! Whats your businesse?

Asp. With you, sir, now; to doe me the faire office
To helpe me to your lord.

Ser. What, would you serve him?

Asp. Ile doe him any service; but, to haste,
For my affaires are ernest, I desire
To speake with him.

Ser. Sir, because you are in such haste, would
Bee loth to delay you longer: you can not.

Asp. It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.

Ser. Sir, he will speake with nobody;
[But in particular, I have in charge,
About no waightie matters.]

Asp. This is most strange.
Art thou gold-proofe? theres for thee; helpe me to him.

Ser. Pray be not angry, sir; Ile doe my best.

Exit.

9 *God.* Q2 misprints Cod.
19–20 *But in particular . . . . matters.* Only in Q1.

Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me!
There is a vild dishonest tricke in man,
More then in women. All the men I meet
Appeare thus to me, are harsh and rude,
And have a subtletie in every thing,
Which love could never know; but we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And thinke all shall goe so. It is unjust
That men and women should be matcht together.

Enter Amintor and his man.

Amintor. Where is he?
Ser. There, my lord.
Amin. What would you, sir?
Asp. Please it your lordship to command your man
Out of the roome, I shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.
Amin. Leave us. [*Exit Servant.*]
Asp. (*aside*). Oh, that that shape
Should bury falsehood in it!
Amin. Now your will, sir.
Asp. When you know me, my lord, you needs must ghesse
My businesse; and I am not hard to know;
For, till the chance of warre markt this smooth face

25 *women.* Q 1661, woman.

With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sisters picture, and her mine. In short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.
Amin. The wrong'd Aspatia! would thou wert so too
Unto the wrong'd Amintor! Let me kisse
That hand of thine, in honour that I beare
Unto the wrong'd Aspatia. Here I stand
That did it. Would he could not! Gentle youth,
Leave me; for there is something in thy lookes
That cals my sinnes in a most hideous forme
Into my mind; and I have griefe enough
Without thy helpe.
Asp. I would I could with credit!
Since I was twelve yeeres old, I had not seene
My sister till this houre I now arriv'd:
She sent for me to see her mariage;
A wofull one! but they that are above
Have ends in everything. She us'd few words,
But yet enough to make me understand
The basenesse of the injuries you did her.
That little trayning I have had is war;
I may behave myselfe rudely in peace;
I would not, though. I shall not need to tell you,
I am but young and would be loth to lose
Honour, that is not easily gain'd againe.

58 *injuries.* Q6, F, D, injurie.

Fairely I meane to deale: the age is strict
For single combats; and we shall be stopt,
If it be publisht. If you like your sword,
Use it; if mine appeare a better to you,
Change; for the ground is this, and this the time,
To end our difference. [*Draws.*]
Amin. Charitable youth,
If thou beest such, think not I will maintaine
So strange a wrong; and, for thy sisters sake,
Knowe, that I could not thinke that desperate thing
I durst not doe; yet, to injoy this world,
I would not see her; for, beholding thee,
I am I know not what. If I have ought
That may content thee, take it and begone,
For death is not so terrible as thou;
Thine eies shoot guilt into me.
Asp. Thus, she swore,
Thou wouldst behave thyselfe, and give me words
That would fetch teares into my eies; and so
Thou dost indeed. But yet she bad me watch
Lest I weare cossen'd, and be sure to fight
Ere I return'd.
Amin. That must not be with me.
For her Ile die directly; but against her
Will never hazard it.

80 *my.* Q4–F, D, B, mine.

Asp. You must be urg'd.
I doe not deale uncivilly with those
That dare to fight; but such a one as you
Must be usd thus. *Shee strikes him.*

Amin. I prethee, youth, take heed.
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honour that I can indure
All this — Good gods! a blow I can indure;
But stay not, lest thou draw a timelesse death
Upon thyselfe.

Asp. Thou art some prating fellow,
One that hath studied out a tricke to talke
And move soft hearted people; to be kickt,
She kickes him.
Thus to be kickt! — (*Aside.*) Why should he be so slow
In giving me my death?

Amin. A man can beare
No more, and keepe his flesh. Forgive me, then!
I would indure yet, if I could. Now shew
[*Draws.*]
The spirit thou pretendest, and understand
Thou hast no houre to live. (*They fight.*) What dost thou meane?
Thou canst not fight; the blowes thou makst at me

101–105 *What . . . defencelesse.* In Qq and F, lines end with *fight . . . besides . . . armes . . . defencelesse.*

Are quite besides; and those I offer at thee,
Thou spread'st thine armes and takst upon thy brest,
Alas, defencelesse!
Asp. I have got enough,
And my desire. There is no place so fit
For me to die as here. [*Falls.*]

Enter Evadne, her hands bloudy, with a knife.

Evadne. Amintor, I am loaden with events,
That flie to make thee happy; I have joyes,
That in a moment can call backe thy wrongs
And settle thee in thy free state againe.
It is Evadne still that followes thee,
But not her mischiefes.
Amin. Thou canst not foole me to beleeve agen;
But thou hast looks and things so full of newes
That I am staid.
Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze,
Let thine eies loose and speake. Am I not faire?
Lookes not Evadne beautious with these rites now?
Were those houres halfe so lovely in thine eies
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foule within to looke faire then;
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

Amin. There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which, it seemes, thy tongue hath lost;
Thy hands are bloudy, and thou hast a knife.
Evad. In this consists thy happinesse and mine:
Joy to Amintor! for the King is dead.
Amin. Those have most power to hurt us, that we love;
We lay our sleeping lives within their armes.
Why, thou hast raisd up mischiefe to his height,
And found one to out-name thy other faults;
Thou hast no intermission of thy sinnes,
But all thy life is a continued ill;
Blacke is thy colour now, disease thy nature.
Joy to Amintor! Thou hast toucht a life,
The very name of which had power to chaine
Up all my rage, and calme my wildest wrongs.
Evad. Tis done; and, since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so cleere as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.
Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speake to me,
To bid me love this woman and forgive,
I thinke I should fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my brest,

Sent by a violent fate to fetch his death
From my slow hand! And, to augment my woe,
You now are present, stain'd with a kings bloud
Violently shed. This keepes night here
And throwes an unknown wildernesse about me.
Asp. Oh, oh, oh!
Amin. No more; pursue me not.
Evad. Forgive me, then,
And take mee to thy bed: wee may not part.
[*Kneels.*]
Amin. Forbeare, be wise, and let my rage goe this way.
Evad. Tis you that I would stay, not it.
Amin. Take heed,
It will returne with me.
Evad. If it must be,
I shall not feare to meete it. Take me home.
Amin. Thou monster of crueltie, forbeare!
Evad. For Heavens sake, looke more calme! thine eies are sharper
Then thou canst make thy sword.
Amin. Away, away!
Thy knees are more to mee than violence;
I am worse then sicke to see knees follow me
For that I must not grant. For Gods sake, stand!
Evad. Receive me, then.
Amin. I dare not stay thy language;

158 *of crueltie.* Th, B, of all cruelty.

In midst of all my anger and my griefe,
Thou doest awake something that troubles me,
And saies, I lov'd thee once. I dare not stay;
There is no end of womans reasoning.
Leaves her.

Evad. [*rising*]. Amintor, thou shalt love me now againe!
Go; I am calme. Farewell, and peace for ever!
Evadne, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee!
Kills herselfe.

Amin. I have a little humane nature yet,
Thats left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.
Returnes.

Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.
Oh, I am lost! the heavie sleepe makes haste.
She dies.

Asp. Oh, oh, oh!

Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feele
A stark affrighted motion in my bloud;
My soul growes wearie of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to myselfe.
There is some hidden power in these dead things
That calls my flesh unto 'em; I am cold:
Be resolute and beare em company.
Theres something yet which I am loth to leave:

182 *flesh.* Q1, selfe. *unto*, Q1, Q5. Q2, into.

Theres man enough in me to meet the feares
That death can bring; and yet would it were done!
I can finde nothing in the whole discourse
Of death, I durst not meet the bouldest way;
Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up;
I have not such another fault to answere:
Though she may justly arme herselfe with scorne
And hate of me, my soule will part lesse troubled,
When I have paid to her in teares my sorrow:
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,
If all thats left in me can answer it.

Asp. Was it a dreame? there stands Amintor still;
Or I dreame still.

Amin. How doest thou? speake; receive my love & helpe.
Thy bloud climbes up to his old place againe;
Theres hope of thy recoverie.

Asp. Did you not name Aspatia?

Amin. I did.

Asp. And talkt of teares and sorrow unto her?

Amin. Tis true; and till these happie signes in thee
Did stay my course, it was thither I was going.

Asp. Thou art there already, and these wounds are hers:

205 *Did stay*, Q3. Q1, Q2, staid.

Those threats I brought with me sought not revenge,
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand:
I am Aspatia yet.
Amin. Dare my soule ever looke abroad agen?
Asp. I shall sure live, Amintor; I am well;
A kinde of healthfull joy wanders within me.
Amin. The world wants lives to excuse thy losse;
Come, let me bare thee to some place of helpe.
Asp. Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest here;
My strength begins to disobey my will.
How dost thou, my best soule? I would faine live
Now, if I could. Wouldst thou have loved me, then?
Amin. Alas,
All that I am's not worth a haire from thee!
Asp. Give me thine hand; mine hands grope up & down,
And cannot finde thee; I am wondrous sicke:
Have I thy hand, Amintor?
Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.
Asp. I doe beleeve thee better then my sense.
Oh, I must goe! farewell! *Dies.*

213 *lives.* Qq, F, lines. *to excuse.* Th, B, to expiate.
220 *am's,* Q4–F. Q1–Q3, ams.

Amin. She sounds.—Aspatia!—Helpe! for
Gods sake, water,
Such as may chaine life ever to this frame!—
Aspatia, speake!—What, no helpe yet? I foole!
Ile chafe her temples. Yet theres nothing
stirs:
Some hidden power tell her, Amintor cals,
And let her answere me!—Aspatia, speake!—
I have heard, if there be any life, but bow
The body thus, and it will shew itselfe.
Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.
Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,
Ile call it mercy, if youle pitty me,
You heavenly powers, and lend for some few
yeeres
The blessed soule to this faire seat againe!
No comfort comes; the gods denie me too!
Ile bow the body once againe—Aspatia!—
The soule is fled forever, and I wrong
Myselfe so long to loose her company.
Must I talke now? Heres to be with thee, love!
Kils himselfe.

Enter Servant.

Servant. This is a great grace to my lord, to have the new King come to him; I must tell him he is entring.—Oh, God!—Helpe, helpe!

227 *sounds.* F, swounds.
230 *theres*, Q4–F. Q1–3, there.

Enter Lisip[pus], Melant[ius], Cal[ianax], Cleon, Diph[ilus, and] Strato.

Lysippus. Wheres Amintor?
Strato. Oh, there, there!
Lys. How strange is this!
Calianax. What should we doe here?
Melantius. These deaths are such acquainted things with me
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiffe here for ever! — Eies, call up your teares!
This is Amintor. Heart, he was my friend;
Melt! now it flowes. — Amintor, give a word
To call me to thee.
Amin. Oh!
Mel. Melantius cals his friend Amintor. Oh,
Thy armes are kinder to me then thy tongue!
Speake, speake!
Amin. What?
Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds
That ever I shall heare againe.
Diph. Oh, brother,
Here lies your sister slaine! You lose yourselfe
In sorrow there.
Mel. Why, Dip[hilus], it is
A thing to laugh at in respect to this:
Here was my sister, father, brother, sonne,

248 *Strato.* Edd. 1778 changed to *Serv.*, so *D.*

All that I had. — Speake once againe; what youth
Lies slaine there by thee?
Amin. Tis Aspatia.
My last is said. Let me give up my soule
Into thy bosome. [*Dies.*]
Cal. Whats that? whats that? Aspatia?
Mel. I never did
Repent the greatnesse of my heart till now;
It will not burst at need.
Cal. My daughter dead here too! And you have all fine new trickes to grieve, but I nere knew any but direct crying.
Mel. I am a pratler: but, no more!
[*Offers to stab himself.*]
Diph. Hold, brother!
Lis. Stop him.
Diph. Fie, how unmanly was this offer in you!
Does this become our straine?
Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am growne very kinde, and am friends with you [all now]. You have given me that among you will kill me quickly; but Ile go home and live as long as I can. [*Exit.*]
Mel. His spirit is but poore that can be kept

269 *My last is said.* Q3, My senses fade.
283 *all now.* Only in Q1.

From death for want of weapons.
Is not my hands a weapon sharpe enough
To stop my breath? or, if you tie downe those,
I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,
Or drinke, or sleepe, or have to doe with that
That may preserve life! This I sweare to keepe.
Lys. Look to him, though, and beare those bodies in.
May this a faire example be to me,
To rule with temper, for on lustfull kings
Unlookt-for sudden deaths from God are sent,
But curst is he that is their instrument.
[*Exeunt.*]

288 *hands.* Q6, F, hand. *sharpe,* Q1 – Q3. Q4 – F, D B, good.

FINIS.

Notes to The Maid's Tragedy

For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.

Date. This play, licensed, April 4, 1619, to R. Higginbotham and F. Constable, was evidently written before October 31, 1611, on which day a play was licensed by Sir George Buc, and endorsed, "This second maiden's tragedy." It was first printed in 1619, for F. Constable. For other editions see *Bibliography*. There is no certain early limit, but 1609 is a reasonable conjecture for the date of the first production.

Stage History. The play was first acted at either the Globe or the Blackfriars theatre by the King's men, and probably while Shakespeare was still an active member of that company. Burbadge played Melantius, and the play was popular until the closing of the theatres. A droll, the *Testy Lord*, based on the scenes dealing with Calianax, was played at the Red Bull during the suppression of the theatres, and the play was revived on Nov. 17, 1660. Pepys saw it in the following year, and it was popular during the Restoration, as is evinced by Dryden's criticisms and Rymer's attack in his *Tragedies of the Last Age Considered*. An alteration of the play, or rather a new fifth act, without the murder of the king, was written by Waller, and two versions were printed; but it does not appear that either of these versions for any long time supplanted the original play on the stage. In 1703 it was revived at Drury Lane, where it had not been acted for twelve years; in 1706, at the Haymarket, Evadne was played by Mrs. Barry, Aspatia by Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Melantius by Betterton; and Melantius was the last part acted by Betterton three days before his death in 1610. The play appeared occasionally until the middle of the century; then it seems to have been laid aside until 1837, when, with alterations by Macready and three new scenes by Sheridan Knowles, it was revived as the *Bridal*.

7, 73. **That beares the light above her.** Weber

adopted *about* of Q2 and understood *light* to stand for lightning. Dyce took *her* to refer to Aspatia and understood the passage to mean, has greater distinction than Aspatia. Daniel (B) suggested "blears" for *beares*, — "Evadne makes dim the very light of heaven that is above her, by her superior brilliancy." Dyce's interpretation seems the most satisfactory. A similar uncertainty of the quartos between *above* and *about* is found in l. 138.

8, 100. in course. In turn. See II, i, 106.

11. Scene II. Compare *Henry VIII*, v, 4, and the Induction to *Four Plays in One*, for similar scenes.

11, 4. well said. Here, as frequently, equivalent to "well done."

12, 21. Office! "The syllable *off* reminds the testy statesman of his robe, and he carries on the image." Coleridge, cited by D and B.

13, 52. breake a dozen wiser heads than his own, etc. At Shirley's masque, the *Triumph of Peace*, at court, in 1633, Lord Pembroke broke his staff over the shoulders of Thomas May, the poet. Osborne in his *Traditional Memoirs* relates the story, observing in the very words of the text that Pembroke "did not refraine, whilst he was chamberlaine, to break many wiser heads than his owne." This coincidence was noted by Weber; and Dyce, quoting Weber's note, which he queries as by Sir Walter Scott, added that in a copy of the quarto of 1638 in his possession, "Pembroke" was written in the margin opposite this passage.

17, 139. This beautie. The beauty of the court, disclosed by the entrance of Cynthia, is referred to. The *mists*, mentioned in the stage-direction, doubtless disappeared.

20, 196–198. These . . . things. Daniel (B) believes Q2 a bungling attempt to correct the certainly corrupt Q1, and proposes to read:

> These are our music: next, thy watery race
> Led on in couples, we are pleased to grace
> This noble night;
> Bid them draw near, each in their richest things.

Dyce suggested "Lead" for *Bring* in l. 197.

21, 214. Blew Proteus. Blue, because a sea-deity.

22, 252. if not her measure. Theobald omitted; Seward

altered to "If not o'er measure"; Dyce retained the reading of Q2, and explained, "though perhaps what I bring may not completely fill up her [*this hour*] measure." Fleay (*Chron. Eng. Drama*, 1, 193) suggested that the words are merely the misprint of a stage-direction, — "Another measure." His suggestion is doubtless correct and is adopted by Daniel (B). In Q1 there are but two songs and two dances; Q2 provides three songs and three accompanying dances.

24, 292. **yon same flashing streame.** This is the effulgence of the court, *shot from the south. A greater light, a greater majesty*, than that of the daybreak in the east.

27, 22. **take it.** Contradistinctive to *leave it*, of l. 18; *it* refers to *trick* in l. 17.

28, 30. **Plucke downe a side.** *To set up a side* meant, to be partners in a game; *to pluck down a side*, to cause the loss of a game.

28, 38. **But I could run my countrey.** But I could (B, qy., would) drive my country at a hot pace.

29, 56. **lost.** *Left* of Q5–F has the same meaning as *lost*; the two were used interchangeably. See l. 347.

43, 341. **that my flesh could beare with patience.** Dyce notes: "If the text be right [*that*] must refer to

> Nor let the king
> Know I conceive he wrongs me; [ll. 339, 340.]

— *that* concealment would enable me to bear my injury with patience."

48, 67. **the wilde iland.** Naxos.

49, 78. **A miserable life of this poore picture!** A living representation of the pitiful scene depicted in this needlework.

64, 264. **that little credit.** The force of *that* is intensive, — *such* little credit.

79, 260. **Enter Melantius agen.** Daniel (B) notes, "Perhaps a new scene should be marked here." No change of place is intended; and only a very brief interval of time can be supposed to have intervened between the exit and the reëntry of Melantius.

79, 266. **as sent.** "As if you were sent on purpose." Mason.

83, 2. **you looke, Evadne.** Dyce remarks that modern editors (punctuating as in the text) strangely misunderstand the line; but his interpretation — you look or seem to be Evadne — can be justified only if Evadne is supposed to misunderstand her brother, and even then is not supported by Melantius' succeeding lines. The punctuation of Theobald, retained in the text, requires less refinement in interpretation.

84, 11. **Millan skins.** "Fine gloves manufactured at Milan." Nares.

85, 32. **fill.** "As a sheet of paper is *fill'd* or covered with writing." Daniel (B).

86, 55. **where the Dog raignes.** The dog star, Sirius, which gave the name to the dog-days, and was associated with the hottest and most unhealthful weather.

95, 228. **Lerna.** The name of a marsh and a lake in Argolis, famous in Greek mythology as the abode of the Lernean Hydra, slain by Hercules in the accomplishment of one of his twelve labors.

96, 239. **if thou plai'st with thy repentance, the best sacrifice.** If thou mak'st thy repentance, the most acceptable sacrifice you can offer, merely a mockery and sport.

100, 39. **Quit 'em.** Abandon them, forsake them.

113, 286. **astronomers.** "When astrologer and astronomer began to be differentiated, the relation between them was, at first, the converse of the present usage." *N. E. D.*

116. **King abed.** The stage-directions indicate the business on the Elizabethan stage. At the rear of the stage was a bed with closed curtains; or the bed was placed in the inner stage and curtains concealed it from the front. Evadne remained on the stage from the opening of the scene to line 111; and there was nothing to indicate the change of scene at line 11, marked by Theobald and other modern editors.

117, 19. **that desperate fooles.** The reference has not been identified.

121, 86. **Those blessed fires that shot.** Meteors.

126, 33. **When time was.** From the beginning.

129, 12. **but, to haste.** But, to make haste.

129, 19–20. **But in particular, I have in charge, About no waightie matters.**

I have in charge that he will speake with nobody, especially if they wish to speake on weighty matters.

135, 142–43. **Couldst thou . . . this woman.** Daniel's suggestion of "thee, woman," avoids the confusion of the change from the personal to the demonstrative pronoun. The change, however, seems natural to Amintor's passion.

TEXT

The first quarto, published in 1620, some twelve years after the play was first acted, presents an evidently corrupt and unauthorized text, differing utterly at the beginning and the end from the other quartos, and in the remaining portion of the play apparently based on a copy made by some scribe in the audience. The passages at the beginning and the end were in the opinion of Dyce, supplied "by some hireling writer," and they certainly cannot have been the work of Beaumont or Fletcher. They may possibly have been alterations made for some theatrical performance, but their contents offer no support for Fleay's conjecture (*Chron. Eng. Drama*, 1, 189) that they were made for the presentation at court, 1612–13. The main body of the text, though presenting many readings due to the inaccurate hearing of the scribe and though carelessly printed with little regard to the division of verse-lines, often supplies corrections for the corruptions of later quartos. Walkeley, the publisher of Q1, brought out the second quarto in 1622, to which he prefixed an Address to the Reader, disclaiming for himself or the printer any blame for the errors of Q1 and promising their reformation. By whom he was supplied with a corrected text cannot be known. Beaumont had been dead six years; and though Fletcher was still alive, there is nothing to indicate that he supplied or revised the text. Walkeley had printed an anonymous edition of *Thierry and Theodoret* in 1621, and the first quarto of *A King and No King* with the authors' names in 1619; the manuscript for the latter he had obtained from Sir Henry Nevill, and he had now secured from some source a good copy of *Philaster*.

Q2 is our chief authority for the text. Q3, 1630, follows it in the main, but Q4, 1634, presents many changes especially in the oaths, and these changes have been generally preserved in subsequent quartos, the Folio of 1679, and by modern editors up to Dyce, and even he often retains the modified oaths. The later quartos repeat the text of Q4'34; Q5a has many errors of its own; and F, printed from Q6, reproduces the accumulated errors, though it adds a few corrections that are improvements.

The present edition is based on Q2, its spelling is retained, and all departures from its letter are noted. Readings from other quartos have occasionally been adopted. In view of the peculiar relation of Q1 to Q2, and the fact that the full variants for Q1 have never been printed except in the recent Bullen Variorum edition, and there not with entire accuracy, it has been thought best to include full variants of Q1, even when of the slightest significance. Similarly, full variants of the later Qq and F are given. Variants of modern editors are given only when of importance to the text; but all deviations of Dyce or Daniel (B) from the present text are specifically noted. The arrangement of verse-lines in Q2 is followed in the main; that of Dyce is sometimes preferred, when the reading of Q2 is given in the notes. Variations in the verse-lines of Q1 are not in general given. In all other respects except those just noted, the text follows the methods specified in the textual note to the *Maid's Tragedy*.

Professor J. W. Cunliffe transcribed the text of Q2 from the copy in the Bodleian Library, and collated it with Q3. Professor G. P. Baker collated the text with the Locker-Lampson copy of Q1 now in the library of Mr. Robert Hoe, of New York. The authorities of the Cambridge University Press, through the kind intervention of the Master of Peterhouse and Mr. A. R. Waller, supplied the advance sheets of the edition of *Philaster* which Mr. Waller is editing for their "Cambridge English Classics." These sheets furnished a basis for the collation of the Qq and F, and a comparison of their variants with those of Leonhardt and Daniel (B). For the great kindness and important services of these gentlemen, the editor would offer his grateful acknowledgements.

PHILASTER.

OR,

Loue lies a Bleeding.

As it hath beene diuerſe times Acted,
at the Globe, and Blacke-Friers, by
his Maieſties Seruants.

Written by { *Francis Beaumont.* and *John Fletcher.* } *Gent.*

The ſecond Impreſſion, corrected, and amended.

LONDON,

Printed for THOMAS WALKLEY, and are to be ſolde at his ſhoppe, at the ſigne of the Eagle and Childe, in *Brittaines Burſſe.*
1622.

SOURCES

The plot seems to have been the invention of the authors. Stories of a devoted heroine who disguises herself as a page were common in contemporary fiction and drama, and the similarity of the story of Euphrasia to that of Viola in *Twelfth Night* and to the tale of *Felismena and Don Felix* in the *Diana* of Montemayor has been frequently noted. The situation of Philaster as a son revenging a father is also found not only in *Hamlet* but in various other Elizabethan plays. More notable are the resemblances between *Philaster* and *Cymbeline*; but in the opinion of the present editor, Shakspere was in this case the borrower. A number of the situations and types of character employed in *Philaster* reappear in other plays by Beaumont and Fletcher, especially *Cupid's Revenge* and the *Maid's Tragedy*.

TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader. *Philaster*, and *Arethusa* his love, have laine so long a bleeding, by reason of some dangerous and gaping wounds which they received in the first impression, that it is wondered how they could goe abroad so long, or travaile so farre as they have done. Although they were hurt neither by me, nor the printer; yet I knowing and finding by experience how many well-wishers they have abroad, have adventured to bind up their wounds & to enable them to visite upon better tearmes such friends of theirs as were pleased to take knowledge of them so mained and deformed as they at the first were; and if they were then gracious in your sight, assuredly they will now finde double favour, being reformed, and set forth suteable to their birth and breeding.

By your serviceable
Friend,
Thomas Walkley.

To the Reader, etc. Only in Q2.

mained. i. e., maimed.

[THE STATIONER
TO
THE UNDERSTANDING
GENTRIE

This play so affectionatly taken and approoved by the seeing auditors or hearing spectators, (of which sort I take or conceive you to bee the greatest part) hath received (as appeares by the copious vent of two editions) no lesse acceptance with improovement of you likewise the readers, albeit the first impression swarm'd with errors, proov-ing it selfe like pure gold, which the more it hath beene tried and refined, the better is esteemed ; the best poems of this kind, in the first presentation, resemble that all tempting minerall newly digged up, the actors being onely the labouring miners, but you the skilfull triers and refiners: now considering how currant this hath passed, under the infallible stampe of your judicious censure and applause, and (like a gainefull office in this age) eagerly sought for, not onely by those that have heard & seene it, but by others that have meerely heard thereof; here you behold me acting the merchant-adventurers part, yet as well for their satisfaction as mine owne benefit, and if my hopes (which I hope shall never lye like this LOVE A BLEEDING) doe fairely arrive at their intended haven, I shall then be ready to lade a new bottome, and set foorth againe, to gaine the good-will both of you and them. To whom respectively I convey this hearty greeting: ADIEU.]

The Stationer, etc., Q3, and with variations of spelling, Q4–Q6.

[The Scene being in Cicilie.

The Persons Represented in the Play are these, viz:

The King.
Philaster, Heire to the Crowne.
Pharamond, Prince of Spaine.
Dion, a Lord.
Cleremont, } Noble Gentlemen,
Thrasaline, } his Associates.
Arethusa, the Kings Daughter.
Gallatea, a wise Modest Lady attending the Princesse.
Megra, a Lascivious Lady.
An old Wanton Lady, or Croane.
Another Lady attending the Princesse.
Eufrasia, Daughter of *Dion*, but disguised like a Page, and called *Bellario*.
An old Captaine.
Five Citizens.
A countrey fellow.
Two woodmen.
The Kings Guard and Traine.]

The Scene, etc., Q3; and with variations of spelling, *Galatea*, *Thrasiline*, Q4–F. Q2 omits. Q1 substitutes:

The Actors Names.

King of Cecely.
Arathusa, the Princesse.
Phylaster.
Pharamont, a Spanish Prince.
Leon, a Lord.
Gleremon, } Two Noble Gentiemen.
Trasilin, }
Bellario a Page, Leon's daughter.
Callatea, a Lady of Honor.
Megra, another Lady.
A Waiting Gentlewoman.
Two Woodmen.
A Countrey Gallant.
An Old Captaine.
And Souldiers.
A Messenger.

Q1 has *Leon*, or *Lyon*, throughout the play in place of *Dion* of later eds. and in stage-directions or prefixes to speeches, *Prin.* or *Princesse* for *Arethusa* throughout, and *Boy* for *Bellario* until the last scene. *Gleremon* and *Callatea* are misprints not found elsewhere.

Philaster

Actus I. Scena I.

[*The Presence Chamber in the Palace.*]

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

Cleremont. Here's nor lords nor ladyes.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They receiv'd strickt charge from the King to atend here: besides, it was boldly published that no officer should forbid any gentleman that desired to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you ghesse the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plaine, about the Spanish prince that's come to marry our kingdomes heir, and be our soveraigne.

Thrasiline. Many, that will seeme to know

Actus I. For the text of Q1 from the beginning of the play through l. 121, see *Notes*, p. 318. Variants from Q1 are not given until after l. 121.

The Presence Chamber, etc. The names of localities and the divisions of scenes (after Act I, Sc. 1) are from D, unless otherwise noted.

Thrasiline. Q2 spells Trasiline or Trasilin, and abbreviates Tra. throughout the play.

1 *nor lords.* Q5–F, not lords.

6 *desired.* Q4–F, desire.

much, say she lookes not on him like a maide in love.

Dion. Faith, sir, the multitude (that seldome know any thing but their owne opinions) speake that they would have. But the prince, before his own approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the state, that I thinke shee's resolv'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her hee shall enjoy both these kingdomes of Cicilie and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is, without controversie, so meant. But 'twill bee a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdomes with safety, the right heire to one of them living, and living so vertuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his minde and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who, Philaster?

Dion. Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Cicilie. My selfe drew some blood in those warres, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state-policie will not let mee know why, Philaster being heire to one of these kingdomes, the King should suffer him to walke abroad with such free liberty.

14 *Faith.* Q4–F, O.

Dion. Sir, it seemes your nature is more constant then to enquire after state newes. But the King, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdomes, of Cicilie and his owne, with offering but to imprison Philaster. At which the city was in armes, not to bee charm'd downe by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streetes pleasde and without a guard; at which they threw their hats and their armes from them; some to make bonfires, some to drinke, all for his deliverance. Which, wise men say, is the cause the King labors to bring in the power of a forraigne nation to awe his owne with.

Enter Galatea, a Lady, and Megra.

Thra. See, the ladyes! What's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princesse.

Cle. The second?

46–47 *pleasde . . . threw.* D, released . . . threw. Mitford, conj., without a guard; and pleased at which they threw.

Enter Galatea, a Lady, and Megra. Qq and F read, "Enter Galatea (Q2, Gallatea) Megra and a Lady"; and in the dialogue preceding the entrance of the King, they assign to "La" the speeches now given to "Meg," and to "Meg" those now given to "La." The transpositions were first suggested by Seward and have been followed by all modern editors.

Galatea. Q2 spells Gallatea and abbreviates Gall. throughout the play.

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetely enough, and ill-favour'dly dance her measure; simper when shee is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Faith, I thinke she is one whom the state keepes for the agents of our confederate princes; she'll cog and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break. Her name is common through the kingdome, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules pillars. She loves to try the severall constitutions of mens bodyes; and, indeede, has destroyed the worth of her owne body by making experiment upon it for the good of the commonwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

Megra. Peace, if you love me: you shall see these gentlemen stand their ground and not court us.

Galatea. What if they should?

Lady. What if they should!

Meg. Nay, let her alone.—What if they should? Why, if they should, I say they were never abroad. What forraigner would doe so? it writes them directly untravell'd.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

La. What if they be!

62 *Faith.* Q4–F, Marry.

Meg. Good madam, let her go on. — What if they be? Why if they be, I will justifie, they cannot maintaine discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg, nor say, "excuse me."

Gal. Ha, ha, ha!

Meg. Doe you laugh, madam?

Dion. Your desires upon you, ladyes.

Meg. Then you must sit beside us.

Dion. I shall sit neere you then, lady.

Meg. Neare me, perhaps: but there's a lady endures no stranger; and to me you appeare a very strange fellow.

La. Me thinkes he's not so strange; he would quickly bee acquainted.

Thra. Peace, the King.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, and Traine.

King. To give a stronger testemony of love
Then sickly promises (which commonly
In princes finde both birth and buriall
In one breath) we have drawne you, worthy sir,
To make your faire indearements to our daughter,
And worthy services knowne to our subjects,

97 *quickly bee*, Q3–F. Q2, quickly to bee.
Arethusa. Q2 spells Arathusa and abbreviates Ara. throughout the play.
99 *stronger*. Q4–F, stranger.
103 *our*. Q5–F, your. 104 *our*. Q3, Q4, your.

Now lov'd and wondered at; next, our intent,
To plant you deepely, our immediate heire,
Both to our blood and kingdomes. For this lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirme me,
And I beleeve) though her few yeeres and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her feares and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge
Onely of what her selfe is to her selfe,
Make her feele moderate health; and when she sleepes,
In making no ill day, knowes no ill dreames.
Thinke not, deare sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To shew her so, as borrowed ornaments,
To speake her perfect love to you, or adde
An artificiall shaddow to her nature —
No sir, I boldly dare proclaime her yet
No woman. But wooe her still, and thinke her modesty,
A sweeter mistrisse then the offer'd language
Of any dame, were she a queene, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.
Last, noble sonne, (for so I now must call you)
What I have done thus publique, is not onely

118 *speake*, Q3–F. Q2, talke of.
124 *comforts*. Q1, comfort. 126 *onely*. Q1 omits.

To adde [a] comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirme
The nobles, and the gentry of these kingdomes,
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this moneth, at most.
Thra. This will be hardly done.
Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.
Dion. When tis at best, twill be but halfe done,
Whilst so brave a gentleman is wrong'd and flung off.
Thra. I feare.
Cle. Who does not?
Dion. I feare not for my selfe, and yet I feare too.
Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.
Pharamond. Kissing your white hand, mistrisse, I take leave
To thanke your royall father; and thus farre,
To be my owne free trumpet. Understand,
Great King, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,
And so deserving I dare speake my self)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,

127 *adde a*, Q3–F. Q2 omits *a*.
129 *these kingdomes*. Q1, our kingdome. 134 *tis*. Q1, it is.

Manners and vertues, you would wed your kingdomes;
You in me have your wishes. Oh, this countrey!
By more then all the gods I hold it happy;
Happy, in their deare memories that have bin
Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is;
And from you (as a chronicle to keepe
Your noble name from eating age) doe I
Opine my selfe most happy. Gentlemen,
Beleeve me in a word, a princes word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdome
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equall to be commanded and obeyed,
But through the travells of my life I'le finde it,
And tye it to this countrey. By all the gods,
My reigne shall be so easie to the subject,
That every man shall be his prince himselfe,
And his owne lawe; yet I his prince and law.
And, deerest lady, to your deerest selfe,
(Deere, in the choyce of him, whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,

149 *You in me.* Q1, and in me. *your.* Q2 misprints, you.
150 *all the gods.* Q4–F, all my hopes.
152 *happy.* Q5–F omit.
154 *eating.* Q1, rotting. 155 *Opine,* F. Qq, Open.
160 *travells.* Mod. Edd., travails. *finde it.* Q1, finde it out.
161 *By all the gods.* Q4–F, And I vow.
162 *so . . . subject.* Q1, as . . . subjects.

You are the blesse
cesse,
You shall injoy a
Your servant; yo
whom
Great queenes m
Thra. Miracu
Cle. This spee
nothing but a larg
mendations.
Dion. I wonder
tainely
Hee'll sell himselfe

Ent[*e*

But heere comes one
speeches
Than the large speaker o
Let mee bee swallowed q
In all the anatomy of yon
One sinnew sound enough

172 *Miraculous!* Q1, Miracles.
176–185 *I wonder . . . judgement.* Q
verse first in ed. 1711.
177 *sell.* Q6, F, tell. *himselfe . . . prais'd.*
be praised.
Enter Philaster, so placed in Q1; in Q2, after lin
178 *speeches.* Q1, praises.
181–182 *In . . . enough.* Q1, all the Anatomy of
vertues unseene to sound enough.

is sunne,
sse it be of trifles,
s low as my obe-
ny knee,
have it sir.
ow pale he lookes,
cience, how it jades
sir.
speake um freely?
ne.
As a subject
it heates.
Then thus I turne
prince, you forraigne man!
on wonder, for you must

ement, division of lines as in B; D prints
first with *king*.
–F, D, for trifles.
omits. 188 *your*. Q1, for.
eares! Q4–F, D, looks with fear.
. *bow*. Q1, And . . . ah how.
ts. Q2, intent. *um*. Q1, on.
ne. Q5, turnd.
Q1 omits.

Indure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon
(A dowry as you hope with this faire princesse),
By my dead father (oh, I had a father
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living,—
Having my selfe about me, and my sword,
The soules of all my name, and memories,
These armes, and some few friends, beside the gods,—
To part so calmely with it, and sit still,
And say, "I might have beene." I tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, looke I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes, as I: for, heare me, Pharamond,
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My fathers friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowells: prince, it shall;
By the just gods it shall.

Pha. He's mad beyond cure, mad.

197 *faire.* Q1, sweet.
198–199 *By . . . left.* Qq and F transpose these two lines; the order in the text is due to Th.
203 *beside*, Q2, Q3. Q1 *et al.*, besides.
207 *as I.* Q4–F, D, omit. 212 *her.* Q1, his.
213 *By the just gods.* Q4–F, D, By Nemesis.

Dion. Here's a fellow has some fire in's vaines:
The outlandish prince lookes like a tooth-
drawer.
Phi. Sir, prince of poppingjayes, I'le make it
well appeare
To you, I am not mad.
King. You displease us,
You are too bold.
Phi. No sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing borne without pas-
sion,
A faint shaddow, that every drunken clow'd
sayles over
And makes nothing.
King. I doe not fancie this.
Call our physitions: sure he's somewhat tainted.
Thra. I doe not thinke twill prove so.
Dion. H'as given him a generall purge already,
For all the right he has, and now he meanes
To let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen,
By heaven, I'le run his hazard,
Although I run my name out of the kingdome.

216 *Sir . . . poppingjayes, I'le.* Q1, I . . . popines, I will.
219 *turtle.* Q1, turcle. 221 *makes.* Q1, make.
221–222 *fancie this . . . sure.* Q1, fancy this choller, Sure.
224 *H'as.* Q2, Has.
224–228 *H'as . . . kingdome*, as verse first by W.
226–227 *Be . . . run.* Q1, be constant gentle heavens, I'll run.
227 *By heaven.* Q4–D, by these hilts.

Cle. Peace, we are all one soule.
Pha. What you have seene in me to stirre offence,
I cannot finde, unlesse it be this lady,
Offer'd into mine armes, with the succession,
Which I must keepe (though it hath pleasd your fury
To muteny within you) without disputing
Your geneolegies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The King will leave it me,
And I dare make it mine; you have your answer.
Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his, and couldst see no sunne
Shine upon anything but thine; were Pharamond
As truely valiant as I feele him cold,
And ringd amongst the choycest of his friends,
Such as would blush to talke such serious follies,
Or backe such bellied commendations,
And from this presence, — spight of [all] these bugs,
You should heare further from me.

229 *all.* Q4'39–F omit. 236 *it me.* Q1, it to me.
238 *wert.* Q4, Q5b, were.
240 *anything.* Q5b, any thine; Q6, F, any.
244 *bellied*, Q3–F. Q1, Q2, belied.
245 *this presence.* Q1, his presence; Q5–F, this present.
spight . . . bugs, Q3–F. Q1, Spit all those bragges. Q2 omits all.

King. Sir, you wrong the prince:
I gave you not this freedome to brave our best friends;
You deserve our frowne. Go to, be better temper'd.
Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler usde.
Gal. Ladyes,
This would have beene a patterne of succession,
Had he ne're met this mischiefe. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.
Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge,
But the other is the man set in my eye:
Oh, tis a prince of wax.
Gal. A dog it is.
King. Philaster, tell me,
The injuries you aime at in your riddles.
Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefes upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and feares,

248–249 *to brave . . . frowne.* Q1 omits.
250 *nobler.* Q1, noblier.
251 *Gal. Ladyes, etc.* Q1 gives this speech to Leon (Dion).
253 *ne're.* Q1, never.
254 *He is.* Q1, this is. 256 *your.* Q1 omits.
257 *the other is.* Q1, I'm sure tothers. *my.* Q6, F, Th, D, mine.
262 *griefes.* Q1, griefe.
263 *wants.* Q2, want's. *nought but,* Q4–F. Q1–Q3, nothing.

My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at.
Dare you be still my king and right me not?
King. Give me your wrongs in private.
Phi. Take them;
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.
They whisper.
Cle. He dares not stand the shock.
Dion. I cannot blame him, there's danger in't. Every man in this age has not a soule of christall, for all men to reade their actions through: mens hearts and faces are so farre asunder that they hold no intelligence. Doe but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a feaver through all his bravery, and feele him shake like a true tenant; if he give not back his crowne againe upon the report of an elder gun, I have no augury.
King. Goe to:
Be more your selfe, as you respect our favour;
You'l stirre us else; sir I must have you know,

265 *not.* Q1, Q2, omit.
266–267 *Take . . . Atlas.* Q1 omits.
They whisper. Qq, F, after *private*, l. 266.
270–272 *has . . . faces.* Q1, has a soule of Christall, to read their actions, though men's faces.
273 *Doe.* Q1 omits. *yon.* Q1, the.
274 *through.* Q1, throw.
275 *bravery.* Q1, braveries. *true tenant.* Q1, true truant. See *Notes.*
280 *have.* Q1, am.

That y'are, and shall be, at our pleasure, what fashion we
Will put upon you. Smooth your brow, or by the gods —
Phi. I am dead, sir, y'are my fate. It was not I
Said I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weake stars leade me to; all my weake fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speake, (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortall) tell me,
I doe not most intirely love this prince,
And honour his full vertues!
King. Sure hee's possest.
Phi. Yes, with my fathers spirit. It's here, O King,
A dangerous spirit! now he tells me, King,
I was a kings heire, bids me be a king,
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
Tis strange, he will not let me sleepe, but dives

281 *y'are.* Q1, W, D, you are.
281–282 *That . . . gods.* D prints as three lines, ending, *what, brow, gods.*
282 *brow, or.* Q1, selfe, ore. 284 *I was.* Q4–F, I was not.
285 *leade.* Q5–F, led. *to.* Q1–Q4, too.
286 *dares.* Q1, dare. Q2 includes *speake* in the parentheses; Q1 omits the parentheses.
287 *man.* Q2, men. 289 *Sure.* Q1 omits.
290 *spirit. It's here.* Q1, spirit is.
291 *now.* Q1, and now. 292 *be.* Q5–F, are.

Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneele, and doe me service, cry me king:
But I'le suppresse him, he's a factious spirit,
And will undoe me.—[*To Phar.*] Noble sir, your hand,
I am your servant.

King. Away, I doe not like this:
I'le make you tamer, or I'le dispossesse you
Both of [your] life and spirit. For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.

Exeunt K[ing], Pha[ramond], Are[thusa, and Attendants].

Dion. I thanke you, sir, you dare not for the people.

Gal. Ladyes, what thinke you now of this brave fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand. But eye yon stranger; is he not a fine compleate gentleman? O these strangers, I doe affect them strangely: they doe the rarest home things, and please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the nation over and over for his sake.

301 *your*, Q1. Q2–F omit. 302 *your*. Q1 omits.
305 *Gal. Ladyes, etc.* Q1 gives this speech to Tra. (Thrasiline).
307 *he not*. Q6, F, not he. 310 *I could*. Q6, F, could I.
310–311 *the nation*. Q1, their nation.

Gal. Gods comfort your poore head-peece, lady, tis a weake one, and had need of a night cap. *Exit Ladyes.*

Dion. See how his fancy labours, has he not
Spoke home, and bravely? what a dangerous traine
Did he give fire to! How he shooke the King,
Made his soule melt within him, and his blood
Run into whay! It stood upon his brow
Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suite to me? I am no minion:
You stand (me thinkes) like men that would be courtiers,
If I could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undoe your children. Y'are all honest:
Goe, get you home againe, and make your countrey
A vertuous court, to which your great ones may,
In their diseased age, retire and live recluse.

Cle. How doe you, worthy sir?

312 *Gal. Gods, etc.* Q1 gives this speech to "Lad." *Gods.* Q4–F, Pride. 313 *lady.* Q1 omits. *had.* Q1, has. 315 Qq and F end this line with *spoke;* the division in the text is due to Th.

323 *I,* W, D, B. Qq, F, you. See *Notes.*

324 *Y'are.* Q1, you are. 327 *recluse.* Q1, recluses.

328 *worthy.* Q1, worth.

Phi. Well, very well;
And so well, that if the King please, I finde
I may live many yeares.
Dion The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and vertues. Shrinke not, worthy sir,
But ad your father to you; in whose name,
Wee'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people,
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these Male-dragons,
That through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your swords point.
Phi. Friends, no more;
Our eares may be corrupted: tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?
Thra. Do we love heaven and honour?
Phi. My Lord Dion, you had
A vertuous gentlewoman cald you father;
Is she yet alive?
Dion. Most honor'd sir, she is;

329 *I finde.* Q1 omits. 330 *The.* Q1, Sir, the.
331 *what . . . who.* Q1, who . . . what.
332 *vertues*, Q1, D, B. Q2–F, injuries.
333 *ad.* Q1, call. 336 *to.* Q1 omits.
339 *Friends.* Q1, Friend. 340 *eares.* Q4'39–F, years.
343 *Dion.* Q1, Lyon.

And for the penance but of an idle dreame,
Has undertooke a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these gentlemen you come?

Lady. To you, brave lord; the princesse would intreate
Your present company.

Phi. The princesse send for me? you are mistaken.

La. If you be cald Philaster, tis to you.

Phi. Kisse her faire hand, and say I will attend her. [*Exit Lady.*]

Dion. Doe you know what you doe?

Phi. Yes, goe to see a woman.

Cle. But doe you weigh the danger you are in?

Phi. Danger in a sweete face?
By Jupiter, I must not feare a woman.

Thra. But are you sure it was the princesse sent?
It may be some foule traine to catch your life.

346 *the.* Q1, a.

Enter a Lady. Q1 has after l. 344, Enter a Gentlewoman; and at ll. 349, 352, for *La.* reads, Gent-Woo.

348 *Is . . . these.* Q1, I'st to me, or to any of these. D, B. begin a new verse-line with *Or.*

351 *you are*, Q1. Q2–F, Y'are.

352 *to.* Q1 omits. 353 *faire.* Q4–F omit.

Exit Lady. Q1, Exit Gent-Woo; Q2–F omit.

Phi. I doe not thinke it, gentlemen; she's noble.
Her eye may shoote me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her cheekes may steale my soul out;
There's all the danger in't: but be what may,
Her single name hath arm'd me.

Exit Phil[aster].

Dion. Goe on:
And be as truely happy as th'art fearelesse!—
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,
Least the King prove false. *Exit Gentlemen.*

[Scene II.

Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace.]

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Arethusa. Comes he not?
Lady. Madam?
Are. Will Philaster come?
La. Deare madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.

361 *doe.* Q1, dare.
363 *friends.* Q1, fiend friends. *cheekes*, Q1. Q2–F, face.
366 *th'art.* Q1, Q6, F, thou art.
Enter . . . Lady. Q1, Enter Princesse and her Gentlewoman. Q1 throughout the scene reads "Prin" for *Are.*, and "Woo" for *La.* 3 *at first.* Q1, at the first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetfull, and my womans strength
Is so o'recharg'd with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea:
How lookt he, when he told thee he would come?
La. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearfull?
La. Feare, madam! sure, he knowes not what it is.
Are. You all are of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him, whilst I
May live neglected, and doe noble things,
As fooles in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drownd in the doing. But I know he feares?
La. Feare, madam! me thought his lookes hid more
Of love than feare.
Are. Of love? To whom? To you?
Did you deliver those plaine words I sent,
With such a winning jeasture and quicke looke,
That you have caught him?

6 *dangers.* F, danger. 8 *Dare.* Q1, dares.
13 *all are.* Q4–F, are all.
18 *Feare.* Q1 omits. *me thought.* Q1 mee thoughts.
21 *winning.* Q1, woing. *looke.* Q1, looks.
22 *him.* Q1 omits.

La. Madam, I meane to you.
Are. Of love to me! Alas! thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knowes she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am. If a bowle of blood
Drawne from this arme of mine would poyson thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me!
La. Madam, I think I heare him.
Are. Bring him in. [*Exit Lady.*]
You gods that would not have your doomes withstood,
Whose holy wisdomes at this time it is,
To make the passions of a feeble maide,
The way unto your justice; I obay.
La. Here is my Lord Philaster.

Enter Phil[*aster*].

Are. Oh, tis well:
Withdraw your selfe.

26 *her.* Q1, his.
28 *Two.* Q1, To. *contrary.* Q1, bound to put.
30 *of mine.* Q1 omits. 31 *Of.* Q1 omits.
33 *would.* Q1, will. *doomes.* Q1, dens.
35 *passions.* Q4–F, passion.
36 *unto.* Q1, into. 37 *tis.* Q1, Q2, it is.

Philaster. Madam, your messenger
Made me beleeve, you wish'd to speake with me.
Are. Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such,
I have to say, and doe so ill beseeme
The mouth of woman, that I wish them sayd,
And yet am loth to speake them. Have you knowne,
That I have ought detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wrong'd you? or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your vertues?
Phi. Never, madam, you.
Are. Why then should you in such a publike place,
Injure a princesse, and a scandall lay
Upon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great,
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?
Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speake will be
Foolish: but, for your faire and vertuous selfe,
I could affoord my selfe to have no right
To any thing you wish'd.
Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdomes.
Phi. Madam, both?

41 *doe.* Q1, dos. *beseeme.* Q1, become.
49 *Injure.* Q1, Injury. 50 *fam'd.* Q1, found.
53 *and.* Q1 omits.

Are. Both, or I dye: by heaven I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.
Phi. I would doe much to save that noble life;
Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our stories that Philaster gave
His right unto a scepter and a crowne,
To save a ladies longing.
Are. Nay then, heare.
I must and will have them, and more —
Phi. What, more?
Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared
To trouble this poore peece of earth withall.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Are. Turne then away thy face.
Phi. No.
Are. Doe.
Phi. I can indure it. Turne away my face?
I never yet saw enemy that lookt
So dreadfully but that I thought my selfe
As great a basiliske as he; or spake
So horrible but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;
Nor beast that I could turne from: shall I then

57 *dye.* Q1, do. *heaven.* Q3–F, Fate.
58 *may.* Q1, die.
70 *can.* Q3–F, W, cannot.
71 *yet saw.* Q1, saw, yet.
72 *dreadfully.* F, dreadful.
73 *spake.* Q1, speake.
74 *horrible.* Q3–F, horribly.

Beginne to feare sweete sounds? a ladies voyce,
Whom I doe love? Say you would have my life;
Why, I will give it you, for it is of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that aske
Of so poore use, that I shall make no price.
If you intreate, I will unmov'dly heare.
Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy lookes.
Phi. I doe.
Are. Then know I must have them, and thee.
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy love: without which, all the land
Discovered yet, will serve me for no use
But to be buried in.
Phi. Ist possible?
Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath doe strike me dead
(Which, know, it may) I have unript my brest.
Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a traine for this contemned life,
Which you may have for asking: to suspect

77 *a ladies voyce.* Q1, a womans tongue.
80 *aske.* Q1, beg. 81 *no price.* Q5, unprice.
85 *Thy.* Q5a, the. 89 *doe.* Q1 omits; Q5–F, doth.
93 *may have.* Q1, might have.

Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you!
By all my hopes, I doe, above my life!
But how this passion should proceed from you,
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.
Are. Another soule into my body shot,
Could not have fild me with more strength and spirit,
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time,
In seeking how I came thus: tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and sure our love
Will be the nobler and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kisse,
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.
Phi. Twill be ill,
I should abide here long.
Are. Tis true; and worse,
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence that our true loves,
On any new occasion may agree
What path is best to tread?
Phi. I have a boy,

103 *The gods.* Q1 omits.
104 *nobler.* Q1, worthier. 107 *unwelcome.* Q1, unwelcom'd.
111 *loves.* Q6, F, lovers. 112 *any.* Q1, an.

Sent by the gods, I hope to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the bucke,
I found him, sitting by a fountaine side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And payd the nymph againe as much in teares;
A garland lay him by, made by himselfe,
Of many severall flowers, bred in the vayle,
Stucke in that mysticke order, that the rarenesse
Delighted me; but ever when he turnd
His tender eyes upon um, he would weepe,
As if he meant to make um grow againe.
Seeing such pretty helplesse innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle dyed,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him rootes; and of the christall springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then tooke he up his garland, and did shew,
What every flower as countrey people hold,
Did signifie, and how all, ordered thus,

116 *fountaine*, Q1, F. Q2–Q6, fountaines.
118 *againe as much.* Q1, as much againe.
120 *vayle*, Q1. Q2–F, bay. 123 *eyes.* Q1, eye.
124 *um.* Q1, them.
130 *their courses.* Q1, the course.
131 *him . . . light.* Q1, it . . . life.

Exprest his griefe ; and, to my thoughts, did reade
The prettiest lecture of his countrey art
That could be wisht ; so that, me thought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertaind
Him who was glad to follow ; and have got
The trustiest, lovingst, and the gentlest boy,
That ever maister kept. Him will I send
To waite on you, and beare our hidden love.

Are. Tis well, no more.

Enter Lady.

La. Madam, the prince is come to doe his service.

Are. What will you doe, Philaster, with your selfe ?

Phi. Why, that which all the gods have pointed out for me.

Are. Deare, hide thy self. —
Bring in the prince. [*Exit Lady.*]

Phi. Hide me from Pharamond?
When thunder speakes, which is the voyce of God,

137 *me thought.* Q1, me thoughts.
138–139 *Have . . . got*, D's arrangement of lines. Q2–F end first line with *him ;* Q1 prints as prose.
139 *who.* Q1, whom. *Enter Lady.* Q1, Enter woman.
145 *doe, Philaster.* Q1, Phylaster doe.
146 *pointed out*, W, D, B. Qq, F, appointed out.
147–148 *Deare . . . prince.* Qq, F, as one line.
149 *God.* Q4–F, Jove.

Though I doe reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag
Unto a forraigne nation, that he made
Philaster hide himselfe.
Are. He cannot know it.
Phi. Though it should sleepe for ever to the world,
It is a simple sinne to hide my selfe,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.
Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he sayes; for he is apt to speake
What you are loth to heare: for my sake, doe.
Phi. I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Pharamond. My princely mistrisse, as true lovers ought,
I come to kisse these faire hands, and to shew,
In outward ceremonies, the deare love
Writ in my heart.
Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.

150 *yet . . . not.* Q1, yet I doe not hide my selfe.
159 *for my sake, doe.* Q1 omits.
Enter Pharamond. Q1, Enter Pharamont and a woman. D, B, Reënter Lady with Pharamond; and after l. 162, Exit Lady.
164 *Writ in.* Q1, within.
165 *no directlier.* Q1, or no, derectly.

Pha. To what would he have answer?
Are. To his claime unto the kingdome.
Pha. Sirra, I forbare you before the King. —
Phi. Good sir, doe so still; I would not talke with you.
Pha. But now the time is fitter, doe but offer
To make mention of right to any kingdome,
Though it be scarce habitable —
Phi. Good sir, let me goe.
Pha. And by the gods —
Phi. Peace Pharamond! if thou —
Are. Leave us, Philaster.
Phi. I have done.
Pha. You are gone: by heaven I'le fetch you backe.
Phi. You shall not need.
Pha. What now?
Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loathe to brawle with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voyce; but if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,
Thou wert, and not lament it.

167 *what would.* Q1, what? what would. *answer.* Q5–F, an answer.
173 *be.* Q1, lie.
174 *the gods.* Q4–D, my sword. *thou.* Q1, then.
176 *Pha. You . . . backe.* Q1 omits; though "Pha. You" appear as catch-words at the bottom of the page.
179 *nought.* Q1, nothing.

Pha. Doe you slight
My greatnesse so? and in the chamber of the princesse?

Phi. It is a place to which, I must confesse,
I owe a reverence: but wer't the church,
I, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou darst injure me, but I dare kill thee:
And for your greatnesse, know sir, I can graspe
You and your greatnesse thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word backe! Farewell.
Exit [*Philaster*].

Pha. Tis an odd fellow, madam, we must stop
His mouth with some office when we are married.

Are. You were best make him your controwler.

Pha. I thinke he would discharge it well.
But, madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; but yet so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that twill be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wayte
For dreaming forme, but take a little stolne
Delights, and so prevent our joyes to come.

182 *so.* Q1, so much.
184–185 *but . . . altar.* Q1, but wert the Church at the high Altar.
186 *injure.* Q1, injurie. 187 *sir.* Q1 omits.
193 *But.* Q1 omits. 194 *but yet.* Q4–F, D, B, and yet.
196 *hands.* Q1, hearts. *If then.* Q1, then if.
198 *forme.* F, for me.

Are. If you dare speake such thoughts, I must withdraw in honour. *Exit Are*[*thusa*]. 200

Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding; I must seeke elsewhere.— *Exit Ph*[*aramond*].

200 *such.* Q1, your.

Actus 2. Scœna I.

[*An Apartment in the Palace.*]

Enter Philaster and Bellario.

Philaster. And thou shalt finde her honourable,
boy,
Full of regard unto thy tender youth;
For thine owne modesty, and for my sake,
Apter to give then thou wilt be to aske,
I, or deserve.

Bellario. Sir, you did take me up
When I was nothing; and onely yet am some-
thing,
By being yours. You trusted me unknowne,
And that which you were apt to conster
A simple innocence in me, perhaps,
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy
Hardned in lies and theft; yet venter'd you,
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That beares more honour in her breast then you.

and Bellario. Q1, and his boy called Bellario. Q1 has "Boy" for *Bell.* or *Bellario* throughout the play.

4–10 *Apter . . . boy.* Th's division, followed by D and B. Qq and F end lines with *deserve, nothing, yours, apt, in me, boy.*

6 *and onely yet am.* Q1, And I am onely yet.

8 *were.* F, are.

10 *craft.* Q1, crafty.

Phi. But, boy, it will preferre thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheekes, and speake thee faire yet;
But when thy judgement comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those carefull friends
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life:
She is a princesse I preferre thee to.
Bell. In that small time that I have seene the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty: I remember,
My father would preferre the boyes he kept
To greater men then he, but did it not
Till they were growne too sawcy for himselfe.
Phi. Why, gentle boy, I finde no fault at all
In thy behaviour.
Bell. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learne;
Age and experience will adorne my mind
With larger knowledge; and if I have done

16 *bear'st*, Q1. Q2–F, bearest.
17 *clap*. Q1, claps. *yet*. Q1 omits.
18 *thy*. Q1 omits. *to*. Q1, no.
23–24 *I never . . . remember*. Th, D, end l. 23 with *with*.
27 *growne*. Q1 omits.

A wilful fault, thinke me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To breake my stubbornnesse, if it be so,
Rather then turn me off; and I shall mend.
Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That (trust me) I could weepe to part with thee.
Alas, I doe not turne thee off: thou knowest
It is my businesse that doth call thee hence;
And when thou art with her, thou dwellest with me.
Thinke so, and tis so: and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
Laid on so weake a one, I will againe
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will.
Nay, weepe not, gentle boy. Tis more then time
Thou didst attend the princesse.
Bell. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knowes whether I shall live to doe
More service for you, take this little praier:

39 *Rather*. Q2 misprints, Rathet. 40 *doth*. Q1, dos.
41 *trust*. Q2 misprints, tust. 42 *knowest*. Q1, knowst.
43 *doth*. Q1, dos.
44 *dwellest*. Q1, dwest; Q3–F, dwel'st.

Heaven blesse your loves, your fights, all your designes;
May sicke men, if they have your wish, be well;
And heaven hate those you curse, though I be one! *Exit.*

Phi. The love of boyes unto their lords is strange;
I have read wonders of it; yet this boy
For my sake (if a man may judge by lookes
And speech) would out-doe story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty.
Exit Phi[*laster*].

[Scene II.

A Gallery in the Palace.]

Enter Pharamond.

Pharamond. Why should these ladyes stay so long? They must come this way; I know the queene imployes um not, for the reverend mother sent mee word they would all bee for the garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a faire taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, and, in my conscience, tis not my fault. Oh, for our countrey ladyes!

54 *fights.* Q1, sighes.
56 *heaven.* Q1, F, Heavens.
57 *lords.* Q3, Lord.
60 *may.* Q1, must.
7 *sport.* Q1, sport before.

Enter Galatea.

Heere's one boulted; I'le hound at her.—[Madam!]

Galatea. Your grace!

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quicke; by this sweete hand—

Gal. You'l be forsworn, sir; tis but an old glove.

If you will talke at distance, I am for you:
But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor doe not brag:
These two I barre,
And then I thinke, I shall have sence enough,
To answer all the waighty apothegmes
Your roiall blood shall manage.

Pha. Deare lady, can you love?

Gal. Deare prince, how deare? I ne're cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the deare repentance of a banquet. Heere's no scarlet, sir,

Enter Galatea, placed as in Q1. Q2–F place after *at her*.
9 *one . . . hound.* Q5a, on . . . bound. *Madam.* Only Q1.
12 *you are.* Q1, y'are.
13–19 *You'l be . . . manage.* Division of lines as in Th, D, B; Qq, F, print as prose.
15 *But.* Q1 omits. 16 *I barre.* Q1, I onely barre.
22 *coach.* Q1, couch.
23 *a banquet.* Q1, a play and a banquet.

to blush the sinne out it was given for. This wyer mine owne haire covers; and this face has beene so farre from beeing deare to any, that it ne're cost penny painting; and for the rest of my poore wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous mercers wife curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I doe so: would you or I could helpe it!

[*Pha.* Y'are very dangerous bitter, like a potion.

Gal. No, sir, I do not mean to purge you, Though I meane to purge a little time on you.]

Pha. Do ladyes of this countrey use to give No more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being? I understand you not, unlesse your grace meanes growing to fatnesse; and then your onely remedy (upon my know-

24–25 *to blush . . . face.* Q1, to make you blush, this is my owne hayre, and this face.

27 *penny.* Q1, Q5a, a peny.

28 *wardrobe.* Q1, Q6 wardrop; Q5b, wardrope.

29 *mercers.* Q1, silke-mans.

30 *our good doings.* Q1, our doing.

31 *mistake.* Q1, much mistake. 32 *Gal.* F misprints "Pha."

33–35 *Pha. . . . you.* Only in Q1; there as prose; verse-division by D.

36–37 *Do . . . being.* Verse-division by Th, D, B; prose in Qq, F.

ledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cuppe of neate white wine, brewd with carduus; then fast till supper; about eight you may eate: use exercise, and keepe a sparrow-hawke,— you can shoot in a tiller: but of all, your grace must flie phlebotomie, fresh porke, conger, and clarified whay; they are all dullers of the vitall spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talke of nothing all this while.

Gal. Tis very true, sir, I talke of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; twill bee rare to stirre up a leaden appetite: she's a Danae, and must be courted in a showre of gold.— Madam, look here, all these, and more, then —

Gal. What have you there, my lord? Gold! Now, as I live, tis faire gold: you would have silver for it to play with the pages; you could not have taken me in a worse time; but if you have present use, my lord, I'le send my man with silver, and keepe your gold for you.

Pha. Lady, lady!

42 *carduus.* Q1, Q2, cardus. 43 *eight.* Q1, five.
46 *conger.* Q1, and Conger.
47 *are all.* Q1, are. *spirits.* Q1, anymales.
48 *while.* Q1, time.
52 *a Danae.* Q1, daintie. *in.* Q1, with.
54 *more, then* —. D, B, more than —. 55 *have.* Q1, ha.
56–57 *you would . . . for it.* Q1, you'd . . . fort.
58 *time.* Q1, time sir. 60 *gold for.* Q1, B, gold safe for.
Q1 adds, She slips behind the Orras.

Gal. She's comming, sir, behind, will take white mony.

[*Aside.*] Yet for all this Ile match yee.

Exit Gal[*atea*] *behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdome, and neere the court, we may even hang up our harpes: ten such camphier constitutions as this would call the golden age againe in question, and teach the old way for every ill fac't husband to get his owne children; and what a mischiefe that would breed, let all consider.

Enter Megra.

Heere's another: if she be of the same last, the devill shall plucke her on. — Many faire mornings, lady!

Megra. As many mornings bring as many daies,
Faire, sweete, and hopefull to your grace.

Pha. [*aside*]. She gives good words yet: sure this wench is free. —
If your more serious businesse doe not call you,

62–63 *Gal. She's comming . . . hangings.* Q1 reads:
Shes comming sir behind,
Will ye take white money yet for all this. *Exit.*
64–65 *but . . . kingdome.* Q1, but two such in this Kingdome more; F omits *but.*
65 *even.* Q1, ene. 67 *would,* Q1. Q2–F, will.
78 *call you.* Q1, call you Lady.

Let me hold quarter with you; wee'll talke an houre
Out quickly.
Meg. What would your grace talke of?
Pha. Of some such pretty subject as your selfe.
I'le go no further then your eye, or lip;
There's theame enough for one man for an age.
Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and red enough,
Or my glasse wrongs me.
Pha. O, they are two twind cherries died in blushes,
Which those faire sunnes above with their bright beames
Reflect upon and ripen! Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste
Of the faint looker on may meete those blessings,
And taste, and live. [*They kisse.*]
Meg. O delicate sweete Prince!
She that hath snow enough about her heart

79 *talke.* Q2, Q6, F, take. D ends line with *talke.*
82 *or.* Q1, your. 83 *theame.* Q1, time.
85 *and.* Q4'39–F omit. 87 *blushes.* Q1, blush.
88 *bright.* Q1, deepe.
91 *faint.* Q1, sweete. *those.* Q1, these.
They kisse. Only in Q1.

To take the wanton spring of ten such lynes off,
May be a nunne without probation.
Sir, you have in such neate poetry gathered a kisse,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blankes, I should commend
Your forehead, or your cheekes, and kisse you too.
Pha. Doe it in prose; you cannot misse it, madam,
Meg. I shall, I shall.
Pha. By my life [but] you shall not:
I'le prompt you first. [*Kisses her.*] Can you doe it now?
Meg. Me thinkes tis easie, now you ha don't before [me].
But yet I should sticke at it — [*Kisses him.*]
Pha. Sticke till to morrow;
I'le ne're part you, sweetest. But we lose time;
Can you love me?

94 *off.* Q1 omits.
95 *May . . . probation.* Q1, it may be a number without Probatum.
95–96 *May . . . kisse.* Verse-division as in Qq and F; modern eds. end the first line with *Sir;* Q1 prints speech as prose.
100 *in.* Q1, by. 101 *but,* Q1.
102 *Kisses her,* W, D, B.
103 *now . . . me,* Q1, D, B; Q2–F, now I ha don't before.
104 *But.* Q1, And. *I should.* B, should I.
Kisses him, editor. 105 *ne're.* Q1, never.

Meg. Love you, my lord? How would you have me love you?

Pha. I'le teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory; this is all: love me, and lye with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you that you sayd? Tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing minde, that will endeavor; if I doe not teach you to doe it as easily in one night as you'l goe to bed, I'le loose my royall blood for't.

Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your owne that yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'le sooner teach a mare the old measures then teach her any thing belonging to the function: she's afraid to lie with her selfe, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her. I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By mine honor, that's a foule fault indeed, but time and your good helpe will weare it out, sir.

107 *me love you.* Q1, me love ye. The line is printed as prose in Qq, F.

117–118 *Why . . . teaching.* D, B, two verse lines, beginning the second with *That.*

122 *any . . . imaginations.* Q1, my . . . imagination.

125–127 *By . . . sir.* Q1, D, B, print as verse beginning second line with *But.*

125 *mine*, only Q2; Qq, F, D, B, my. *that's.* D, that is.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your deare selfe, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the schoolemaster, and leape a dairye maid, madam.

Meg. Has your grace seene the court-starre, Galatea?

Pha. Out upon her! She's as could of her favour as an appoplex: she saild by but now.

Meg. And how doe you hold her wit, sir?

Pha. I hold her wit! The strength of all the guard cannot hold it; if they were tied to it, she would blow um out of the kingdome. They talke of Jupiter, he's but a squib cracker to her: looke well about you, and you may finde a tongue-bolt. But speake, sweete lady, shall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed; if you mistrust my faith, you doe mee the unnoblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not, prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your owne conditions, my purse

128 *any.* Q1, my. 129 *Tim the.* Q1, Timen a.
130 *leape.* Q1, keepe.
131 *madam*, only Q2 and Q3. D and B omit.
136 *And how . . . wit, sir.* Q1, how . . . wit.
138 *to it.* Q1, toot.
141–142 *looke . . . bolt.* Q1 omits.
144 *Whither?* Q1, Q2, whether.
146 *unnoblest.* Q1, most unnoblest.
147 *I dare not.* Q1 omits.

shall seal um, and what you dare imagine you
can want, I'le furnish you withall. Give two
houres to your thoughts every morning about it.
Come, I know you are bashful;
Speake in my eare, will you be mine? Keepe
this,
And with it, me: soone I will visit you.
[*Gives money.*]

Meg. My Lord, my chamber's most unsafe,
but when tis night
I'le finde some means to slippe into your lodg-
ing:
Till when —

Pha. Till when, this, and my heart goe
with thee! *Exeunt* [*several ways.*]

Enter Galatea from behind the hangings.

Gal. Oh thou pernitious petticote prince, are these your vertues? Well, if I doe not lay a traine to blow your sport up, I am no woman: and, Lady Towsabell, I'le fit you for't.

Exit Gal[*atea*].

150–151 *two houres.* Q1, worship. 152 *you are.* Q1, y'are.
153–157 *Speake . . . thee.* D's division; prose in Qq and F.
154 *I will.* Q1, I shall.
Gives money, editor. W, D, B, Gives a ring.
155 *unsafe.* Q1, uncertaine.
157 *several ways*, Q3–F. Q1, Exit ambo.
hangings. Q1, orras.
161 *Towsabell.* Q1, Dowsabell. *for't.* Q1, for it.

[Scene III.

Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace.]

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Arethusa. Where's the boy?
Lady. Within, madam.
Are. Gave you him gold to buy him cloathes?
La. I did.
Are. And has he don't?
La. Yes, madam.
Are. Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not? Asked you his name?
La. No, madam.

Enter Galatea.

Are. O you are welcome, what good newes?
Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace, That sayes she has done that you would have wish'd.
Are. Hast thou discovered?
Gal. I have strain'd a point of modesty for you.
Are. I preethee how?

Enter . . . Lady. Q1, Enter Princesse and her Gentlewoman. Q1 abbreviates "Prin" and "Wo" throughout the scene.
2 *madam.* Q1 omits. 7 *is it.* Q1, i'st.
12 *has.* Q6, F, hath.
13–15 *Hast . . . how.* D as two lines, ending first with *point.*

Gal. In listning after bawdery. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, shee shall bee sure to finde a lawfull time to harken after bawdery; your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't.

Are. With whom?

Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.

Are. O when, and where?

Gal. To-night, his lodging.

Are. Runne thy selfe into the presence; mingle there againe
With other ladies; leave the rest to me.

[*Exit Galatea.*]

If Desteny (to whom we dare not say,
"Why didst thou this") have not decreed it so
In lasting leaves (whose smallest carracters
Was never alterd yet), this match shall breake.—
Where's the boy?

La. Here, madam.

Enter Bellario.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service, ist not so?

16–19 *In . . . on't.* D as four lines, ending *lady*, *finde*, *bawdery*, *on't.*

17 *shee.* Q1, they. 21 *suspected.* Q4–F, suspect.

25 *presence.* Q1, presents.

28 *Why didst thou this*, Th, W, B. Qq, F, D, Why thou didst this.

30 *Was.* F, D, B, Were. *altered.* Q2 misprints, atltered.

33 *you are.* Q1, your.

Bellario. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wayte on you,
To doe him service.
Are. Thou disclaimst in me;
Tell me thy name.
Bell. Bellario.
Are. Thou canst sing and play?
Bell. If griefe will give me leave, madam, I can.
Are. Alas, what kinde of griefe can thy yeares know?
Hadst thou a curst master when thou wentst to schoole?
Thou art not capable of other griefe;
Thy browes and cheekes are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy,
Care seekes out wrinckled browes and hollow eyes,
And builds himselfe caves to abide in them.
Come, sir, tell me truely, doth your lord love me?
Bell. Love, madam! I know not what it is.
Are. Canst thou know griefe, and never yet knewest love?

35 *Thou disclaimst in me.* Q1, Then trust in me.
41 *curst master.* Q1, crosse schoole-maister.
43 *waters.* Q1, water.
44 *troubles.* Q5, Q6, trouble.
45 *out.* Q1 omits.
46 *himselfe.* Q1, itselfe.
47 *doth.* Q4–F, does.
48 *madam! I know not.* Q1, I know not Madame.

Thou art deceived, boy; does he speake of me
As if he wish'd me well?
Bell. If it be love,
To forget all respect to his owne friends,
With thinking of your face; if it be love,
To sit crosse arm'd and thinke away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily, as men i'the streetes doe fire;
If it be love, to weepe himselfe away,
When he but heares of any lady dead
Or kil'd, because it might have beene your chance;
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),
Twixt every prayer he saies, to name you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love;
Then, madam, I dare sweare he loves you.
Are. O, y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie
For your lords credit; but thou knowest, a lie
That beares this sound is welcomer to me
Then any truth that saies he loves me not.

50 *deceived.* Q1, deceiv'd. 52 *to his.* Q4–F, of his.
53 *With.* Q4–F, In. 54 *thinke.* Q4–F, sigh.
55 *Mingled with starts.* Q1, with mingling starts and.
56 *And hastily.* Q1 omits. *i'the.* Q1, in.
58 *lady.* Q1, woman.
62 *a bead.* Q1, beades. Q2 misprints, *beard.*
63 *you.* Q1, ye. 64–65 *to lie For your.* Q1, to your.
65 *knowest.* Q1, know'st.

Leade the way, boy. — [*To Lady.*] Doe you
attend me too. —
'Tis thy lords businesse hastes me thus. Away!
Exeunt.

[Scene IV.

Before Pharamond's Lodging in the Court of the Palace.]

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrasilin, Megra, Galatea.

Dion. Come, ladyes, shall we talke a round? As men
Doe walke a mile, women should talke an houre
After supper; tis their exercise.

Galatea. Tis late.

Megra. Tis all
My eyes will doe to lead me to my bed.

Gal. I feare they are so heavy, you'll scarce finde
The way to your owne lodging with um to-night,

Enter Pharamond.

Thrasiline. The prince!

69 *thus. Away.* Q1, thus away.
Enter, etc. Q1, Enter the three Gentlewomen, Megra, Gallatea, and another Lady.
1 *Dion.* Q1, "Tra." *talke.* Q6, F, take.
7 *they are.* Q1, theyre. *you'll.* Q2, theile.
8 *owne.* Q3–F omit.
Enter Pharamond. Q1, Enter Pharamont, the Princesse boy, and a woman. Q1 gives "Prin." for *Are.* throughout scene.

Pharamond. Not abed, ladyes? y'are good sitters-up;
What thinke you of a pleasant dreame to last
Till morning.

Meg. I should chose, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter Arethusa and Bellario.

Arethusa. Tis well, my lord: y'are courting of these ladyes.
Ist not late, gentlemen?

Cleremont. Yes, madam.

Are. Waite you there. *Exit Arethusa.*

Meg. [*aside*]. She's jealous, as I live.—Looke you, my lord,
The princess has a Hilas, an Adonis.

Pha. His forme is angell-like.

Meg. Why, this is he must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with
His hand and voyce binding your thoughts in sleep:
The princesse does provide him for you, and for her selfe.

11 *pleasant.* Q1, pleasing. 13 *should.* Q1, shall.
Enter, etc. Q1 omits.
14 *my lord.* Q1 omits. *these.* Q3–F omit.
16 *Cleremont.* Q1, "Gall." 18 *you.* Q1 omits.
19 *has.* Q1 omits. *Hilas.* Q1, Hilus.
21 *this is he must.* Q1, this is that; D, B, this is he that.

Pha. I finde no musique in these boyes.
Meg. Nor I.
They can doe little, and that small they doe,
They have not wit to hide.
Dion. Serves he the princesse?
Thra. Yes.
Dion. Tis a sweete boy; how brave she keepes him!
Pha. Ladyes all, good rest; I meane to kill a bucke
To morrow morning, ere y'ave done your dreames.
Meg. All happinesse attend your grace.
[*Exit Pharamond.*]
Gentlemen, good rest. —
Come shall we to bed?
Gal. Yes, — all good night.
Exit Gal[*atea and*] *Meg*[*ra*].
Dion. May your dreames be true to you. —
What shall we doe, gallants? Tis late; the King
Is up still: see he comes, a guard along
With him.

Enter King, Arethusa and Guard.

King. Looke your intelligence be true.

27 *hide.* Q1, hide it. 30 *y'ave.* Q1, you have; Q6, y'are.
32 *Come.* Q1 omits. *Exit, etc.* Q1 omits.
Enter . . . Guard. Q1 has after *late* (l. 34), Enter the King, the Princesse, and a guard. 36 *your.* Q1 omits.

Are. Upon my life it is: and I doe hope
Your highnesse will not tie me to a man
That in the heate of wooing throwes me off,
And takes another.
Dion. What should this meane?
King. If it be true,
That lady had been better have embrac'd
Cureless diseases; get you to your rest;
Ex[eunt] Are[thusa and] Bell[ario].
You shall be righted. Gentlemen, draw neere,
We shall imploy you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?
Dion. I saw him enter there.
King. Haste some of you, and cunningly discover,
If Megra be in her lodging. [*Exit Dion.*]
Cle. Sir,
She parted hence but now with other ladyes.
King. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vaine discovery of our suspition.
[*Aside.*] You gods, I see that who unrighteously
Holds wealth or state from others, shall be curst
In that which meaner men are blest withall:
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name shall be

42 *have.* Q1 omits. *Exeunt, etc.* Q1 omits.
45 *you.* Q1, ye. *Exit Dion.* Q1 has "Exit Leon" after l. 50. 49 *Cle.* Q1, "Leon."

Blotted from earth; if he have any child,
It shall be crossely match'd; the gods themselves
Shall sow wilde strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sinne
I have committed; let it not fall
Upon this understanding child of mine!
She has not broke your lawes. But how can I
Looke to be heard of gods that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter Dion.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women sweare she is within; but they, I thinke, are bawdes. I told um, I must speake with her; they laught, and said their lady lay speechlesse. I said, my business was important; they said, their lady was about it. I grew hot, and cryed, my businesse was a matter that concern'd life and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their lady was. I urg'd againe, shee had scarce time to bee so since last I saw her; they smilde againe, and seem'd to instruct mee that sleeping was nothing but lying downe and winking. Answers more direct I could not get: in short, sir, I thinke she is not there.

58 *earth.* Q1, the earth. 63 *understanding.* Q1, undeserving.
64 *She.* Q1, if she. *can.* Q1, could. 66 *by.* Q1, in.
79 *get.* Q1, get from them.
80 *I thinke.* Q1 omits. *she is.* Q1, shee's.

King. Tis then no time to dally. — You o'th guard,
Waite at the backe dore of the princes lodging,
And see that none passe thence upon your lives.
Knocke, gentlemen; knocke loud; lowder yet:
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing? —
I'le breake your meditations. — Knocke againe.
—Not yet? I doe not thinke he sleepes, having this
Larum by him.—Once more, Pharamond! prince!

Pharamond above.

Pha. What sawcy groome knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters? By my vexed soule,
He meetes his death that meetes me, for this boldnesse.

King. Prince, [prince,] you wrong your thoughts, we are your friends:
Come downe.

Pha. The King!

81 *no time.* Q5a, not time. *o'th.* Q1, a'th.
84 *lowder yet.* Q1 omits.
85 *their . . . their.* Q1, your . . . your.
86 *meditations.* Q1, meditation.
againe. Q1, again, and louder.
87–88 *this Larum*, Q3–F. Q1, such larumes. Q2, his Larum.
88 *prince.* Q1 omits, and adds stage-direction, "They knock."
92 *Prince, prince*, Q1. Q2–F, Prince.

King. The same, sir; come downe;
We have cause of present counsell with you.
Pha. If your grace please to use me, I'le attend you
To your chamber. *Pha*[*ramond*] *below.*
King. No, tis too late, prince; I'le make bold with yours.
Pha. I have some private reasons to my selfe,
Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot.—
[*They prease to come in.*]
Nay, prease not forward, gentlemen; he must come
Through my life that comes here.
King. Sir, be resolv'd, I must and will come.
— Enter!
Pha. I will not be dishonor'd:
He that enters, enters upon his death.
Sir, tis a signe you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegados to my chamber,
At these unseasoned hours.
King. Why doe you

93 *The same, sir; come downe*, Q2–F. Q1, D, The same, sir. Come down sir; B, The same. Come down, sir.
98 *some.* Q1, certaine. *my selfe.* Q1, my selfe sir.
They prease to come in, Q1. 100 *gentlemen.* Q1 omits.
102 *resolv'd, I must . . . Enter*, Q2, Q3, D, B. Q1, resolved, I must come, and will come enter. Q4–F misprint *Enter* at end of preceding line.
103 *dishonor'd.* Q1, dishonoured thus.
106 *renegados.* Q1, runagates.

Chafe your selfe so? you are not wrong'd, nor
shall be;
Onely I'le search your lodging, for some cause
To our selfe knowne. — Enter, I say.
Pha. I say no.
Meg[*ra*] *above.*
Meg. Let um enter, prince, let um enter;
I am up and ready: I know there businesse;
Tis the poore breaking of a ladies honour,
They hunt so hotly after; let um enjoy it. —
You have your businesse, gentlemen; I lay
here. —
O, my lord the King, this is not noble in you,
To make publique the weakenesse of a woman.
King. Come downe.
Meg. I dare, my lord: your whootings and
your clamors,
Your private whispers and your broad fleerings,
Can no more vex my soule then this base car-
riage;
But I have vengance yet in store for some
Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.

108 *so.* Q1 omits. 109 *I'le.* Q1 omits.
110 *knowne.* Q1 omits. *say no.* Q1, so no.
111–112 *Let um . . . businesse.* Verse-division of D. Q1 ends first line with *up*, omitting *and ready*, and printing the rest of the speech as prose. Q2–F end first line with *prince.*
116 *the.* Q1, a. 119 *whootings.* Q1, whoting; D, hootings.
122 *yet.* Q1, still.

King. Will you come downe?
Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst; but I shall wring you,
If my skill faile me not. [*Exit Megra above.*]
King. Sir, I must dearely chide you for this loosenesse;
You have wrong'd a worthy lady; but, no more. —
Conduct him to my lodging, and to bed.
[*Exeunt Pharamond and Attendants.*]
Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed in deed.
Dion. Tis strange a man cannot ride a stage
Or two, to breathe himselfe, without a warrant
If this geere hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,
Pray God we may lie with our owne wives in safety,
That they be not by some tricke of state mistaken!

Enter [*Attendants*] *with Megra* [*below*].

King. Now lady of honour, where's your honour now?

125 *wring.* Q5a, Q6, F, wrong.
127 *dearely chide you.* Q1, chide you dearly.
128 *worthy.* Q1 omits. 129 *my.* Q1, his.
Exeunt . . . Attendants, D.
131–135 *Tis . . . mistaken.* Verse-division as in Q2–F. Q1 ends lines *two, hold, lie, be not, mistaken.*
131 *stage,* Q1. Q2–F, Stagg *or* Stagge.
134 *God.* Q4–F, heaven. *Enter . . . below.* Q1 omits, but has in margin, "they come downe to the King."

No man can fit your pallat but the prince.
Thou most ill shrowded rottennesse, thou piece
Made by a painter and a pothicary,
Thou troubled sea of lust, thou wildernesse
Inhabited by wild thoughts, thou swolne clowd
Of infection, thou ripe mine of all diseases:
Thou all-sinne, all-hell, and last, all-divells, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?
By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,
And all the court shall hoote thee through the court,
Fling rotten oranges, make riba'd rimes,
And seare thy name with candles upon walls!
Doe ye laugh, lady Venus?
Meg. Faith, sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot chuse but laugh to see you merry.
If you doe this, O King, nay, if you dare doe it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of my owne, I will have fellowes, and such
Fellowes in it as shall make noble mirth:

139 *a pothicary.* Q1, Apothecaries.
143 *all-hell.* Q1, and hell. Hyphens in this line inserted by D.
146 *and.* Q1 omits. 148 *riba'd.* Q1, reball; Q3–F, ribald.
150 *ye.* Q1, Q4'39–F, you.
154 *those.* Q6, F, these. *as.* Q1, that.

The princesse, your deare daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing.
Urge me no more; I know her, and her haunts,
Her layes, leaps, and outlayes, and will discover all;
Nay, will dishonor her. I know the boy
She keepes, a handsome boy, about eighteene;
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come sir, you put me to a womans madnesse,
The glory of a fury; and if I doe not
Doe it to the height —

King. What boy is this she raves at?

Meg. Alas, good-minded prince, you know not these things;
I am loath to reveale um. Keepe this fault
As you would keepe your health from the hot aire
Of the corrupted people; or, by heaven,
I will not fall alone. What I have knowne,
Shall be as publique as a print; all tongues
Shall speake it as they doe the language they
Are borne in, as free and commonly; I'le set it

158 *On.* Q1, Upon. *any.* Q1, or any.
160 *Layes . . . outlayes.* Q1, fayre leaps And out-lying.
161 *Nay.* Q1, and.
163 *Know.* Q1, Knowes. *and.* Q1 omits.
166 *this.* Q1, that. 171 *fall.* Q1, sinke.
172 *a.* Q1, in. 173–174 *they Are.* Q1, they're.

Like a prodigious starre for all to gaze at,
And so high and glowing that other kingdomes far and forraigne
Shall reade it there, nay, travaile with it, till they finde
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your faire princesse.

King. Has she a boy?

Cle. So please your grace, I have seene a boy wayte
On her, a faire boy.

King. Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I'le studdy to forget you.

Meg. Do you studdy to forget me, and I'le studdy
To forget you.

Ex[eunt] K[ing], Meg[ra], [and] Guard.

Cle. Why here's a male spirit fit for Hercules, if ever there bee nine worthies of women, this wench shall ride astride, and be their captaine.

Dion. Sure, she has a garrison of divells in her tongue, shee uttered such balls of wild-fire. She

176 *And . . . forraigne.* Th omits *And* and *other.*
177 *nay.* Q1 omits.
181 *Cle.* Q1, "Leon." D, B, end line with *on her.*
182 *quarter.* Q1, quarters. 183 *I'le.* W, D, B, I will.
184–185 *Do . . . forget you.* Q1, Do so, and i'le forget your —. 186 *Why.* Q1 omits. *fit.* Q3–F omit.
187 *worthies.* Q1, worthy. *women.* Q3, woman.
188 *astride.* Q1, aside.
189 *has.* F, hath. 190 *uttered.* F, uttereth.

has so netled the King, that all the doctors in the country will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange-found-out antidote to cure her infection; that boy, that princesse' boy; that brave, chaste, vertuous ladies boy; and a faire boy, a well spoken boy! All these considered, can make nothing else—but there I leave you, gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, weele goe wander with you.

Exeunt.

191 *netled*, Q1, Q4–F. Q2, Q3, metled.
192 *scarce*. Q1, not.
193 *infection*, Q4–F. Q1–Q3, infections.
194 *brave*, *chaste*. Q1, chast, brave.
197 *you*. Q1, yee.

Actus 3. Scœna I.

[*The Court of the Palace.*]

Enter Cle[*remont*], *Di*[*on and*] *Thra*[*siline*].

Cleremont. Nay, doubtlesse tis true.

Dion. I, and tis the gods
That raisde this punishment to scourge the King
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us that should write noble in the land,
For us that should be freemen, to behold
A man that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, prest downe from his royall right
By this regardlesse king? and only looke,
And see the scepter ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious lady
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be
Married to yon strange prince; who, but that people
Please to let him be a prince, is borne a slave
In that which should be his most noble part,
His minde.

Thrasiline. That man that would not stirre with you

Enter, etc. Q1, Enter three Gentlemen. 1 *Nay.* Q1, And. 5 *For us.* Q1, for all us. *should.* Q1 omits. 12–14 *That . . . slave.* W, D, B, end lines with *married, please.* 14 *prince.* Q1, thing.

To aide Philaster, let the gods forget
That such a creature walkes upon the earth!
Cle. Philaster is too backward in't himselfe;
The gentry doe awaite it, and the people,
Against their nature, are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corne, that's moved
With a stiffe gale, their heads bow all one way.
Dion. The onely cause that drawes Philaster backe
From this attempt, is the faire princesse' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.
Thra. Perhaps he'le not beleeve it.
Dion. Why, gentlemen, tis without question so.
Cle. I, tis past speech, she lives dishonestly.
But how shall we, if he be curious, worke
Upon his faith?
Thra. We all are satisfied within our selves.
Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his owne good,
I'le make this new report to be my knowledge;
I'le say I know it; nay, I'le sweare I saw it.

19 *Philaster . . . himselfe.* Q1 omits. 21 *bent.* Q1 omits.
22 *of.* Q1, if. *that's.* Q1 omits. 24 *drawes.* Q1, draweth.
26 *confute.* Q1, comfort. 27 *it.* Q1 omits.
27–31 *Perhaps . . . faith.* D ends lines with *gentlemen, speech, shall we, faith.*
28 *Dion.* Q1, "Cle." 29 *Cle.* Q1, "Leon."
31 *Upon his faith.* Q1, on his beleefe.
33 *tends.* Q1, Lords. 35 *nay.* Q1 omits.

Cle. It will be best.
Thra. Twill move him

Enter Philas[ter].

Dion. Here he comes.
Good morrow to your honor: we have spent
Some time in seeking you.
Philaster. My worthy friends,
You that can keepe your memories to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frowne
On men disgrac'd for vertue, a good day
Attend you all. What service may I do
Worthy your acceptation?
Dion. My good lord,
We come to urge that vertue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth. Rise, and make a head;
The nobles and the people are all dull'd
With this usurping king; and not a man
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As vertue, but will second your attempts.

36–38 *It will . . . friends.* B's verse-division. Qq, F, end lines with *best, him, honor, you, friends.*
Enter Philaster. Q1–Q4 print after *be best.*
36 *Dion.* Q1, "Cle."
40–41 *frowne . . . disgrac'd.* Q1, frame . . . disgrace.
43 *good.* Q1 omits.
45 *breast, forth. Rise.* Qq, F, breast, forth, rise.
46 *dull'd.* Q1, dull.
48 *or knew*, Q3–F. Q1, knowes; Q2, or knowne; B (qy.), or knows.

Phi. How honourable is this love in you
To me that have deserv'd none! Know, my friends,
(You that were borne to shame your poore Philaster,
With too much courtesie) I could affoord
To melt my selfe in thankes; but my designes
Are not yet ripe. Suffice it, that ere long
I shall imploy your loves: but yet the time
Is short of what I would.
Dion. The time is fuller, sir, then you expect;
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught. As for the King,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princesse, whom they lov'd —
Phi. Why, what of her?
Dion. Is loath'd as much as he.
Phi. By what strange meanes?
Dion. She's knowne a whore.
Phi. Thou liest!
Dion. My lord —

51 *deserv'd none.* Q1, deserved more.
54 *in thankes*, Q4–F. Q1, Q2, to thankes; Q3, in thInkes.
55 *Suffice it.* Q1, sufficient. 58 *sir.* Q1 omits.
59 *will not.* Q1 omits.
61 *have long.* Q1, long have. 63 *Dion.* Q1, "Tra."
64 *Phi. Thou.* Q2 misprints *Di.* Thou.

Phi. Thou liest, *Offers to draw, and is held.*
And thou shalt feele it! I had thought thy minde
Had beene of honour. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sinne,
Not to be pardon'd. Be it false as hell,
Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sowne
Amongst the people, fruitfull to increase
All evill they shall heare. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falshood whilst it springs!
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his necke
Like thunder from a clowd.
Dion. This is most strange;
Sure he does love her.
Phi. I doe love faire truth:
She is my mistrisse, and who injures her
Drawes vengeance from me. Sirs, let goe my armes.
Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.
Cle. Sir, remember this is your honor'd friend,
That comes to doe his service, and will shew you
Why he utter'd this.
Phi. I aske you pardon, sir,

68 *Thus.* Q1, then. 72 *fruitfull.* Q1, faithfull.
74 *off . . . springs.* Q1, out falsehood where it growes.
75 *the.* Q1, that.
80 *injures.* Q1, injuries. 85 *you.* Q1, your.

My zeale to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your backe untruely, I had beene
As much distemperd and enrag'd as now.
Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.
Phi. O, say not so, good sir, forbeare to say so;
Tis then truth that woman-kind is false;
Urge it no more, it is impossible.
Why should you thinke the princesse light?
Dion. Why, she was taken at it.
Phi. Tis false! by heaven, tis false! it cannot be!
Can it? Speake, gentlemen; for Gods love, speake!
Ist possible? can women all be damn'd?
Dion. Why no, my lord.
Phi. Why then, it cannot be.
Dion. And she was taken with her boy.
Phi. What boy?
Dion. A page, a boy that serves her.

86 *made.* Q1, makes. 88 *backe.* Q1, backs.
90–95 *But this . . . at it.* Verse-division of Q2–F. W, D, end lines with *not so*, *truth*, *no more*, *thinke*, *at it*.
92 *Tis . . . false.* Q1, tis then truth that women all are false. Q4'34, thee truth. Q4'39–F, all womenkind.
93 *it is.* Q1, tis. 96 *by.* Q4–F, O.
97–98 *for . . . possible.* Q1 omits.
97 *Gods love.* Q4–F, D, love of truth.
99 *Dion. Why . . . lord.* Q1 omits this speech and gives the next to "Tra." 100 *Dion.* Q1, "Cle."

Phi. Oh, good gods!
A little boy?
Dion. I, know you him, my lord?
Phi. Hell and sinne know him!—Sir, you are deceiv'd:
I'le reason it a little coldly with you;
If she were lustfull, would she take a boy,
That knowes not yet desire? she would have one
Should meete her thoughts, and know the sinne he acts,
Which is the great delight of wickednesse.
You are abusd, and so is she, and I.
Dion. How you, my lord?
Phi. Why, all the world's abusde
In an unjust report.
Dion. Oh, noble sir, your vertues
Cannot looke into the subtle thoughts of woman.
In short, my lord, I tooke them; I my selfe.
Phi. Now all the divells thou didst! Flie from my rage!
Would thou hadst tane divells ingendring plagues,
When thou didst take them! Hide thee from mine eyes;

104 *coldly.* Q1, milder.
106 *desire.* Q1, desires.
107 *know.* Q4–F, knows. *he.* Q1, she.
110 *Dion.* Q1, "Cle."
112 *woman.* Q1, women.
116 *mine.* Q3–F, my.

Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them; or been strucken dumbe
For ever; that this foule deed might have slept
In silence!

Thra. Have you knowne him so ill temperd?

Cle. Never before.

Phi. The winds that are let loose,
From the four several corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kisse not a chaste one. What friend beares a sword
To runne me through?

Dion. Why, my lord, are you so mov'd at this?

Phi. When any fall from vertue, I am distracted;
I have an interest in't.

117 *taken.* Q2, tane. *thunder on.* Q1, daggers in.
118 *didst.* Q3, did. *strucken.* Q1, stuacke.
119 *foule deed.* Q1, fault.
120–121 *Thra.* . . . *Cle.* Q1 transposes the speakers.
122 *several.* Q1 omits.
123 *spread themselves.* Q1, spreads them selfe.
124 *Kisse not a chaste one.* Q1, Meetes not a fayre on.
125–8 *To runne . . in't.* D ends lines with *are you, vertue, in't.*
125 *through.* Q1, thorow; D, B, thorough.
126 *Dion.* Q1, "Tra."
127 *fall.* Q4'39–F, falls. *distracted.* Q4–F, D, distract.
128 *an.* Q1 omits.

Dion. But, good my lord, recall your selfe, and thinke
What's best to be done.
Phi. I thank youe; I will doe it.
Please you to leave me, I'le consider of it:
Tomorrow I will finde your lodging forth,
And give you answer.
Dion. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!
Thra. He was extreame impatient.
Cle. It was his vertue and his noble minde.
Exit Di[*on*] *Cle*[*remont and*] *Thra*[*siline*].
Phi. I had forgot to aske him where he took them;
I'le follow him. O that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feele!
More circumstances will but fan this fire:
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, then simply that tis done;

129–130 *But . . . done.* Verse-division of W, D, B. Qq, F, end l. 129 with *your selfe.*
130 *doe it.* Q1, do't.
132 *I will.* Q1, Ile. *lodging.* Q1, lodgings. *forth.* Q1 omits.
133–134 *Dion. All . . . way.* Q1 has "Omnes" for *Dion*, and adds "Exit Three Gent." Q4'39–F print:

The readiest way.
Di. All the gods direct you.

134–135 *Thra. . . . minde.* Q1 omits.
136 *him.* Q1, um. *them.* Q1, her.
139 *will but fan.* Q1, would but flame.
141 *This.* Q1, the. *tis.* Q1, it is.

And he that tells me this, is honourable,
As farre from lies as she is farre from truth.
O that, like beasts, we could not grieve our selves
With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight
To keepe their females, standing in their sight;
But take um from them, and you take at once
Their spleenes away; and they will fall againe
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat,
And taste the waters of the springs as sweete
As twas before; finding no start in sleepe.
But miserable man —

Enter Bellario

See, see, you gods!
He walkes still; and the face you let him weare
When he was innocent is still the same,
Not blasted. Is this justice? Doe you meane
To entrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Thinke he is guilty.

Bellario. Health to you, my lord!
The princesse doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you. [*He gives him a letter.*]

Phi. Oh, Bellario,

147 *um.* Q1, them. 150 *springs.* Q5a, spring.
Enter Bellario. Q2–F print after *gods.* Q1, "Enter boy" after *man.*
155 *blasted.* Q1, blush.
He gives . . . letter. Only Q1.

Now I perceive she loves me! she does shew it
In loving thee, my boy; she has made thee brave.
Bell. My lord, she has attir'd me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me who doe attend.
Phi. Thou art growne courtly, boy. — O, let all women
That love blacke deeds learne to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper! She does write to me
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but unto me,
A maiden snow that melted with my lookes.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princesse use thee?
For I shall guesse her love to me by that.
Bell. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allyed to her, or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity;
As mothers fond doe use there onely sonnes,
As I'de use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harme,
So she does use me.
Phi. Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kinde language does she feede thee with?

163 *my.* Q1 omits. 165 *Though.* Q1, But. *who.* Q1, that.
166 *boy.* Q1, my boy. 168 *by.* Q1, with.
169 *mines.* Q1, twines. 172 *doth.* Q1, dos.
173 *For . . . that.* Q1 omits. 179 *met.* Q1, meete.
180 *this is.* Q1, tis.

Bell. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weepe no more
For leaving you; sheele see my services
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am neerer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.
Phi. This is much better still.
Bell. Are you not ill, my lord?
Phi. Ill? No, Bellario.
Bell. Me thinkes your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your lookes that quietnesse
That I was wont to see.
Phi. Thou art deceivd, boy:
And she strokes thy head?
Bell. Yes.
Phi. And she does clap thy cheekes?
Bell. She does, my lord.
Phi. And she does kisse thee, boy? ha?
Bell. How, my lord?

183 *loving secrets.* Q1, maiden store.
185 *services.* Q1, service. 186 *Regarded.* Q1, rewarded.
188 *spake.* Q1, speakes.
189 *not ill.* Q1, not well. Q6, F, omit *not.*
191 *Fall . . . evenly.* Q1, fall out from your tongue, so unevenly.
192 *quietnesse.* Q1, quicknesse.
193 *deceived,* Q1. Q2–F, deceiv'd.

Phi. She kisses thee?
Bell. Never, my lord, by heaven!
Phi. That's strange: I know she does.
Bell. No, by my life!
Phi. Why then she does not love me. Come, she does:
I bad her doe it. I charg'd her by all charmes
Of love betweene us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yeeld thee all delights
Naked as to her bed: I tooke her oath
Thou shouldst enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not parrallesse? Is not her breath
Sweete as Arabian winds when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?
Bell. I, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplext. When first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abusde,
Some villaine has abusde you: I doe see
Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his head
That put this to you! tis some subtile traine
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

197 *Never . . . heaven.* Q4–F, D, Not so, my lord.
198 *That's strange.* Q4–F, D, Come, come.
200 *bad.* Q1, bid. *doe it.* Q1, do't.
202 *delights.* Q1, delight. 203 *bed.* Q1, Lord.
205 *parrallesse.* Q1, paradise; Q6, F, paralleless.
209 *I.* Q1, Yes. *disturbed.* Q1, discurled.
211 *augury.* Q1, auguries.
213 *Whereto.* Q1, where. 215 *frame.* Q1, friend.

Phi. Thou thinkst I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift; I hate her more
Than I love happinesse, and placed thee there
To prye with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discovered? Is she falne to lust,
As I would wish her? Speake some comfort to me.
Bell. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:
Had she the lust of sparrowes, or of goates;
Had she a sinne that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aide
Her base desires: but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveale,
To make my life last ages.
Phi. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse then the maine disease.—
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plaine
As I doe now thy face.
Bell. Why, so you doe.
She is (for ought I know), by all the gods,
As chaste as ice; but were she foule as hell,

219 *narrow*. Q1, sparrowes.
223 *or*. Q1, and.
224 *way, hid*. Q1, weighed.
226 *came*. Q1, come.
229 *disease*. Q1, deceit.
233 *now*. F, know.

And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor buls of
brasse,
Should draw it from me.
Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I doe hate thee: I could curse thee now.
Bell. If you doe hate, you could not curse me
worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me then is your hate.
Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling! tell me when
And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues
Fall upon me, if I destroy thee not!
[*He drawes his sword.*]
Bell. By heaven, I never did: and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd!
Hew me asunder, and whilst I can thinke

238–240 *Should . . . now.* Verse-division of Th, W, D, B. Q1 ends lines with *from me, life, now*; Q2–Q4, *from me, with thee, hate thee, now*; Q5, Q6, *with thee, now*; F, *from me, with thee, now.*

238 *draw.* Q1, wrack. *it is,* Q1. Q2–F, tis.

241 *hate.* Q1, hate me.

243 *Greater.* Q1 omits. *for.* Q1, to.

243–246 *Fie . . . thee not.* Verse-division of Th, W, D, B. Q1 ends lines with *where, upon me, not*; Q2–F, *dissembling, her, not.*

246 *upon,* Q1, D. Q2–F, on. *He . . . sword,* only Q1.

247 *By heaven.* Q4–F, Heaven knows.

I'le love those pieces you have cut away
Better than those that grow, and kisse those limbes
Because you made um so.
Phi. Fearst thou not death? Can boyes contemne that?
Bell. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. Oh, but thou doest not know
What tis to dye.
Bell. Yes, I doe know, my lord:
Tis lesse then to be borne; a lasting sleepe,
A quiet resting from all jealousie,
A thing we all persue: I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.
Phi. But there are paines, false boy,
For perjur'd soules; thinke but on those, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

251 *those limbs.* Q6, F, these limbs.
252 *Fearst.* Q4'39–F, Fearest. 254 *Can.* Q1, could.
256 *but.* Q1 omits. Qq, F, end line with *dye.* *doest*, only Q2. Qq, F, dost.
261 *over of a game.* Q1, ore againe.
263 *those.* Q4–F, D, these.
264 *and thou.* Q1, and then thou.

Bell. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of: kill me!
[*Phi.*] Oh, what should I doe?
Why, who can but beleeve him? He does sweare
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario:
Thy protestations are so deepe, and thou
Doest looke so truely when thou utterst them,
That, though I know um false as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
Too blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest lookes, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth. A love from me to thee
Is firme, what e're thou doest: it troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheekes,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more; something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tenderst me,
Let me not see thee.

269 *Phi.* Q2 omits by mistake.
274 *Doest.* Q1, Q5, Q6, F, dost. *utterst*, Q2, Q6, uttrest. Other Qq, F, utterest.
275 *know.* F, known. 279 *tender youth.* Q1, honest lookes.
280 *doest*, only Q2. Other Qq, F, dost.
281 *the blood.* Q1, thy blood, 282 *thee.* B (qy.), them.
285 *tenderst.* Q1, tenderest.

Bell. I will flie as farre
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honor'd mind. But through these teares
Shed at my hopelesse parting, I can see
A world of treason practisde upon you,
And her, and me. Farewel for ever more!
If you shall heare that sorrow strucke me dead,
And after finde me loyall, let there be
A teare shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace. *Exit Bell*[*ario*].
Phi. Blessing be with thee,
What ever thou deservest! — Oh, where shall I
Goe bathe this body? Nature too unkinde,
That made no medicine for a troubled minde!
Ex[*it*] *Phi*[*laster*].

[Scene II.

Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace.]

Enter Arethusa.

Arethusa. I marvaile my boy comes not backe againe;

288 *mind.* Q1, frame.
289 *hopelesse.* Q1, haplesse. 292 *sorrow.* Q1, sorrowes.
296 *ever.* Q1, ere. *deservest*, Q1–Q3. Q5a, deserv'd. Q4, Q5b, Q6, F, deserv'st.
297 *bathe.* Q4-F, bath. *this.* Q6, F, thy.
298 *made.* Q1, mad'st. *for.* Q1, to.
Enter Arethusa. Q1, Princesse, and "Prin" for *Are.* throughout the scene. 1 *againe.* Q1 omits.

But that I know my love will question him
Over and over, how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;
How I remembred him when his deare name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such; I should be angry at his stay.

Enter King.

King. What, at your meditations? Who attends you?

Are. None but my single selfe; I neede no guard;
I doe no wrong, nor feare none.

King. Tell me, have you not a boy?

Are. Yes sir.

King. What kinde of boy?

Are. A page, a wayting boy.

King. A handsome boy?

Are. I thinke he be not ugly:
Well quallified, and dutifull, I know him;
I tooke him not for beauty.

King. He speakes, and sings and playes?

Are. Yes sir.

3 *wak'd, talk'd.* Q1, make talke.
4 *remembred.* Q1, remember.
5 *spoke . . . sung.* Q1, spoken, And how spoke when I sight song.
7 *at.* Q1, in; Q5a, of; Q6, F, are.
12 *ugly.* Q1, B, ugly, sir.

King. About eighteene?
Are. I never ask'd his age.
King. Is he full of service?
Are. By your pardon, why doe you aske?
King. Put him away.
Are. Sir?
King. Put him away I say.
H'as done you that good service shames me to speake of.
Are. Good sir, let me understand you.
King. If you feare me,
Shew it in duty; put away that boy.
Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.
King. Doe not you blush to aske it? Cast him off,
Or I shall doe the same to you. Y'are one
Shame with me, and so neere unto my selfe,
That, by my life, I dare not tell my selfe,
What you, my selfe, have done.
Are. What have I done, my lord?
King. Tis a new language, that all love to learn:

19 *I say*, only Q1, Q2. 23 *sir.* Q1 omits.
24 *my.* Q1, a.
26 *the same.* Q1, that shame. *Y'are.* Q1, ye are.
27 *unto.* Q1 omits.
28 *my life.* Q1, the gods. *I dare.* Q1, I'd dare.
30 *have I*, Q1, Q3–F. Q2, I have. *my lord.* Q1 omits.

The common people speake it well already;
They need no grammer. Understand me well,
There be foule whispers stirring. Cast him off,
And suddenly; doe it! Farewell. *Exit King.*

Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour faire? Not with the living;
They feede upon opinions, errours, dreames,
And make um truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,
And when they see a vertue fortefied
Strongly above the battry of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sinke it! and defeated,
(Soule sicke with poison) strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Enter Philaster.

Philaster. Peace to your fairest thoughts, deerest mistresse.

Are. Oh, my deerest servant, I have a warre within me.

Phi. He must be more then man that makes these christals
Run into rivers. Sweetest faire, the cause?
And as I am your slave, tied to your goodnesse,

36 *maiden.* Q1, maid. 37 *faire.* Q4–F, safe.
39 *truths.* Q1, truth. 43 *cast.* Q1, mind.
44 *Soule.* Q1, foule. *strike the monuments.* Q1, stricke the mountaines.
45 *lie.* Q1, be. 47 *deerest.* Th, B, my dearest.

Your creature, made againe from what I was,
And newly spirited, I'le right your honor.
Are. Oh, my best love, that boy!
Phi. What boy?
Are. The pretty boy you gave me.
Phi. What of him?
Are. Must be no more mine.
Phi Why?
Are. They are jealous of him.
Phi. Jealous, who?
Are. The King.
Phi. [*aside*]. Oh, my misfortune!
Then tis no idle jealousie. — Let him goe.
Are. Oh, cruel!
Are you hard hearted too? who shall now tell you,
How much I lovd you? who shal sweare it to you,
And weepe the teares I send? Who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets? loose his health in service?

53 *I'le.* Q4'39–Q6, He. *honor.* Q6, F, honours.
57 *my misfortune*, Q1, B. Q3, my my fortune; Q4–F, D, my fortune.
58 *him.* Q5a, me.
59–69 *Oh, cruel . . . Philaster.* Verse-division as in Th, W, D, B. Qq, F, end lines with *too, you, send, bracelets, nights, sing, soule, mourne, ill, eye-lids, Philaster.*
62 *you.* Q6, your.

Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?
Who shall [now] sing your crying elegies?
And strike a sad soule into senseless pictures,
And make them mourne? Who shall take up his lute,
And touch it, till he crowne a silent sleepe
Upon my eye-lids, making me dreame, and cry,
"Oh my deere, deare Philaster"?
Phi. [*aside*]. Oh my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This lady was not loyall! — Mistrisse,
Forget the boy, I'le get thee a farre better.
Are. Oh never, never such a boy againe
As my Bellario!
Phi. Tis but your fond affection.
Are. With thee, my boy, farewel for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewel faith,
And all desire to doe well for it selfe!
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell and betray chaste love.
Phi. And all this passion for a boy?

64 *Wake*. Q1, make. 65 *now*, Q1, D, B.
67 *mourne*. Q1, warme. 69 *eye-lids*. Q4–F, eye-lid.
69 *making*. Q1, make.
72–73 *This lady . . . better*. Dyce's division. Q2–F end l. 72 with *forget*. Q1 ends l. 72 with *loyall*, and l. 73 with *thee*.
73 *thee*. Q1, you. 77 *secrecy*. Q1, service.
78 *desire . . . it selfe*. Q1, desires to doe well, for thy sake.

Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the losse of such must have a mourning for.
Phi. O thou forgetfull woman!
Are. How, my lord?
Phi. False Arethusa!
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost um? If not, leave to talke
And doe thus.
Are. Doe what, sir? would you sleepe?
Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh you gods,
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shocke of many fortunes?
Have I seene mischiefes numberlesse and mighty
Growe like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosome,
And laught upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant King, that languishing
Hears his sad bell and sees his mourners? Doe I
Beare all this bravely, and must sinke at length

82 *to.* Q1, unto.
89 *Phi.* Q1 omits by mistake. *you gods.* Q1, ye gods, ye gods.
90 *worthy.* Q1, wealthy.
91 *alone.* Q1, Above.
92 *mischiefes.* Q1, mischiefe.
93 *like.* F, live.
94 *stern.* Q1, deepe.
96 *flung.* Q1, flowing.
98 *Hears.* Q1, heare.
99 *must.* Q1 omits.

Under a womans falshood? Oh that boy,
That cursed boy? None but a villaine boy
To ease your lust?
Are. Nay, then I am betrayed.
I feele the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched!
Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdome: give it to your joy,
For I have no joy in it. Some farre place,
Where never woman kinde durst set her foote
For bursting with her poisons, must I seeke,
And live to curse you:
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
What woman is, and helpe to save them from you;
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts
More hell then hell has; how your tongues, like scorpions,
Both heale and poyson; how your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle webbe,
And worne so by you; how that foolish man,
That reades the story of a womans face,

109 *poisons.* Q1, poyson.
111 *There.* Q1, and there. *birds and beasts.* Q1, beasts and birds.
112 *woman is.* Q1, women are. *and helpe . . . you.* Q1 omits.
117 *so.* Q1 omits. *man.* Q1, men.
118 *reades.* Q1, reade.

And dies beleeving it, is lost for ever;
How all the good you have is but a shaddow,
I'th morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten; how your vowes are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone;
How you are, being taken all together,
A meere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last houre, I am bound to utter of you.
So farewell all my woe, all my delight!

Exit Phi[*laster*].

Are. Be mercifull, ye gods, and strike me dead!
What way have I deserv'd this? Make my breast
Transparant as pure christal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turne her eyes,
To finde out constancy?

Enter Bell[*ario.*]

Save me, how blacke
And guiltily, me thinkes that boy lookes now!
Oh, thou dissembler, that before thou spak'st

122 *frosts.* Q1, frost. 129 *ye.* Q1, you; Q5a omits.
131 *as pure christal.* Q1 omits; Q3, as a pure christal.
133 *a woman turne her.* Q1, women turne their.
134 *Enter Bellario,* placed as in Q1, which has, "Enter boy." Q2–F place entry at end of the line.
135 *guiltily.* Q1, vile; Q3–F, guilty.
136 *spak'st.* Q1, spokst; Q6, speak'st.

Wert in thy cradle false! sent to make lies,
And betray innocents! thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Foold by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Flie away!
Let my command force thee to that which shame
Would do without it. If thou understoodst
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heapes of hills,
Least men should dig and finde thee.
Bellario. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this griefe
You adde unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seene to swell:
My Lord hath strucke his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joyes.
You need not bid me flye; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!
I durst not runne away in honesty
From such a lady, like a boy that stole,
Or made some grievous fault. The power of gods

138 *betray innocents.* Q1, to betray innocence.
139 *May.* Q1, Maist. 144 *undergone.* Q1, undertooke.
146 *men.* Q1, we. 147 *men.* Q1, me.
151 *hath.* Q1, has; F, had.
153 *You.* Q1, Ye. 157 *grievous.* Q1, greater.

Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time
Reveale the truth to your abused lord
And mine, that he may know your worth; whilst I
Goe seeke out some forgotten place to dye!
Exit Bell[*ario*].

Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrowne me once;
Yet if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villaine with thy lookes,
Might talke me out of it, and send me naked,
My haire disheveld, through the fiery streetes.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestnesse.

Are. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turne me to a fearefull hynde,
That I may dye persued by cruell hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds.
Exeunt.

158 *sufferings.* Q1, suffering.
162 *Thou hast*, Q1. Q2–F, th'ast.
163 *Yet . . . Troy.* Q1, but . . . time.
165 *talke.* Q1, take.

Actus 4. Scœna I.

[*Before the Palace.*]

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasilin, and Attendants.

King. What, are the hounds before, and all the woodmen?
Our horses ready, and our bowes bent?
Dion. All, sir.
King [*to Pharamond*]. Y'are clowdy, sir; come, we have forgotten
Your veniall trespasse; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit; heres none dare utter it.
Dion. He lookes like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull as a dormouse: see how he sinks; the wench has shot him betweene winde and water, and I hope sprung a leake.
Thrasiline. He needes no teaching, he strikes sure enough: his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlues; would hee wod leave off poaching!
Dion. And for his horne, has left it at the

and Attendants. Q1, and two Wood-men.
3 *to Pharamond*, D, B. *Y'are.* Q1, you are.
4 *trespasse.* Q1, trespasses.
5 *heres.* Q4–F omit. *dare.* Q1, dares.
6 *Dion.* Q1, "Cle." 9 *leake.* Q1, lake.

lodge where he lay late. Oh, hee's a pretious lyme-hound! turne him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i'th slip. When my fox-bitch Bewty growes proud, I'le borrow him.

King. Is your boy turn'd away?

Arethusa. You did command sir, and I obeyd you.

King. Tis well done. Harke ye furder.

Cleremont. Is't possible this fellow should repent? Mee thinkes that were not noble in him; and yet he lookes like a mortefied member, as if hee had a sicke mans salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physicall justice or other would presently (without the helpe of an almanacke) have opened the abstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dogge-whippe.

Dion. See, see, how modestly yon lady lookes, as if she came from churching with her neighbours! Why, what a divell can a man see in her face, but that shee's honest?

15 *pretious.* Q1, pernitious.
16 *loose.* Q1 omits. *pursuit.* Q1–Q3, pursue.
17 *a.* Q1, any.
20–23 *Is . . . furder.* D prints as two verse-lines, ending the first with *sir.* 21 *obeyd.* F, obey.
24 *Cleremont.* Q1, "Leon," and the next speech to "Tra."
33 *yon.* Q5b–F, your. 34 *neighbours.* Q3–F, neighbour.
35 *a man.* Q1, you.

Thra. Faith, no great matter to speake of; a foolish twinckling with the eye, that spoiles her coate; but hee must be a cunning harald that findes it.

Dion. See how they muster one another! O there's a rancke regiment, where the divell carries the colours, and his dam drum-major! now the world and the flesh come behinde with the carriage.

Cle. Sure this lady has a good turne done her against her will; before she was common talke, now none dare say cantharides can stirre her. Her face lookes like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to bee tied up and bolted when this lady meanes to let her selfe loose. As I live, shee has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discreetely, for her health sake, once a weeke, excepting Lent and Dog-dayes. Oh, if they were to bee got for money, what a

37 *Thra.* Q1, "Cle."; Q4–F, "Pha." *Faith.* Q4–F, Troth.
41 *Dion.* Q1, "Tra." and the following speech to "Leon." *one.* Q1, on.
42 *regiment.* Q1, regient. 43 *dam.* Q1, damn'd.
44 *the world and the flesh.* Q1, the flesh and the world.
46 *done her.* Q1 omits *her.* 48 *dare.* Q1, dares.
52 *her.* Q1 omits.
54 *health.* Q4'39–F, D, B, health's.
55 *excepting.* Q1, except.

large sum would come out of the city for these licences!

King. To horse, to horse! we loose the morning, gentlemen. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II.

A Forest.]

Enter two Woodmen.

1st Woodman. What, have you lodged the deere?

2d Woodman. Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1st Wood. Who shootes?

2nd Wood. The princesse.

1st Wood. No shee'l hunt.

2nd Wood. Shee'l take a stand, I say.

1st Wood. Who else?

2nd Wood. Why, the young stranger prince.

1st Wood. Hee shall shoote in a stone bow for me. I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship since hee forsooke the say, for paying ten shillings. He was there at the fall of a deere, and would needes (out of his mightinesse) give ten groates for the dowcets; marry, his steward would have

57 *large*, Q1, Q2. Q3–F, D, B, great.
Exeunt. Q1, Exit King and Lords, Manet Wood-men.
2 *deere.* Q1, Deere below. 9 *stranger.* Q1, strange.
15 *dowcets.* Q1, docets; Q4'39–F, dowcers.
his, Q1. Q2–F, the. *would have.* Q5–F, would have had.

the velvet head into the bargaine, to turfe his hat withall: I thinke he should love venery, he is an old Sir Tristram; for if you be remembred, he forsooke the stagge once to strike a raskall miching in a medow, and her he kild in the eye. Who shootes else?

2nd Wood. The lady Galatea.

1st Wood. That's a good wench, and shee would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberall, and, by the gods, they say she's honest, and whether that be a fault [or no,] I have nothing to doe. There's all?

2nd Wood. No, one more, Megra.

1st Wood. That's a firker, I faith, boy. There's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennell of hounds as a hunting saddle; and when she comes home, get um clapt, and all is well againe. I have knowne her lose her selfe three times in one afternoone (if the woods have beene answerable), and it has been worke enough for one man to finde her, and he has sweat for

18 *is an.* Q1, and. *you*, Q1, ye. 19 *the.* Q1, a.
20 *miching*, Th. Qq, F, milking, which Boas retains. B (qy.), walking. 23 *and.* Q1, an.
25 *the gods.* Q4–F, D, my bow. *she's.* Q1 omits.
27 *or no*, only Q1. 34 *have.* Q1, Q6, F, had.
36 *it.* Q1 omits.
37 *he.* Q1 omits. *for it.* Q1, for't.

it. She rides well, and she payes well. Harke, let's goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philaster.

Philaster. Oh, that I had beene nourish'd in these woods
With milke of goates and akrons, and not knowne
The right of crownes, nor the dissembling traines
Of womens lookes; but dig'd my selfe a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattell, and my bed
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountaine girle,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardned rocks
Whereon she dwelt, that might have strewed my bed
With leaves, and reedes, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts
My large course issue. This had beene a life
Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bellario. Oh wicked men!
An innocent may walke safe among beasts;

38–39 *Harke, let's goe.* Q1, Hark else.
40 *these.* Q1, the. 41 *akrons.* Q1, acrons.
43 *womens lookes.* Q1, cruell love.
47 *hardned rocks.* Q1, rocke. 48 *dwelt,* Q1. Q2–F, dwells. 50 *borne at her.* Q1, borne out her.
53 *innocent.* F, innocent man.

Nothing assaults me here. See, my grieved lord
Sits as his soule were searching out a way
To leave his body! — Pardon me that must
Breake thy last commandement; for I must speake:
You that are griev'd can pitty; heare, my lord!
Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?
Bell. Oh, my noble lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merrit nothing), so much as may serve
To keepe that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger.
Phi. Is it thou? be gone!
Go sell those misbeseeming cloathes thou wearest,
And feed thy selfe with them.
Bell. Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for them:
The silly countrey people thinke tis treason
To touch such gay things.
Phi. Now, by the gods, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight;

54 *See.* Q1, I see. 56 *must.* Q1 omits.
61 *fortune.* Q1, fortunes.
65–70 *Phi. Is it . . . gay things.* Q1 omits.
66 *wearest.* Q4'39–F, wear'st.
70 *by the gods.* Q4–F, D, my life.

Th'art falne againe to thy dissembling trade.
How shouldst thou thinke to cozen me againe?
Remaines there yet a plague untride for me?
Even so thou wepst, and lookst, and spokst, when first
I tooke thee up: curse on the time! If thy
Commanding teares can work on any other,
Use thy art; I'le not betray it. Which way
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee?
For thine eyes are poison to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

Bell. Any will serve, but I will chuse to have
That path in chase that leades unto my grave.

Exit Phi[laster and] Bell[ario] severally.

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Dion. This is the strangest suddaine chance!
—You woodman!

1st Woodman. My Lord Dion?

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way on a sable horse studded with starres of white?

72 *Th'art.* Q1, thou art.
75 *lookst, and.* Q4–F omit. *first I.* Q1, I first.
76–81 *I tooke . . . that way.* Verse-division of Q2–F. B transfers *which way* from l. 78 to l. 79 and follows Th, in changing *to* of l. 80 to "unto." W, D, make seven lines, ending *up, teares, art, take, poison, rage, way.* 76 *up.* Q1 omits.
Enter, etc. Q1, Enter Leon, Cle. and Wood-men.
84 *chance.* Q6, F, change. 85 *1st Woodman.* Q1, "Cle."
87 *studded.* Q1, starre-dyed; Q6, F, stubbed.

2nd Woodman. Was she not young and tall?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood, or to the plaine?

2nd Wood. Faith, my lord, we saw none.

Exit Woodmen.

Dion. Poxe of your questions then! —

Enter Cleremont.

What, is she found?

Cleremont. Nor will be, I thinke.

Dion. Let him seeke his daughter himselfe: shee cannot stray about a little necessary naturall businesse, but the whole court must be in armes; when she has done, we shall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherlesse tales amongst us; some say her horse ran away with her; some, a wolfe persued her; others, t'was a plot to kill her, and that arm'd men were seene in the wood; but questionlesse, she rode away willingly.

Enter King, and Thrasiline.

King. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How's that? Answer me so againe.

Cle. Sir, shall I lie?

88 *2nd Woodman.* Q1, "1 Wood." 91 *your.* Q2, you. *Enter Cleremont.* Q1 omits. 98 *ran.* Q1, Q5b–F, run. 100 *t'was.* Q3, it was. *arm'd.* Q1, armed. 103 *How's.* Q3–F, How is. 104 *Cle.* Q1, "Leon."

King. Yes, lie and damne, rather then tell me that.
I say againe, where is she? Mutter not! —
Sir, speake you, where is she?
Dion. Sir, I doe not know.
King. Speake that againe so boldly, and, by heaven,
It is thy last. — You fellowes, answer me,
Where is she? Marke me all, I am your king,
I wish to see my daughter; shew her me;
I doe command you all, as you are subjects,
To shew her me. What! am I not your king?
If I, then am I not to be obeyed?
Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.
King. Things possible and honest! Heare me, thou, —
Thou traytor, that dar'st confine thy king to things
Possible and honest; shew her me,
Or let me perish, if I cover not
All Cicilie with blood.
Dion. Faith, I cannot,
Unlesse you tell me where she is.

114 *then.* Q1, why then.
116–117 *Heare . . . traytor.* Q1, heare me then, thou traytor.
117–118 *things . . . honest.* Q1, possible and honest, things.
120 *Faith.* Q4–F, D, Indeed.
121 *you.* Q1, you'le.

King. You have betrayed me; you have let me loose
The jewell of my life: goe, bring her me,
And set her here before me: tis the King
Will have it so, whose breath can still the winds,
Unclowd the sun, charme downe the swelling sea,
And stop the flouds of heaven. Speake, can it not?
Dion. No.
King. No? Cannot the breath of kings doe this?
Dion. No; nor smell sweete it selfe, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.
King. Is it so? Take heed!
Dion. Sir, take you heed how you dare the powers
That must be just.
King. Alas, what are we kings?
Why doe you gods place us above the rest,
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Beleeve we hold within our hands your thunder?

122 *you have*, Q1. Q2–F, y'have.
124 *here*. Q6, F, omit.
128 *kings*. Q1, a King.
129 *Dion*. Q1, "Cle." *No; nor*. Q1, no more.
130 *Is it so*. Q1 omits. *Take*. Q1, Take you.
131 *Sir*. Q1 omits.
134 *till*. Q1, still.

And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatnings.
I have sind tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
Yet would not thus be punish'd; let me chuse
My way, and lay it on.

Dion. He articles with the gods; would some body would draw bonds for the performance of covenants betwixt them!

Enter Pha[ramond], Galatea, and Megra.

King. What, is she found?

Pharamond. No, we have tane her horse,
He gallopt empty by. There's some treason:
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her?

Galatea. She did command me.

King. Command! you should not.

Gal. T'would ill become my fortunes and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my king.

King. Y'are all cunning to obey us for our hurt,
But I will have her.

Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand, there shall be no more Cicilie.

136 *we have.* Q1, we thinke we have.
138 *stand.* Q1, I stand.
139 *thus.* Q1, these. 143 *covenants.* Q1, covenant.
146 *with her into the wood.* Q1, into the Wood with her.
148 *King.* Q1, "Pha." 151 *Y'are.* Q1, O y'are. *hurt.* Q1, hurts. 153 *hand.* Q1, sword.

Dion. What, will he carry it to Spaine in's pocket?

Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
A cooke, and a taylor.

Dion. Yes, you may do well to spare your lady bedfellow, and her you may keep for a spawner.

King. I see the injuries I have done must be reveng'd.

Dion. Sir, this is not the way to finde her out.

King. Run all, disperse your selves. The man that findes her,
Or (if she be kild) the traytor, I'le make him great.

Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to finde her.

Pha. Come, let us seeke.

King. Each man a severall way, here I my selfe.

Dion. Come gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you must goe search too.

Megra. I had rather be search'd my selfe.

Exit omnes.

157 *Yes.* Q4–F, D, Yet. *spare.* Q1, leave.
158 *lady.* Q6, F, ladies. *and her . . . spawner.* Q1, here for a spincer. 164 *I know some.* Q1, I, some.
166–167 *Pha. King.* Q1 gives these speeches to "King" and "Pha." respectively.
170 *Megra.* Q1, "Gal." *be search'd.* Q1, the search.

[Scene III.

Another Part of the Forest.]

Enter Arethusa.

Arethusa. Where am I now? Feete finde me out a way,
Without the counsell of my troubled head.
I'le follow you boldly about these woods,
O're mountaines, thorow brambles, pits, and flouds.
Heaven I hope will ease me. I am sicke.
[*She sits down.*]

Enter Bellario.

Bellario. Yonder's my lady. God knowes I want nothing,
Because I doe not wish to live; yet I
Will try her charity. — Oh heare, you that have plenty,
From that flowing store, drop some on drie ground. — See,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart!
I feare she faints: — Madam, looke up! — She breathes not. —

1 *finde . . . way.* Q1, finde out the way.
4 *O're.* Q1, or. *thorow*, Q4'39–F. Q1–Q4'34, through. *She sits down*, Q1.
6–14 *Yonder's . . . comfort*, line-division Q2–F. D ends lines with *want, live, hear, store, red, faints, more, lord, is it, comfort.*
6 *Yonder's my lady.* Q1, Yonder my lady is. *God.* Q1, gods; Q3–F, D, Heaven. 9 *ground.* Q1, grounds.

Open once more those rosie twins, and send
Unto my lord your latest farewell! — Oh, she stirres! —
How is it, madam? Speake comfort.
Are. Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there. I prethee, let me goe,
I shall doe best without thee; I am well.

Enter Philaster.

Philaster. I am too blame to be so much in rage;
I'le tell her coolely, when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.
Oh monstrous! Tempt me not, you gods! good gods,
Tempt not a fraile man! — What's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here!
Bell. My lord, helpe, helpe the princesse.
Are. I am well: forbeare.
Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embrac't

12 *more.* Q1 omits. *twins.* Q1, twines.
13 *Oh.* Q5b, I Oh. *she.* Q6, he.
14 *is it.* Q1, is't. 18 *I am well.* Q1 omits.
23 *you.* F, D, ye. 24 *What's.* Q1, Who's.
25 *here.* Q1, with his tongue.
26 *helpe, helpe the,* Q1–Q3, B. Q4–Q6, help; F, help the; D, help, help! The. 28 *lightning.* Q1, lightnings.

And kist by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basalisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good god looke downe
And shrinke these veins up; stick me here a stone
Lasting to ages in the memory
Of this damned act! — Heare me, you wicked ones,
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with teares; for which, may guilt
Sit on your bosomes! at your meales, and beds,
Dispaire awayte you! What, before my face?
Poyson of aspes between your lips! Deseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse
And throw it on you!
Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enrag'd, and heare me.
Phi. I have done;
Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea,
When Eolus locks up his windy brood,
Is lesse disturb'd then I. I'le make you know't:

30 *the.* Q4–F, to.
31 *Of . . . downe.* Q4–F omit. *women.* Q2, woman.
33 *ages in the.* Q1 omits.
35 *hills of.* Q6, F, the hills on. *this.* Q1, my.
40 *make.* Q4–Q5, makes.
41 *throw.* Q2 misprints, through.
42 *To be enrag'd.* Q1, To inrage.
45 *know't*, Q2. Q3–F, D, B, know it. Q1, know.

Dear Arethusa, doe but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you and this your boy may live and raigne
In lust without controle.—Wilt thou, Bellario?
I prethee kill me; thou art poore, and maist
Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am dead,
Thy way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad I should desire to live.
Sirs, feele my pulse; whether have you knowne
A man in a more equall tune to die?
Bell. Alas, my lord, your pulse keepes madmans time!
So does your tongue.
Phi. You will not kill me then?
Are. Kill you?
Bell. Not for the world.
Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: thou hast done but that which gods
Would have transform'd themselves to do. Be gone!
Leave me without reply; this is the last

45 Q1 adds stage-direction, *offers his drawn sword.*
46 *doe but.* Q1 omits.
52 *Thy*, Q1. Q2–F, This.
54 *have you.* Q1, D, you have. 55 *a.* Q1 omits.
56 *Bell.* Q1, "Prin.," *i. e.*, Arethusa. *madmans.* Q1, madmens.
58 *Are . . . Bell.* Q1, "Boy." . . . "Prin." *the.* Q4–F, a.

Of all our meetings. (*Exit Bell*[*ario.*]) Kill me
with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow; we are two
Earth cannot beare at once. Resolve to doe,
Or suffer.

Are. If my fortune be so good, to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousie in the other world, no ill there?

Phi. No.

Are. Shew me then the way.

Phi. Then guide my feeble hand,
You that have power to doe it, for I must
Performe a peece of justice. — If your youth
Have any way offended heaven, let prayers
Short and effectuall reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepared.

Enter a Countrey Fellow.

Country Fellow. I'le see the King, if he be in the forrest; I have hunted him these two houres. If I should come home and not see him, my

62 *meetings*, Q1. Q2–F, meeting.
66 *fortune.* Q1, F, fortunes. 67 *in death.* Q1, with earth.
68 *will there.* Q1, Q2, there will.
69 *jealousie*, Q1–Q4. Q5–F, D, B, jealousies.
there. Q1, here.
71 *Shew . . . way.* Q1, Shew me the way to joy.
76 *to it.* Q1, to 't.
Enter . . Fellow. Q1, Enter . . Gallant. 78 *I'le.* Q1, I will.
79 *these.* Q1, this. *houres.* Q3, Q4, houre.

sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing but people better horst then my selfe, that outride me; I can heare nothing but showting. These kings had need of good braines; this whooping is able to put a meane man out of his wits. There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman I thinke.

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With heaven and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soule and body!

[*Wounds her.*]

Coun. Hold, dastard, strike a woman! Th'art a craven, I warrant thee; thou wouldst bee loth to play halfe a dozen venies at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thy selfe
Upon our private sports, our recreations.

82 *then.* Q2 misprints, then then. *outride.* Q4'39, Q5b, Q6, outrid.
84 *good.* Q1, strong. *this.* Q1, the.
85 *is . . . man.* Q1, would put a man.
88 *Are . . . earth.* B includes *May they* in this line.
heaven. F, Heavens.
89 *May.* Q1, Nay.
Wounds her. Q1, "Phy. wounds her" after *peace*, l. 88.
91 *thou wouldst.* Q1, thou d'st; Q3–Q6, thou wouldest.
92 *dozen.* Q4–F, dozen of. *venies.* Q2, Q3, spell, veines.
93 *good fellow.* Q1, man.

Coun. God uds me, I understand you not; but I know the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Persue thy owne affaires; it will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head, which thou
Wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your rethoricke, but I can lay it on if you touch the woman. *They fight.*

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest!

Are. Heaven guard my lord!

Coun. Oh, doe you breathe?

Phi. I heare the tread of people. I am hurt;
The gods take part against me; could this boore
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I doe loathe it. I would finde a course
To lose it rather by my will then force.

Exit Philaster.

Coun. I cannot follow the rogue: I preethee wench, come kisse me now.

Enter Phara[mond], Dion, Cle[remont], Thrasi[line] and Woodmen.

Pharamond. What art thou?

Coun. Almost kild I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

97 *uds me.* Q1, judge me; Q4–F, uds.
98 *you.* Q1, ye. 102 *rethoricke.* Q1, Rethrack.
104 *Heaven.* Q1, Gods; Q4–F, D, Heavens.
107 *could.* Q1, would. 109 *loathe.* Q1, lose.
112 *come kisse,* Q1, B. Q2–F, D, come and kiss.
113 *Pharamond.* Q1, "Leon."

Pha. The princesse, gentlemen! Where's the wound madam? Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

Coun. By God, she lies; has hurt her in the breast,
Look else.

Pha. O sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion. Tis above wonder! who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speake villaine, who has hurt the princesse?

Coun. Is it the princesse?

Dion. I.

Coun. Then I have seene something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you, a rogue; I ne're saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch;
Alas, I know him not, and doe forgive him.

Coun. Hee's hurt too; he cannot goe farre; I made my fathers olde foxe flie about his eares.

119 *By God.* Q3–F, D, I'faith. *in the.* Q1, i'the.
120 *Look else*, Qq, F, include in preceding line. *O sacred.* Q1, oh secret. 125 *Dion. I.* Q1, *Omnes.* I.
127 *Pha.* Q1, "Leon." *hurt her.* Q1, done it.
129–130 *Some . . . forgive him.* Verse-division of D; one line in Qq, F. 132 *made.* Q1, let. *about his.* Q1, about's.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?
Are. Not at all; tis some distracted fellow.
Pha. By this hand, I'le leave never a piece of him bigger then a nut, and bring him all to you in my hat.
Are. Nay, good sir;
If you doe take him, bring him quicke to me,
And I will study for a punishment,
Great as his fault.
Pha. I will.
Are. But sweare.
Pha. By all my love I will.
Woodmen, conduct the princesse to the King,
And beare that wounded fellow to dressing.
Come, gentlemen, wee'l follow the chase close.

Exit Are[*thusa*], *Pha*[*ramond*], *Di*[*on*], *Cle*[*remont*], *Thra*[*siline*], *and 1 Woodman.*

Coun. I pray you, friend, let me see the King.
2nd Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks.
Coun. If I get cleare of this, I'le goe see no more gay sights. *Exeunt.*

135 *hand.* Q1, ayre. *never.* Q5–F, ne'er.
136 *of him.* Q1 omits. *to you,* Q1, Q4–F omit.
141 *fault.* Q1, sinne. 142 *I will.* Q5a, I will. I will.
142–145 *By all . . . close.* Verse-division of D. Prose in Qq, F. 143 *Woodmen.* Q4–F, D, B. Q1–Q3, Woodman.
144 *to.* Q1, unto. *Exit, etc.* Q1 prints simply Exit.
147 *2nd Wood.* Q1, "Cle."
148 *of,* Q1–Q3. Q4–F, with. *goe see,* F. Q1, see; Q2–Q6, goe to see. *Exeunt.* In Qq, F, opposite l. 147.

[Scene IV.

Another Part of the Forest.]

Enter Bellario.

Bellario. A heavinesse neere death sits on my brow,
And I must sleepe. Beare me, thou gentle banke,
For ever if thou wilt. You sweete ones all,
[*Lies down.*]
Let me unworthy presse you: I could wish
I rather were a course strewd 'ore with you
Then quicke above you. Dulnesse shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh, that I could take
So sound a sleepe that I might never wake!
[*Sleeps.*]

Enter Philaster.

Philaster. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, me thought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abusde,
And I a loathed villain: if she be,
She will conceale who hurt her. He has wounds,
And cannot follow, neither knowes he me.
Who's this? Bellario sleeping? If thou beest

1 *A heavinesse neere.* Q1, O heavens! heavy.
3 *ones.* Q1, on. *Lies down*, D.
6 *mine.* Q1, my.
7 *Oh.* Q1 omits.
16 *beest.* Q1, be'st.

Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleepe
Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
So broken. (*Cry within.*) Hark! I am persued.
You gods,
I'le take this offerd meanes of my escape.
They have no marke to know me but my blood,
If she be true; if false, let mischiefe light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy! I ha none, I thinke,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.
Wounds him.
Bell. Oh, death I hope is come! Blest be that hand!
It meant me well. Againe, for pitties sake!
Phi. I have caught my selfe;
Phi[laster] falls.
The losse of blood hath stayed my flight. Here, here
Is he that stroke thee; take thy full revenge;
Use me, as I did meane thee, worse then death;
I'le teach thee to revenge. This lucklesse hand
Wounded the princesse; tell my followers,

19 *Cry within.* So placed in Q1; Q2–F, after l. 17.
21 *blood*, Q1. Q2–F, wounds.
24 *this.* Q1, his. *boy.* Q1, body. *I ha.* Q1, he has.
27 *meant.* Q1, wisht. *pitties.* Q1, pittie.

Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee; get a reward.
Bell. Fly, fly, my lord, and save your selfe.
Phi. How's this?
Wouldst thou I should be safe?
Bell. Else were it vaine
For me to live. These little wounds I have
Ha not bled much; reach me that noble hand;
Ile helpe to cover you.
Phi. Art thou then true to me?
Bell. Or let me perish loath'd. Come, my good lord,
Creepe in amongst those bushes; who does know
But that the gods may save your much lov'd breath?
Phi. Then I shall dye for griefe, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou doe?
Bell. Shift for my selfe well; peace, I heare um come. [*Philaster creeps into a bush.*]
Within. Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.

36 *Fly, fly.* Q1, Hide, hide.
37 *were it.* Q1, it was; Q6, F, it were.
38 *little.* Q1 omits. 39 *Ha.* Q1, has.
40 *then*, only Q1. 41 *good.* Q1 omits.
42 *amongst*, Q1, F. Q2–Q6, among. *those.* Q1, these.
43 *much lov'd breath.* Q1, your breeth in't, Shromd.
46 *Philaster . . . bush*, W, D, B.
47 *Follow, follow, follow!* Q1, Follow, follow.

Bell. With my owne wounds I'le bloudy my owne sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; heaven knowes,
That I can stand no longer. [*Falls.*]

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.

Pharamond. To this place we have tract him by his bloud.

Cleremont. Yonder, my lord, creepes one away.

Dion. Stay sir; what are you?

Bell. A wretched creature wounded in these woods
By beasts; relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.

Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soule, that hurt her; tis the boy,
That wicked boy that serv'd her.

Pha. O, thou damn'd in thy creation!
What cause couldst thou shape to strike the princesse?

Bell. Then I am betrayed.

Dion. Betrayed! no, apprehended.

Bell. I confesse;
(Urge it no more) that, big with evill thoughts,

50 *That.* Q1 omits. *Falls,* D. Q1, Boy falls downe.
51 *we have.* Q1, I.
52–53 *Cleremont. Dion.* Q1, "Leon." "Cle."
56 *Dion.* Q1, "Tra." 57 *tis.* Q1, it is.
59 *thy.* Q5a, the. 60 *strike.* Q3–F, D, B, hurt.

I set upon her, and did make my ayme
Her death. For charity, let fall at once
The punishment you meane, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.
Pha. I will know
Who hired thee to this deed.
Bell. Mine owne revenge.
Pha. Revenge, for what?
Bell. It pleasde her to receive
Me as her page, and when my fortunes eb'd,
That men strid ore them carelesse, she did showre
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, till they overflowed their bankes,
Threatning the men that crost um; when, as swift
As stormes arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning sunnes upon me, and did dry
The streames she had bestowed, leaving me worse
And more contemn'd then other little brookes,
Because I had beene great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To dye reveng'd.
Pha. If tortures can be found

64 *make.* Q4–F, take.
67 *tortures.* Q1, tortour.
67–68 *I will . . . this deed.* One line Q1, F.
68 *Mine.* Q1, My.
69 *Pha.* Q1, "Cle."
71 *carelesse.* Q4–F, carelessly.
74 *um.* Q1, them.
76 *sunnes.* Q1, Sines.

Long as thy natural life, resolve to feele
The utmost rigour.

Philaster creepes out of a bush.

Cle. Helpe to leade him hence.

Phi. Turne backe, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you beare away
So rudely?

Pha. Who's that?

Dion. Tis the Lord Philaster.

Phi. Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearle
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh downe
That vertue. It was I that hurt the princesse.
Place me, some god, upon a Piramis,
Higher then hils of earth, and lend a voyce
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwels in him!

Pha. How's this?

Bell. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to dye.

Phi. Leave these untimely courtezies, Bellario.

83 *rigour*. Q1, vigour. Stage-direction placed as in Q1; after *vigour* in Q2–F. 84 *innocence*. Q1, innocents.
85 *ye*. Q1, you. *that*. Q1, what. 86 *Tis the*. Q1, My.
87 *all*. Q1, all the. 90 *that*. Q6, as.
91 *upon a Piramis*. Q1, on a Pyramades.
93 *your*. Q1, you. 94 *discourse to all*. Q1, teach.
97 *these . . . courtezies*. Q1, this . . . courtesie.

Bell. Alas, hee's mad; come, will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keepe,
And gods to punish most when men do breake,
He toucht her not. — Take heede, Bellario,
How thou dost drowne the vertues thou hast showne
With perjury. — By all the gods, twas I!
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.

Pha. Thy owne tongue be thy judge.

Cle. It was Philaster.

Dion. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, sirs, I feare me, we were all deceived.

Phi. Have I no friend here?

Dion. Yes.

Phi. Then shew it: some
Good body lend a hand to draw us neerer.
Would you have teares shed for you when you dye?
Then lay me gently on his necke, that there
I may weepe flouds, and breath forth my spirit.

98 *hee's.* Q3–Q6, he is. *lead me on.* Q1, beare me hence.
100 *to*, Q1, Edd. '78. Q2–F, D, B, doe.
101 *not.* Q1, nor. 103 *the gods.* Q4–F, D, that's good.
105–108 *Cle.* . . . *Phi.* Q1 gives these five speeches to Leon, Thra., Boy, Leon, and Boy, respectively.
106 *Is't.* Q3, Is it.
107 *sirs, I feare me.* F omits *me*; Q1, I feare me, sir. *all.* Q1 omits. 111 *gently.* Q6, F, gentle. 112 *forth.* Q3–F, out.

Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away
This armefull from me; this had bin a ransome
To have redeemed the great Augustus Cæsar,
Had he bin taken. You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountaines, can you see
Such cleere pure bloud drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? to bind whose bitter wounds,
Queenes ought to teare their haire, and with their teares
Bath um.—Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poore Philaster.

Enter King, Arethusa, and a Guard.

King. Is the villaine taine?

Pha. Sir, here be two confesse the deede; but sure
It was Philaster.

Phi. Question it no more; it was.

King. The fellow that did fight with him will tell us that.

113 *Tis not.* Q1, Not all. *Plutus.* Q1, Pluto.
119 *cleere.* Q1, a cleere. 120 *bitter.* Q4–F, better.
121 *haire.* Q1, haires. 122 *bathe*, Q1. Q2–F, bath.
124 *Pha.* Q1, "Leon." *sure*, D, B. Q1, sute. Q2–F, W, Boas, say.
125 *It was Philaster.* Qq, F, include in l. 124. *Phi.* Q1, "King."
126 *King.* Q1, "Pha." *us that.* Q4–F, us.

Arethusa. Ay me, I know he will.
King. Did not you know him?
Are. Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.
Phi. I was so. Oh my stars, that I should live still!
King. Thou ambitious foole,
Thou that hast laid a traine for thy owne life!
Now I do meane to doe; I'le leave to talke.
Beare them to prison.
Are. Sir, they did plot together, to take hence
This harmlesse life; should it passe unreveng'd,
I should to earth go weeping; grant me then,
By all the love a father beares his child,
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their deaths.
Dion. Death? soft: our law will not reach that for this fault.
King. Tis granted; take um to you, with a guard.—
Come, princely Pharamond, this businesse past,
We may with more security goe on
To your intended match.

[*Exeunt all except Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline*]

127 *he will.* Q1, him well. 128 *was he.* Q1, were he.
133 *them*, Q1. Q2–F, him. 136 *go.* Q1 om.
137 *love.* Q1, loves. 138 *and.* Q1 omits.
139 *deaths.* Q6, F, death. 140 *our.* Q1, your.
143 *may.* Q1, shall. 144 *To your.* Q1, with our.
Exeunt, etc., D. Q1, Exit King and Pharamont.

Cle. I pray that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.

Dion. Feare it not; their overwise heads will thinke it but a tricke. *Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Actus quarti.

145 *Cle.* Q1, "Leon." 147 *Dion.* Q1, "Cle."
Finis . . . quarti. Q1, F, omit.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

[*Before the Palace.*]

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.

Thrasiline. Has the King sent for him to death?

Dion. Yes, but the King must know tis not in his power to warre with heaven.

Cleremont. We linger time; the King sent for Philaster and the headsman an houre agoe.

Thra. Are all his wounds well?

Dion. All; they were but scratches, but the losse of bloud made him faint.

Cle. We dally, gentlemen.

Thra. Away!

Dion. Weele skuffle hard before he perish.

Exeunt.

[Scene II.

A Prison.]

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario.

Arethusa. Nay, faith, Philaster, grieve not; we are well.

Enter . . . Cleremont. Q2 spells "Clerimond" throughout Act v. 1 *Thrasiline.* Q1 gives this speech and the seven succeeding ones to Leon, Cleremont, Thrasiline, Leon, Thrasiline, Cleremont, Leon, and Thrasiline, respectively.

12 *Weele skuffle.* Q1, a shufle.

Exeunt. Q1, before preceding line, Exit.

Enter, etc. Q1, Enter Phylaster, Princesse, Boy, in prison.

1 *faith.* Q4--F, D, dear.

Bellario. Nay, good my lord, forbeare, were wondrous well.

Philaster. Oh Arethusa, O Bellario, leave to be kind!

I shall be shut from heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man,
False to a paire of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore: can it beare us all?
Forgive and leave me. But the King hath sent
To call me to my death; oh, shew it me,
And then forget me! And for thee, my boy,
I shall deliver words will mollifie
The hearts of beasts to spare thy innocence.

Bell. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts; tis not a life,
Tis but a peece of child-hood throwne away.
Should I outlive you, I should then outlive
Vertue and honour; and when that day comes,
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste by time to nothing!

Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,

2 *were*, Q2. Q1, Q3–F, D, B, we are. 3 *O.* Q1, and.
4 *shut*, Q1. Q2–F, shot. *as now from earth.* Q1 omits.
6 *most trusty.* Q1, truest. 8 *Forgive.* Q1, forgive me.
16 *you.* Q6, F, omit. *I should.* F, I shall. *then.* Q1 omits.
17 *comes.* Q1, come. 18 *shall.* F, should.
20 *by time*, Q1, B. Q2, D, by limbs; Q3–F, my limbs.
21 *that.* Q6, F, as. *was.* Q1, B, liv'd.

Forc't with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Doe by the honour of a virgin sweare
To tell no houres beyond it.
Phi. Make me not hated so.
Are. Come from this prison, all joyfull to our deaths!
Phi. People will teare me when they find you true
To such a wretch as I; I shall dye loath'd.
Injoy your kingdomes peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleepe, forgotten with my faults.
Every just servant, every maid in love,
Will have a peece of me, if you be true.
Are. My deere lord, say not so.
Bell. A peice of you!
He was not born of woman that can cut it
And looke on.
Phi. Take me in teares betwixt you,
For my heart will breake with shame and sorrow.
Are. Why, tis well.
Bell. Lament no more.
Phi. [Why,] what would you have done?
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found

24 *houres beyond.* Q1, houre behind.
28 *kingdomes.* Q1, Kingdome.
30 *servant.* Q1, maiden. 32 *deere lord.* Q1, deerest.
33 *woman*, Q1. Q2–F, women. 37 *Why*, only Q1.

Your life no price compar'd to mine? For love,
sirs,
Deale with me truely.
Bell. Twas mistaken, sir.
Phi. Why if it were?
Bell. Then, sir, we would have ask'd
Your pardon.
Phi. And have hope to injoy it?
Are. Injoy it! I.
Phi. Would you indeed? be plaine.
Bell. We would, my lord.
Phi. Forgive me then.
Are. So, so.
Bell. Tis as it should be now.
Phi. Lead to my death. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III.

A Room in the Palace.]

Enter King, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasilin.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?
Cleremont. So please you, sir, hee's gone to
see the city

39 *Your . . . mine*, Mason conj. W, D, B. Q2–F, My . . . yours; Q1, My life no whit compared to yours.
41–42 *Then . . . pardon.* Qq, F, one line.
42 *Your*, Q2. Q1, Q3–F, you.
44 *Bell.* Q1, "Prin." *Enter, etc.* Q1 adds, and a guard.
2 *Cleremont.* Q1, "Leon."

And the new platforme, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.
King. Is the princesse ready
To bring her prisoner out?
Thrasiline. She waites your grace.
King. Tell her we stay. [*Exit Thrasiline.*]
Dion. King, you may be deceiv'd yet;
The head you aime at cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off;
Like a wilde over-flow, that soopes before him
A golden stacke, and with it shakes down bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable roots
Held out a thousand stormes, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heate of pride,
Charges strong townes, towers, castles, pallaces,
And layes them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruines.

3 *platforme.* Q1, Plotforme. 5 *Thrasiline.* Q1, "Cle."
6 *Exit Thrasiline*, only Q1.
8 *to be lost.* Q1, to lose it. *lightly.* Q5–F, slightly. After *lightly*, Q1 adds stage-direction, "aside."
10 *stacke.* Q1, stocke. 13 *mightier.* Q1, weightier.
14 *that.* Q1, the. 16 *layes.* Q1, leaves.

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario, in a robe and garland, [*and Thrasiline.*]

King. How now, what maske is this?
Bellario. Right royall sir, I should
Sing you an epithelamion of these lovers,
But having lost my best ayres with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestiall harpe to strike
This blessed union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches,
The noblest of the mountaine, where they grew
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their layars, and slep't
Free from [the firver of] the Sirian starre
And the fell thunder-stroke, free from the clouds,
When they were big with humor, and deliver'd
In thousand spouts their issues to the earth:
O there was none but silent quiet there!
Till never pleased Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so, and did raigne

in a robe and garland. Q1, with a garland of flowers on's head.
21 *should.* Q1, shal. 22 *of these lovers.* Q1 omits.
23 *having.* Q5a, have. 25 *on.* Q1 omits.
27 *mountaine.* Q1, mountaines.
30 *the firver of*, only Q1.
30–33. *Free from . . . earth.* Line-division of D. Q2–F, three lines, ending *thunder-stroke, humor, earth.*
33 *deliver'd.* Q4–F. Q1–Q3, deliver.
34 *their.* Q1, that. 35 *pleased.* Q4'39–F, pleas'd.
36 *brambles, to divorce.* Q1, branches, to devour.

Over the mountaine, and choake up his beauty
With brakes, rude thornes and thistles, till the sunne
Scorcht them even to the roots and dryed them there;
And now a gentle gale hath blowne againe,
That made these branches meete and twine together,
Never to be divided. The god that sings
His holy numbers over marriage beds
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
Your children, mighty King: and I have done.

King. How, how?

Arethusa. Sir, if you love it in plaine truth,
(For now there is no masking in't) this gentleman,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throwes
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,

38 *choake.* Q1, did choake; Q4'39–F, choakt.
39 *rude thornes.* Q1, rud, thornes. *the.* Q6, F, thy.
40 *even.* Q1 omits. *roots.* Q1, roote. *them.* Q1, un.
41 *a.* Q5a omits. *gentle.* Q2, Q3, gentler. *hath.* Q1, has.
43 *divided.* Q1, unmade; but D and B cite *unarmde* as reading of Q1.
44 *holy.* Q1 omits. *numbers,* Q4–F. Q1–Q3, number. *over.* Q1, ore. 45 *Hath.* Q1, has. *noble.* Q5a omits.
46 *mighty.* Q1, worthy. 48 *now.* Q4–F, omit.
50 *throwes.* Q1, threats; modern Edd., throes.

Thus nobly hath he strugled; and at length
Arrived heere my deare husband.
King. Your deere husband!
Call in the captain of the cittadell.
There you shall keepe your wedding. Ile provide
A masque shall make your Himen turne his saffron
Into a sullen coat, and sing sad requiems
To your departing soules;
Bloud shall put out your torches, and instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
An axe shall hang, like a prodigious meteor,
Ready to crop your loves sweetes. Heare, you gods!
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance in a lyon,
Chaft among dogs, or rob'd of his deare yong,
The same inforc't more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me!
Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to sweare by,

52 *strugled.* Q5–F, strangled.
54–58 *Call in . . . soules.* Line-division of D, B. Q2–F print *call in* in line 53 and end the next four lines with *keepe*, *make*, *coat*, *soules.* 55 *There.* Q1, where.
65 *vengeance in.* Q1, venge. in.
66 *Chaft*, Q1. Q2–Q4, Chast; Q5–F, Cast. *among.* Q1, Q6, F, amongst. 68 *Expect.* Q1, looke.
69 *Sir*, included in this line in Q1, but printed on a line by itself Q2–F. *I.* Q1, that I.

Theres nothing that can stirre me from my selfe.
What I have done, I have done without repent-
ance,
For death can be no bug-beare unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.
Dion [*aside*]. Sweet peace upon thy soule,
thou worthy maid,
When ere thou dyest; for this time Ile excuse
thee,
Or be thy prologue.
Philaster. Sir, let me speake next,
And let my dying words be better with you
Then my dull living actions. If you ayme
At the deere life of this sweet innocent,
Y'are a tyrant and a savage monster,
[That feedes upon the blood you gave a life to;]
Your memory shall be as foule behind you
As you are living; all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speake you, though your owne,
But for the shame of men. No monument
(Though high and big as Pelion) shall be able
To cover this base murther; make it rich

70 *Theres*. Q5a, There is. *that*. Q1 omits.
72 *can . . . me*. Q1, to me can be no bug bear.
73 *So*. Q1, as. 76 *Or be*. Q1, ore by.
79 *deere*. Q1 omits. 80 *Y'are*. Q1, you are.
81 *That . . . to*, only Q1. 86 *the*. Q1, a.
87 *Pelion*. Q2, Peleon; Q5a, Pelican.

With brasse, with purest gold, and shining jasper,
Like the piramides; lay on epitaphes,
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
(That only cloathes my ashes, not my faults)
Shall farre outshine it. And for after-issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisedomes,
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, unlesse it be some snake, or something
Like your selfe, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father, King! There was a fault,
But I forgive it. Let that sinne perswade you
To love this lady. If you have a soule,
Thinke, save her, and be saved. For my selfe,
I have so long expected this glad houre,
So languisht under you, and dayly withered,
That, by the gods, it is a joy to die;
I find a recreation in't.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Wheres the King?
King. Heere.
Mess. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the Prince Pharamond from danger;
Hee's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the Lord Philaster.
Dion [*aside*]. Oh, brave followers!

89 *with purest.* Q1 omits.
104 *by the gods.* Q4–F, D, heaven knows. *a.* Q4–F, my.
106 *Wheres.* D, Where is. *you.* Q1 omits.
109 *Fearing.* Q1, For. *followers.* Q1, fellowes.

Muteny, my fine deere countrimen, muteny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons
In honour of your mistresses!

Enter another Messenger.

2nd Messenger. Arme, arme, arme, arme!

King. A thousand divels take [these citizens!]

Dion [*aside*]. A thousand blessings on um!

2nd Mess. Arme, O King! the citty is in muteny,
Led by an old gray ruffin, who comes on
In rescue of the Lord Philaster.

King. Away to the cittadell! —

Exit [*Messenger*] *with Are*[*thusa*], *Phi*[*laster,*] *Bellario.*

Ile see them safe,
And then cope with these burgers. Let the guard
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.

Exit King.

Manent Dion, Clermont, Thrasiline.

Cle. The citty up! this was above our wishes.

Enter another Messenger. Q1 omits; D, Enter a second gentleman.

113 *2nd Messenger.* Q1, "2 Mes"; Q2–F, "Mess."
arme. Q1, Q4–F, repeat only three times.

114 *these citizens*, Q1. Q2–F, um or 'em.

115 *um.* Q1, them. *Exit . . . Bellario.* Q1 omits.

Dion. I, and the marriage too. By al the gods,
This noble lady has deceiv'd us all.
A plague upon my self, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her deare honour!
O, I could beat my selfe! or do you beat me,
And Ile beat you, for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, twill but lose time.

Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharpe? — Well, my deare countrymen What-ye-lacks, if you continue and fall not backe upon the first broken shinne, Ile have ye chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all-to-be-praisde and sung in sonnets, and bawled in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troule you *in secula seculorum*, my kind can-carriers.

Thra. What if a toy take um ith heels now, and they runne all away, and cry, the divell take the hindmost?

123 *By al the gods*, Q1, B. Q2–F, D, by my life.
124–128 *This noble . . . thought.* Verse-division of Edd. 1787, W, D, B. Qq, F, prose.
131 *What-ye-lacks*, Q2. Hyphens added by B, who follows Q1, what you lackes. Q3–F, what ye lacke.
133 *shinne.* Q1, Skin. *have ye.* Q1, see you; Q3–F, D, B, have you. 135 *all-to-be-praisde.* Hyphens added by Th.
136 *bawled*, Heath conj., D, B. Qq, F, bathd.
new brave. Q1, brave new. 138 *can-carriers.* Q1, Countrimen.

Dion. Then the same divell take the formost too, and sowce him for his breakefast. If they all prove cowards, my curses flye among them and be speeding! May they have murreins raigne to keep the gentlemen at home unbound in easie freeze! May the mothes branch their velvets, and their silkes only be worne before sore eyes! May their false lights undoe um, and discover presses, holes, staines, and oldnesse in their stuffes, and make them shop-rid! May they keepe whores and horses, and breake; and live mued up with neckes of beefe and turnups! May they have many children, and none like the father! May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels, unlesse it bee the goatish Latine they write in their bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

Enter the King.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them! How they swarme together!

143 *sowce.* Q1, sawce.

144 *flye . . . speeding.* Q1, flush amongst um and ill-speeding. F, amongst for *among*.

145 *murreins.* Q2, murriens; Q1, injurious.

146 *unbound.* Q1 omits.

147 *easie.* Q1, rafine. *mothes.* Q1, moth.

153 *neckes.* Q5a, neck. 155 *May they.* Q1, And.

157 *goatish*, Q2, Q3. Q1, gotish; Q4–F, goarish; Th, W, Gothick.

what a hum they raise! — Divels choake your wilde throats! — If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring um on, and they will fight like sheepe. Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heate. They will not heare me speake, but fling durt at me and call me tyrant. Oh, runne, deare friend, and bring the Lord Philaster! speake him faire; call him prince; do him all the courtesie you can; commend me to him! Oh, my wits, my wits! *Exit Cleremont.*

Dion [*aside*]. Oh my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pinne out of your walls for this; nay, you shall cozen me, and Ile thank you, and send you brawne and bacon, and soile you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking. —

King. What they will do with this poore prince, the gods know, and I feare.

Dion [*aside*]. Why, sir, thei'le flea him, and

163 *wilde* Q1, wide. *their*. Q1, your.
164 *he*. Q1, we. *for it*. Q1, for't.
165 *um*. Q1 omits. *and*. Q5–F omit. *they*. Q1, you.
170 *faire*. Q1, well. 171 *courtesie*. Q1, courtesies.
173 *countrymen*. Q1, citizens.
177 *and soile you*. Q1 omits. *every*. Q2 misprints, ever.
177–179 *vacation . . . kicking*. Q1, vocation; and foule shall come up fat and in brave liking. 180 *this*. Q1, that.
181 *and*. Q1 omits. 182 *sir*. Q1 omits.

make church-buckets on's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang him up for [a] signe.

Enter Cleremont with Philaster.

King. O, worthy sir, forgive me; do not make
Your miseries and my faults meete together,
To bring a greater danger. Be your selfe,
Still sound amongst diseases. I have wrong'd you;
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodnesse know it. Calme the people,
And be what you were borne to. Take your love,
And with her my repentance, all my wishes,
And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speakes this;
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be strooke with thunder!

Philaster. Mighty sir,
I will not doe your greatnesse so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princesse
And the poore boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea-breach, which Ile either turne
Or perish with it.

King. Let your owne word free them.

183 *quench.* Q6, F, squench. *a*, Qq, F, except Q2.
190 *to it.* Q1, to't. 191 *first.* Q1, me. *it.* Q1 omits.
193 *all.* Q4–F, and. 194 *speakes this.* Q1, speakes all this.
199 *poore.* Q1 omits. 201 *them.* Q1, her.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royall word. Be kingly,
And be not mooved, sir; I shall bring you peace,
Or never bring my selfe backe.

King. [Now] all the gods goe with thee.

Exeunt omnes.

[Scene IV.

A Street.]

Enter an old Captaine and Citizens with Pharamond.

Captain. Come, my brave mirmidons, lets fall on.
Let your caps swarm, my boyes, and your nimble tongs
Forget your mother gibberish of "what do you lacke."

203 *royall.* Q1, noble. 204 *you*, Q1. Q2–F, your.
206 *Now*, Q1, B. *Exeunt omnes.* Q1 omits.

Scene IV. The text of Q1 from this point to the end of the play is reprinted at the beginning of the *Notes* to this play. After line 37 it departs entirely from the text of Q2–F. Variants of Q1 are henceforth recorded at the foot of the page only when of importance to the present text.

1 *Come, my brave, etc.* From the first line of the scene until the entry of Philaster at line 81, Qq, F, present a mixture of prose and verse, much of the latter impossible. The Edd. '78 printed the whole as prose; Th, W, and D reduced it to verse; and B follows D "with some misgiving." The passage was originally probably in verse by Fletcher; and D's division is here followed with notes of its departure from Q2.

2 *your caps*, Q1. Q2–F, our caps. *your nimble.* Q4'39–F, you nimble. 3 *mother.* Q6, F, mothers.

And set your mouthes ope, children, till your pallats
Fall frighted halfe a fathome past the cure
Of bay-salt and grose pepper. And then cry,
"Philaster, brave Philaster!" Let Philaster
Be deeper in request, my ding-dongs,
My paires of deere indentures, kings of clubs,
Then your cold water chamblets, or your paintings
Spitted with copper. Let not your hasty silkes,
Or your branch'd cloth of bodkin, or your tishues,
Dearely beloved of spiced cake and custards,
You Robin Hoods, Scarlets, and Johns, tye your affections
In darknesse to your shops. No, dainty duckers,
Up with your three-piled spirits, your wrought valors;
And let your uncut collers make the King feele
The measure of your mightinesse. Philaster!
Cry, my rose-nobles, cry!

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord prince?

4 *ope*, Q1. Q2–F, Up.
8 *ding-dongs*. D, from Q1, ding-a-dings.
9 *kings*. Q4–F, King. 10 *your*. Q5, you.
13 *beloved*. Q3–F, beloo'd. *custards*. Q4–F, custard.
14 *You*, Th, B. Q1–F, D, Your.
17 *collers*. Q4'39–F, coller.

These are mad boyes, I tell you; these are things
That will not strike their top-sailes to a foist,
And let a man of warre, an argosie,
Hull and cry cockles.

Pharamond. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you doe?

Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know,
And give your greatnesse warning that you talke
No more such bugs-words, or that solder'd crowne
Shall be scratchd with a musket. Deere Prince Pippen,
Downe with your noble bloud; or, as I live,
Ile have you codled. — Let him lo[o]se, my spirits;
Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hectors,
And let me see what this trim man dares do.
Now, sir, have at you! here I lye;
And with this swashing blow (do you see, sweete prince?)
I could hulke your grace, and hang you up crosse-legd,

28 *solder'd.* Q3–F, soldred.
33 *me.* Q1, Q2. Q3–F, D, B, us. 34 *lye.* Q6, F, it.
35 *swashing.* Q2, washing. *see, sweete,* Q2. Q3, sweet; Q4, Q5b, Q6, sweat; Q5a, swet; F, swear.
36 *hulke,* Q2–F, Boas. Q1, D, B, hock.

Like a hare at a poulters, and do this with this
wiper.
Pha. You will not see me murderd, wicked
villaines?
1st Citizen. Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we
have not seen one
For a great while.
Cap. He would have weapons, would he?
Give him a broadside, my brave boyes, with your
pikes;
Branch mee his skin in flowers like a sattin,
And betweene every flower a mortal cut.—
Your royalty shall ravell!—Jag him, gentlemen;
Ile have him cut to the kell, then downe the
seames.
Oh for a whip to make him galloone-laces!
Ile have a coach-whip.
Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen!
Cap. Hold, hold;
The man begins to feare and know himselfe;
He shall for this time only be seald up,
With a feather through his nose, that he may
only

39–47 *Yes . . . coach-whip.* Q2–F, as prose to *whip* in l. 46, then two short verse-lines ending *galloone-laces*, *coach-whip*.
40 *For*, W, D, B. Q2–F, foe.
48 *Hold, hold.* Q2–F include in l. 49.
51–54 *With . . . king.* Q2–Q4, verse-lines ending *see*, *going*, *you*, *king*; Q5–F, three lines ending *see*, *going*, *king*.

See heaven, and thinke whither hee's going.
Nay, my beyond-sea sir, we will proclaime you:
You would be king!
Thou tender heire apparant to a church-ale,
Thou sleight prince of single scarcenet,
Thou royall ring-taile, fit to flie at nothing
But poore mens poultry, and have every boy
Beate thee from that too with his bread and butter!
Pha. Gods keepe me from these hel-hounds!
1st Cit. Shalls geld him, captaine?
Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my deare donsels;
As you respect the ladies, let them flourish:
The curses of a longing woman kill
As speedy as a plague, boyes.
1st Cit. Ile have a leg, that's certaine.
2nd Cit. Ile have an arme.
3rd Cit. Ile have his nose, and at mine owne charge build
A colledge and clap't upon the gate.
4th Cit. I'll have his little gut to string a kit with,
For certainely a royall gut will sound like silver.
Pha. Would they were in thy belly, and I past
My paine once!

52 *hee's*. D, B, he is.
53 *my*. Q6, F, omit.
56 *scarcenet*. F (correctly) sarcenet.
60 *Ist*. Q4–F, 2.
63 *kill*, F. Q2–Q6, kills.
63–64 *The curses . . . boyes*. Q5–F, as one line.
70–71 *Would . . . once*. Q2–F, one line.

5th Cit. Good captaine, let me have his liver
to feed ferrets.
Cap. Who will have parcels else? speake.
Pha. Good gods, consider me! I shall be
tortur'd.
1st Cit. Captaine, Ile give you the trimming
of your two-hand sword,
And let me have his skinne to make false scab-
bards.
2nd Cit. He had no hornes, sir, had he?
Cap. No, sir, hee's a pollard:
What wouldst thou do with hornes?
2nd Cit. O, if he had had,
I would have made rare hafts and whistles of um;
But his shin bones, if they be sound, shall serve
me.

Enter Philaster.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave Prince
Philaster!
Philaster. I thanke you, gentlemen. But why
are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your
hands
Uncivil trades?
Cap. My royall Rosicleere,

72 *Good.* Q4, Q5b, God.
75–81 *Captaine . . . serve me.* Q2–F, as prose.
76 *two.* Q2, Q3, 2. Q4–F omit.
79 *had had.* Q4–F, had. 81 *shin.* Q3–Q5, skin.

We are thy mirmidons, thy guard, thy rorers;
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus doe we clap our musty murrians on,
And trace the streets in terrour. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men? is the King sociable,
And bids thee live? art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus? speak. If not, this stand
Of royall bloud shall be abroach, atilt,
And runne even to the lees of honour.
Phi. Hold, and be satisfied: I am my selfe,
Free as my thoughts are; by the gods, I am!
Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Doe the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss theire gum'd gols, and cry "We are your servants"?
Is the court navigable, and the presence stucke
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleepes.
Phi. I am what I desire to be, your friend;
I am what I was borne to be, your prince.
Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soule: forget my name,
And know my misery; set me safe aboord

94 *And runne.* Q2–F, B, include in l. 93.
101 *stucke.* Q5–F, struck.
104 *I desire*, F. Q2–Q6, I doe desire. 107 *my.* Q5a, thy.

From these wild canibals, and, as I live,
Ile quit this land for ever. There is nothing,—
Perpetual prisonment, cold, hunger, sicknesse
Of all sorts, all dangers, and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madnes, age,
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do, nay, to despaire,—
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all these, then endure one howre
Amongst these wild dogges.

Phi. I do pitty you.—Friends, discharge your feares;
Deliver me the prince. Ile warrant you
I shall be old enough to finde my safety.

3rd Cit. Good sir, take heede he does not hurt you;
Hee's a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, Ile have a sursingle,
And make you like a hawke. *He strives.*

Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleepe to shake his fit off!

111 *sicknesse.* Q2–Q6 have comma after *sicknesse.*
112 *all dangers.* Q2–Q6, of all dangers. *all together.* Q2–Q6, altogether.
117 *these.* Q4–F, D, B, those. 123 *Hee's.* D, He is.
125 *make,* Q2–Q6. F, male; Th, D, B, mail.
He strives. Q3–Q4, Q5b–F, He stirs.

Looke you, friends, how gently he leads! Upon my word,
Hee's tame enough, he need[s] no further watching.
Good my friends, goe to your houses,
And by me have your pardons and my love;
And know there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes:
To give you more thankes, were to flatter you.
Countinue still your love; and, for an earnest,
Drinke this. [*Gives money.*]

All. Long maist thou live, brave prince, brave prince, brave prince!

Exit Philaster and Pharamond.

Cap. Go thy wayes, thou art the king of curtesie!
Fall off againe, my sweete youths. Come,
And every man trace to his house againe,
And hang his pewter up; then to the taverne,
And bring your wives in muffes. We will have musicke;
And the red grape shall make us dance and rise, boyes.

Exeunt.

128 *you.* Q6, your. 129 *needs.* Q2–F, need.
130–131 *Good . . . love.* Verse-division of Edd. '78, W, D, B; Qq, F, as prose.
138 *Go thy wayes.* Q4–F omit.
139–143 *Fall . . . boyes.* Verse-division of W, D, B. Qq, F, four lines ending *man, to, have, boyes.*

[Scene V.

An Apartment in the Palace.]

Enter King, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Cleremont, Dion, Thrasiline, Bellario, and Attendance.

King. Is it appeas'd?
Dion. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,
As peaceable as sleepe. My Lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himselfe.
King. Kind gentleman!
I will not breake the least word I have given
In promise to him: I have heap'd a world
Of griefe upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter Philaster and Pharamond.

Cleremont. My lord is come.
King. My sonne!
Blest be the time that I have leave to call
Such vertue mine! Now thou art in mine armes,
Me thinkes I have a salve unto my brest
For all the stings that dwell there. Streames of griefe
That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take her;

2 *this.* Th, W, B, the.
4 *gentleman*, Th, W, D, B. Qq, F, gentlemen.

She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexed soule with that I did before.
Philaster. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten. — For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would goe furnish'd to your realme
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Me thinkes, would gladly beare you company:
How like you this peece?
Megra. Sir, he likes it well,
For he hath tryed it, and hath found it worth
His princely liking. We were tane a-bed;
I know your meaning. I am not the first
That nature taught to seeke a fellow forth;
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?
Phi. What meane you?
Meg. You must get another ship,
To beare the princesse and her boy together.
Dion. How now!
Meg. Others tooke me, and I tooke her and him

18 *it is.* F, is it. 26 *hath found.* Q3–F omit *hath.*
28 *know.* Q5a, knew.
34 *beare.* Q6, F, clear. *her.* Q3–F, the.

At that all women may be tane sometime:
Ship us all foure, my lord; we can indure
Weather and winde alike.

King. Cleere thou thy selfe, or know not me for father.

Arethusa. This earth, how false it is! What means is left for me
To cleere my self? It lies in your beleefe:
My lords, beleeve me; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bellario. O, stop your eares, great King, that I may speake
As freedome would! Then I will call this lady
As base as are her actions: heare me, sir;
Beleeve your heated bloud when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner then this lady.

Meg. By this good light, he beares it hansomely.

Phi. This lady! I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearle,
Then her with any thing. Beleeve her not.
Why, thinke you, if I did beleeve her words,
I would outlive em? Honour cannot take

37 *sometime.* Q6, F, sometimes.
39 *winde.* Q4'34, wine.
41 *This earth.* Q2 prints as a separate line.
47 *are.* Q3 omits; Q4–F, be.
48 *your.* F, hour. *heated.* Q3–F, hated.
59 *sadly.* B (qy.), hardly.

Revenge on you; then what were to be knowne
But death?
King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Betweene us. But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denyed.
Phi. Command, what ere it be.
King. Sweare to be true
To what you promise.
Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted!
King. Beare away that boy
To torture: I will have her cleerd or buried.
Phi. O, let me call my word backe, worthy sir!
Aske something else; bury my life and right
In one poore grave; but doe not take away
My life and fame at once.
King. Away with him! It stands irrevocable.
Phi. Turne all your eyes on me! Heere stands a man,
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have livd till I am pittied!
My former deedes were hateful; but this last
Is pittifull, for I unwillingly
Have given the deere preserver of my life

60–61 *Sweare . . . promise.* Q2–F as one line.
63 *that.* F, the. 65 *word.* Q4–F, words.
74 *were.* Q6, F, are.

Unto his torture. Is it in the power
Of flesh and bloud to carry this, and live
Offers to kill him.
Are. Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay me hand!
King. Sirs, strip that boy.
Dion. Come, sir; your tender flesh
Will try your constancie.
Bell. O, kill me, gentlemen!
Dion. No. — Helpe, sirs.
Bell. Will you torture me.
King. Hast there;
Why stay you?
Bell. Then I shall not breake my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.
King. Hows that? will he confesse?
Dion. Sir, so he sayes.
King. Speake then.
Bell. Great King, if you command
This lord to talke with me alone, my tongue,
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath knowne; and stranger things then these
You heare not often.
King. Walk aside with him.
[*Dion and Bellario walk apart.*]

79 *Oh.* Q4–F, or. 80 *Sirs.* Q5a, sir.
80–81 *Come . . . constancy.* Verse-division of W, D. Qq, F, one line. 81 *try.* Q2, tire.
82–83 *Hast . . . you.* Q2–F, as one line.

Dion. Why speak'st thou not?
Bell. Know you this face, my lord?
Dion. No.
Bell. Have you not seene it, nor the like?
Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.
Bell. I have bin often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
(They that would flatter my bad face would sweare)
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be knowne asunder, drest alike.
Dion. By heaven, and so there is!
Bell. For her fair sake,
Who now doth spend the spring time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the King,
That I may scape this torture.
Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia as thou dost looke.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?
Bell. I know it not, my lord;
But I have heard it, and doe scarce beleeve it.
Dion. Oh, my shame! is't possible? Draw neere,

106 *it.* Q5a omits. 108 *is't.* Th, W, D, is it.

That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,
Or else her murderer? where wert thou born?
Bell. In Siracusa.
Dion. What's thy name?
Bell. Euphrasia.
Dion. O, tis just, tis she!
Now I doe know thee. Oh, that thou hadst dyed,
And I had never seene thee nor my shame!
How shall I owne thee? shall this tongue of mine
Ere call thee daughter more?
Bell. Would I had died indeed! I wish it too:
And so I must have done by vow, ere publishd
What I have told, but that there was no meanes
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princesse is all cleere.
King. What, have you done?
Dion. Alls discovered.
Phi. Why then hold you me?
All is discovered! Pray you, let me go.
He offers to stab himselfe.
King. Stay him.
Are. What is discovered?
Dion. Why, my shame.
It is a woman: let her speake the rest.

118 *I.* Q2, Q3, omit. 122 *Alls.* Q6, F, D, B, All is.
123 *All . . . go.* Q4'39–F assign this and consequently the marginal stage-direction to "Dion."

Phi. How? that againe!
Dion. It is a woman.
Phi. Blest be you powers that favour innocence!
King. Lay hold upon that lady.
[*Megra is seized.*]
Phi. It is a woman, sir! — Harke, gentlemen,
It is a woman! — Arethusa, take
My soule into thy brest, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art faire,
And vertuous still to ages, in despight
Of malice.
King. Speake you, where lies his shame?
Bell. I am his daughter.
Phi. The gods are just.
Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you two,
The vertue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy. [*Kneels.*]
Phi. [*raising him*]. Take it freely; for I know,
Though what thou didst were undiscreetely done,
T'was meant well.
Are. And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.

134 *Of malice.* Qq, F, include in preceding line.

Cle. Noble and worthy!
Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so,) tell me why
Thou didst conceale thy sex. It was a fault,
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outwaigh'd it. All these jealousies
Had flowne to nothing, if thou hadst discovered
What now we know.
Bell. My father oft would speake
Your worth and vertue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so [p]rais'd. But yet all this
Was but a mayden longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawne, I saw a god,
I thought, (but it was you,) enter our gates:
My bloud flue out and backe againe, as fast
As I had puft it forth and suck't it in
Like breath: then was I call'd away in hast
To enterteine you. Never was a man,
Heav'd from a sheep-coat to a scepter, rais'd
So high in thoughts as I: you left a kisse
Upon these lippes then, which I meane to keepe
From you for ever: I did heare you talke,
Farre above singing. After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd

150 *oft would.* Q5–F, would oft.
153 *prais'd.* Edd. 1711. Qq, F, rais'd.

What stir'd it so : alas, I found it love!
Yet farre from lust; for, could I but have liv'd
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and drest my selfe
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and understanding well
That when I made discovery of my sex
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be knowne,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens eyes,
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you. Then sate I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match
Within our kingdome, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thy selfe
Wilt well deserve him.

Bell. Never, sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow.
But, if I may have leave to serve the princesse,
To see the vertues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.

Are. I, Philaster,

169 *but have.* Q6, F, have but. 184 *thou wilt.* Q5a omits.

Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Drest like a page to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here. — Come, live with me;
Live free as I doe. She that loves my lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her!
Phi. I grieve such vertue should be laid in earth
Without an heire. — Hear me, my royall father:
Wrong not the freedome of our soules so much,
To thinke to take revenge of that base woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free
As she was borne, saving from shame and sinne.
King. Set her at liberty. — But leave the court;
This is no place for such. — You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince. When you come there,
Remember twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will.
Pharamond. I do confess,
Renowned sir.
King. Last, joyne your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdome, which is yours, and, after me,
What ever I call mine. My blessing on you!
All happy houres be at your marriage joyes,

196 *vertue.* F, virtues. 200 *her.* Q5a, us.

That you may grow your selves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sunne! Let princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood;
For what heaven wills can never be withstood.

Exeunt omnes.

213 *your selves.* Q5a, your self.
214 *live.* Q2–Q4, like.

FINIS.

Notes to Philaster

For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.

Date. In the *Scourge of Folly* by John Davies of Hereford, entered S. R. Oct. 8, 1610, occurs an epigram addressed to Fletcher, the first words of which, "Love lies ableeding," refer to the second title of *Philaster*. The play must, then, have been written and acted before Oct. 8, 1610; and the date generally suggested for its first presentation, 1608, seems a plausible conjecture.

Stage History. *Philaster* was first acted by the King's Men at either the Globe or the Blackfriars theatre, and while Shakespeare was still writing for that company. It was acted at court 1612–13, and was popular until the closing of the theatres in 1642. A droll, the *Club Men*, based on Act v, Scene 4, was performed at the Red Bull during the suppression of the theatres; and the play was revived immediately after the Restoration. Pepys saw it in 1661 and again in 1668, when Hart was playing Philaster, and Nell Gwynne, Bellario. It was also played in Lincolns-Inn-Fields when the women acted alone, perhaps in 1664. In 1695, *Philaster*, "Revis'd and the Two last Acts new Written," by Elkanah Settle, was produced at the Theatre Royal; and another alteration appeared in the works of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, 1714, entitled the *Restauration*. As Dyce remarks, it was probably not written by the Duke, and never acted. In 1711, when *Philaster* was revived at Drury Lane, it had not been acted there for eleven years; and after 1715 it was apparently not acted until 1763, when it was revived with considerable alterations by the elder Colman. Powell made his first appearance at this performance, and the play scored a success. Colman's revision was printed in his Works, 1777, and was acted off and on until the end of the century.

Resemblances to Cymbeline. The resemblances between *Philaster* and *Cymbeline* have been frequently noted and discussed.[1] Some parallel passages may be instanced: the first sixty lines of each play; Arethusa's speech, III, 2, 162–166, and Imogen's, III, 4, 60–66; Leonatus' soliloquy, II, 5, 8ff, and Philaster's, III, 2, 105–128; Philaster's speech after he has been hurt by the

1 Especially in Leonhardt's *Ueber Beziehungen von . . . Philaster, Hamlet, und Cymbeline*, Anglia, vol. 8, and *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspere*, by the present editor, chap. 9.

country fellow, IV, 3, 105–110, and Iachimo's after he has been overcome by Leonatus, V, 2, 1–6; also the quibbles on strange and stranger, *Philaster*, I, 1, 93–97, and *Cymbeline*, II, 1. The resemblances, however, are not so much in parallel passages as in situations and characters. The relations and experiences of Leonatus and Imogen are similar to those of Philaster and Arethusa; while as a page and in the country scenes Imogen resembles Bellario. In each play the king's attempt to marry the heiress of the crown to an unworthy braggart results in the estrangement of the true lovers and the slander of the heroine, but tragedy is eventually averted by the confession of the slanderer and a general forgiveness. In both plays, an idyllic element is contrasted with the tragic and centres about a maiden disguised as a page who suffers privations and who constantly appeals to our sympathies through the utter devotion and ideal tenderness of her character. The two kings are similar in character and actions and Cloten and Pharamond are both brutish braggarts, and each serves to supply the comic element of the play. So noticeable are these similarities and the general resemblance of the plays in material and construction that it seems likely that one play owes something to the other. The probability of direct indebtedness is increased by the fact that the two plays were acted within a year or two of each other and by the same theatrical company. It is not possible to determine with certainty which play was the earlier, and the question of which author was the borrower rests on considerations too complex to be treated here. To the present editor, it seems probable that *Philaster* was the earlier, that in its essential traits it was an innovation, a new type of play, and that its success had an important influence on Shakespeare's choice and treatment of material in *Cymbeline*.

Actus I . . . Actus Quintus. Here follow the opening of Act I, Scene I (corresponding to ll. 1–121 of the text) and the last scene of Act V, as they appear in Q1. They are printed line for line and *literatim*.

Actus I. Scoen. I.

Enter at seuerall doores Lord Lyon, Trasiline, *followes him*, Clerimon *meetes them.*

TRASILINE.

Well ore tane my Lord.

Lyon. Noble friend welcome, and see who encounters us, honourable good *Clerimon*.

Cle. My good Lord Lyon, most happily met worthy *Trasiline*,
Come gallants, what's the newes,
the season affoords us variety,
the nouilsts of our time runnes on heapes,
to glut their itching eares with airie sounds,
trotting to'th burse; and in the Temple walke
with greater zeale to heare a nouall lye,
than pyous Anthum tho chanted by Cherubins.

Traus. True Sir:
and holds set counsels, to vent their braine sicke opinions
with presagements what all states shall designe.

Cle. Thats as their intelligence serues.

Lyon. And that shall serue as long as inuention lastes,
there dreams they relate, as spoke from Oracles,
or if the gods should hold a synod, and make them their secritaries,
they will diuine and prophecie too: but come and speake your thoughts
of the intended marriage with the Spanish Prince,
He is come you see, and brauely entertainde.

Tras. Hee is so, but not married yet.

Cle. But like to be, and shall have in dowry with the Princesse this Kingdome of *Cycele*.

Leon. Soft and faire, there is more will forbid the baines, then say amen to the marriage: though the King vsurped the Kingdome during the non-age of the Prince *Phylaster*, hee must not thinke to bereaue him of it quite; hee is now come to yeares to claime the Crowne.

Tra. And lose his head i' the asking.

Leon. A diadem worn by a headlesse King wold be wonderous, *Phylaster* is too weake in power.

Cle. He hath many friends.

Leon. And few helpers.

Tra. The people loue him.

Leon. I grant it, that the King knowes too well,
And makis this Contract to make his faction strong:
Whats a giddy-headed multitude,
That's not Disciplinde nor trainde up in Armes,

To be trusted vnto? No, he that will
Bandy for a Monarchie, must prouide
Brave marshall troopes with resolution armde,
To stand the shock of bloudy doubtful warre,
Nor danted though disastrous Fate doth frowne,
And spit all spightfull fury in their face:
Defying horror in her ugliest forme,
And growes more valiant, the more danger threats;
Or let leane famine her affliction send,
Whose pining plagues a second hel doth bring,
Thei'le hold their courage in her height of spleene,
Till valour win plenty to supply them,
What thinke ye, would yer feast-hunting Citizens
Indure this?

TRA. No sir, a faire march a mile out of town that their wiues may bring them their dinners, is the hottest seruice that they are trained vp to.

CLE. I could wish their experience answered their loues,
Then should the much too much wrongd *Phylaster*,
Possesse his right in spight of Don and the diuell.

TRA. My heart is with your wishes.

LEON. And so is mine,
And so should all that loues their true borne Prince,
Then let vs ioyne our Forces with our mindes,
In whats our power to right this wronged Lord,
And watch aduantage as best may fit the time
To stir the murmuring people vp,
Who is already possest with his wrongs,
And easily would in rebellion rise,
Which full well the King doth both know and feare,
But first our seruice wee'le proffer to the Prince,
And set our projects as he accepts of vs;
But husht, the King is comming. *sound musicke within.*

Enter the King, Pharamont, *the Princesse*, *the Lady* Gallatea, *the Lady* Megra, *a Gentlewoman*, *with Lords attending*, *the King takes his seate.*

KING. Faire Prince,
Since heauens great guider furthers our intents,

And brought you with safety here to arriue
Within our Kingdome and Court of *Cycele*,
We bid you most welcome, Princely *Pharamont*,
And that our Kingly bounty shall confirme,
Euen whilst the Heauens hold so propitious aspect
Wee'le crowne your wisht desires (with our owne)
Lend me your hand sweet Prince, hereby enioy
A full fruition of your best contents,
The interest I hold I doe possesse you with,
Onely a fathers care, and prayers retaine,
That heauen may heape on blessings, take her Prince,

Actus V. Scoen V.

Enter an olde Captaine, with a crew of Citizens, leading PHARAMONT *prisoner.*

CAP. Come my braue Mermedons, fal on, let your caps swarm, & your nimble tongues forget your gibrish, of what you lack, and set your mouthes ope' children, till your pallats fall frighted halfe a fathom past the cure of baysalt & grosse pepper ; and then crie *Phylaster*, braue *Phylaster*. Let *Phylaster* be deep in request, my ding-a-dings, my paire of deare Indentures : King of clubs, thẽ your cut-water-chamlets, and your painting : let not your hasty silkes deerly belouers of Custards & Cheescakes, or your branch cloth of bodkins, or your tyffenies, your robbin-hood scarlet and Iohns, tie your affections in durance to your shops, my dainty duckers, vp with your three pil'd spirits, that rightvalourous, and let your accute colours make the King to feele the measure of your mightinesse ; *Phylaster*, cry, myrose nobles, cry.

OMNES. *Phylaster, Phylaster.*

CAP. How doe you like this, my Lord prisoner ?
These are mad boyes I can tell you,
These bee things that will not strike top-sayle to a Foyst.
And let a Man of warre, an Argosea,
Stoope to carry coales.

PHAR. Why, you damn'd slaues, doe you know who I am ?

CAP. Yes, my pretie Prince of puppits, we do know, and giue you gentle warning, you talke no more such bugs words, left that

sodden Crowne should be scracht with a musket ; deare Prince pippin, I'le haue you codled, let him loose my spirits, and make a ring with your bils my hearts : Now let mee see what this braue man dares doe : note sir, haue at you with this washing blow, here I lie, doe you huffe sweete Prince ? I could hock your grace, and hang you crosse leg'd like a Hare at a Poulters stall ; and do thus.

PHAR. Gentlemen, honest Gentlemen —

1 SOVL. A speakes treason Captaine, shal's knock him downe ?

CAP. Hold, I say.

2 SOVL. Good Captaine let me haue one mal at's mazard, I feele my stomacke strangely prouoked to bee at his Spanish pot-nowle, shal's kill him ?

OMNES. I, kill him, kill him.

CAP. Againe I say hold.

3 SOVL. O how ranke he lookes, sweete Captaine let's geld him, and send his dowsets for a dish to the Burdello.

4 SOVL. No, let's rather sell them to some woman Chymist, that extractions, shee might draw an excellent prouocatiue oyle from vseth [1] them, that might be very vsefull.

CAP. You see, my scuruy Don, how precious you are in esteem amongst vs, had you not beene better kept at home, I thinke you had : must you needes come amongst vs, to haue your saffron hide taw'd as wee intend it : My Don, *Phylaster* must suffer death to satisfie your melancholly spleene, he must my Don, he must; but we your Physitians, hold it fit that you bleede for it : Come my robusticks, my braue regiment of rattle makers, let's cal a common cornuted counsell, and like graue Senators, beare vp our brancht crests, in sitting vpon the seuerall tortures we shall put him to, and with as little sense as may be, put your wils in execution.

SOME CRIES. Burne him, burne him.

OTHERS. Hang him, hang him. *Enter* PHYLASTER.

CAP. No, rather let's carbinade his cods-head, and cut him to collops : shall I begin ?

PHI. Stay your furies my louing Countrimen.

OMNES. *Phylaster* is come, *Phylaster*, *Phylaster*.

1 *vseth*, i. e., useth to make, should evidently come before *extractions* in the preceding line.

CAP. My porcupines of spite, make roome I say, that I may salute my braue Prince : and is Prince *Phylaster* at liberty ?

PHI. I am, most louing countrimen.

CAP. Then giue me thy Princely goll, which thus I kisse, to whom I crouch and bow ; But see my royall sparke, this headstrong swarme that follow me humming like a master Bee, haue I led forth their Hiues, and being on wing, and in our heady flight, haue seazed him shall suffer for thy wrongs.

OMNES. I, I, let's kill him, kill him.

PHI. But heare me, Countrimen.

CAP. Heare the Prince, I say, heare *Phylaster*.

OMNES. I, I, heare the Prince, heare the Prince.

PHI. My comming is to giue you thanks, my deere Countrimen, whose powerfull sway hath curb'd the prossecuting fury of my foes.

OMNES. We will curb vm, we will curb vm.

PHI. I finde you will,
But if my intrest in your loues be such,
As the world takes notice of, Let me craue
You would deliuer *Pharamont* to my hand,
And from me accept this *Giues vm his purse.*
Testimonie of my loue.
Which is but a pittance of those ample thankes,
Which shall redowne with showred courtesies.

CAP. Take him to thee braue Prince, and we thy bounty thankefully accept, and will drinke thy health, thy perpetuall health my Prince, whilst memory lasts amongst vs, we are thy Mermidons, my *Achillis :* we are those will follow thee, and in thy seruice will scowre our rusty murins and our billbow-blades, most noble *Phylaster*, we will : Come my rowtists let's retyer till occasion calls vs to attend the noble *Phylaster*.

OMNES. *Phylaster*, *Phylaster*, *Phylaster*.

Exit CAPTAINE, *and Citizens.*

PHAR. Worthy sir, I owe you a life,
For but your selfe theres nought could haue preuail'd.

PHI. Tis the least of seruice that I owe the King,
Who was carefull to preserue ye.

Enter LEON, TRASILINE, *and* CLERIMON.

TRA. I euer thought the boy was honest.

LEON. Well, tis a braue boy Gentlemen.

CLE. Yet you'ld not beleeue this.

LEON. A plague on my forwardnesse, what a villaine was I, to wrong vm so; a mischiefe on my muddy braines, was I mad?

TRA. A little frantick in your rash attempt, but that was your love to *Phylaster*, sir.

LEON. A pox on such loue, haue you any hope my countinance will ere serue me to looke on them?

CLE. O very well Sir.

LEON. Very ill Sir, vds death, I could beate out my braines, or hang my selfe in reuenge.

CLE. There would be little gotten by it, ene keepe you as ye are.

LEON. An excellent boy, Gentlemen beleeue it, harke the King is comming. *Cornets sounds.*

Enter the King, Princesse, GALLATEA, MEGRA, BELLARIO, *a Gentlewoman, and other attendants.*

K. No newes of his returne,
Will not this rable multitude be appeas'd?
I feare their outrage, lest it should extend
With dangering of *Pharamonts* life.

Enter PHILASTER *with* PHARAMONT.

LEON. See Sir, *Phylaster* is return'd.

PHI. Royall Sir,
Receiue into your bosome your desired peace,
Those discontented mutineaeres be appeasde,
And this fortaigne Prince in safety.

K. How happie I am in thee *Phylaster*?
Whose excellent vertues begets a world of loue,
I am indebted to thee for a Kingdome.
I here surrender vp all Soueraignetie.
Raigne peacefully with thy espoused Bride, *Delivers his Crowne*
Ashume my Son to take what is thy due. *to him.*

PHA. How Sir, yer son, what am I then, your Daughter you gave to me.

KIN. But heauen hath made asignement vnto him,

And brought your contract to anullity :
Sir, your entertainment hath beene most faire,
Had not your hell-bred lust dride vp the spring,
From whence flow'd forth those fauours that you found:
I am glad to see you safe, let this suffice,
Your selfe hath crost your selfe.
LEON. They are married sir.
PHAR. How married? I hope your highnesse will not vse me so,
I came not to be disgraced, and returne alone.
KING. I cannot helpe it sir.
LEON. To returne alone, you neede not sir,
Here is one will beare you company.
You know this Ladies proofe, if you
Fail'd not in the say-taging.[1]
ME. I hold your scoffes in vildest base contempt,
Or is there said or done, ought I repent,
But can retort euen to your grinning teeths,
Your worst of spights, tho Princesse lofty steps
May not be tract, yet may they tread awry,
That boy there ———
BEL. If to me ye speake Lady,
I must tell you, youhaue lost your selfe
In your too much forwardnesse, and hath forgot
Both modesty and truth, with what impudence
You haue throwne most damnable aspertions
On that noble Princesse and my selfe : witnesse the world ;
Beholde me sir. *Kneeles to* LEON *and discouers her haire.*
LEON. I should know this face ; my daughter
BEL. The same sir.
PRIN. How, our sometime Page, *Bellario*, turn'd woman ?
BEL. Madame, the cause induc't me to transforme my selfe,
Proceeded from a respectiue modest
Affection I bare to my my Lord,
The Prince *Phylaster*, to do him seruice,
As farre from any laciuious thought,
As that Lady is farre from go odnesse,
And if my true intents may be beleeued,

1 *say-taging*. Misprint for say-taking, taking the assay.

And from your Highnesse Madame, pardon finde,
You haue the truth.

PRIN. I doe beleeue thee, *Bellario* I shall call thee still.

PHI. The faithfullest seruant that euer gaue attendance.

LEON. Now Lady lust, what say you to'th boy now;
Doe you hang the head, do ye, shame would steale
Into your face, if ye had grace to entertaine it,
Do ye slinke away? *Exit* MEGRA *hiding her face.*

KING. Giue present order she be banisht the Court,
And straightly confinde till our further
Pleasure is knowne.

PHAR. Heres such an age of transformation, that I doe not know how to trust my selfe, I'le get me gone to: Sir, the disparagement you haue done, must be cald in question. I haue power to right my selfe, and will. *Exit* PHARAMONT.

KING. We feare ye not Sir.

PHI. Let a strong conuoy guard him through the Kingdome,
With him, let's part with all our cares and feare,
And Crowne with ioy our happy loues successe.

KING. Which to make more full, Lady *Gallatea*
Let honour'd *Clerimont* acceptance finde
In your chast thoughts.

PHI. Tis my sute too.

PRIN. Such royall spokes-men must not be deni'd.

GAL. Nor shall not, Madame.

KING. Then thus I ioyne your hands.

GAL. Our hearts were knit before. *They kisse.*

PHI. But tis you Lady, must make all compleat,
And giues a full perod to content,
Let your loues cordiall againe reuiue,
The drooping spirits of noble *Trasiline.*
What saies Lord *Leon* to it?

LEON. Marry my Lord I say, I know she once lou'd him.
At least made shew she did,
But since tis my Lord *Phylasters* desire,
I'le make a surrender of all the right
A father has in her; here take her Sir,
With all my heart, and heauen give you ioy.

KING. Then let vs in these nuptuall feastes to hold,
Heauen hath decreed, and Fate stands vncontrold.

FINIS.

159. Enter Galatea, a Lady, and Megra. The transposition of *Lady* and *Megra* in the entry and in the speeches which follow is rendered necessary by Dion's description of "the first," "the second," and "the last" of the entering ladies, and by our subsequent knowledge of Megra's character. This *Lady* seems to be the "old Wanton Lady, or Croane" in the *Dramatis Personae* of Q3. There is no corresponding character in the *Dramatis Personae* of Q1; the "waiting Gentlewoman" of Q1 corresponding to "Another Lady attending the Princesse" of Q3.

162, 111. discourse and knowledge. "Where *discourse* is coupled with a word expressive of a faculty of the mind — as *thought*, *reason*, *judgment*, etc. — it is to be considered as merely expletive; chameleon-like taking the colour of the word to which it is attached." Daniel (B).

168, 215. lookes like a tooth-drawer. Ray in his *Proverbs* (p. 65, ed. 1768) defines this as looking "very thin and meagre."

169, 238–39. him That made the world his. Alexander the Great.

170, 252. a patterne of succession. A pattern to succeeding kings.

170, 258. a prince of wax. Perfect, as if modelled in wax. Cf. the Nurse's description of Paris, "a man of wax" in *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iii, 76. Galatea's reply, *A dog it is*, refers to a cant phrase, "a dog of wax," found in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, II, ii, and in *Sir John Oldcastle*, II, ii, and the *Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, I, ii. The phrase has not been explained; here Galatea intends to say that Pharamond is a nonentity.

170, 263. and now nought but hopes and feares. And, to supply my wants, now nought but hopes and fears. There is, perhaps, some corruption here.

171, 275. true tenant. Theobald read, true recreant; Mitford

suggested, true tyrant; Dyce noted "truant" of Q1, which had also been conjectured by Seward; but Dyce retained *tenant*, interpreting, "if he [shaking like a true tenant — like one who has only temporary possession] *give not back* his crown." Daniel (B) adopts "truant" of Q1, and adds that "the context might suggest to a bold emendator — 'like *one in* a true *tertian*,' or 'like *as in* a true *tertian*.'" *Tenant* seems no more objectionable than any of the other readings.

173, 306. **hot at hand.** Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, IV, ii, 23.

174, 323. **I.** This alteration of the text adopted by all editors since Weber, was due to a conjecture by Mason. The meaning is: "you would be courtiers to me if I could be induced not to hazard the fortunes of your families by offending the king."

175, 337. **Male-dragons.** The old editions all capitalize and hyphen. *Male*, i. e. masculine.

193, 3. **the reverend mother.** The mother of the maids, the woman in charge of the attendants of the princess.

195, 24–25. **This wyer.** Wire was much used in women's head-dresses.

195, 29. **no hand behind it.** "No acknowledgement of indebtedness." B.

197, 62. **white mony.** "A cant term for silver specie." D.

197, 66–67. **camphier constitutions.** "Camphor was anciently classed among those articles of the materia medica which were cold in an eminent degree." W.

205, 35. **Thou disclaimst in me.** Thou disclaim'st any right in me to your service.

210, 42. **had been better have.** A common form of expression. Daniel instances *Othello*, III, iii, 362. The reading of Q1, had been better, is also not uncommon.

218, 187. **nine worthies.** Joshua, Judas Maccabæus, David, Alexander the Great, Hector, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, and King Arthur.

221, 21. **Against their nature.** "Contrary to the nature of the discordant multitude." Mason.

226, 115. **divells.** Dyce thinks this may be a misprint caught from the preceding line, and notes that in the *Restauration* "fiends" is substituted, and in Settle's alteration, "furies."

244, 109. **For bursting.** For fear of bursting.

244, 114. **like scorpions.** Bullen quotes the *Theater of Insects*, 1658, scorpions "being laid to their own wounds they made, they cure them, as is generally known."

249, 27. **sicke mans salve.** An allusion to the *Sicke Man's Salve*, a work by Thomas Becon, first printed in 1561, and frequently alluded to by the dramatists. Another work, *A Salve for a Sickman*, by William Perkins, was published in 1595.

249, 29. **the helpe of an almanacke.** Almanacs contained directions for the proper times for blood-letting.

250, 38–39. **that spoiles her coate.** "The allusion is to mullets, or stars, introduced into coats of arms, to distinguish the younger branches of a family, which of course denote inferiority." Mason.

251, 12. **hee forsooke the say, for paying ten shillings.** After the deer had been hunted down, it was customary for the keeper to offer his knife to the man of first distinction in the company in order that he might rip up the belly and thus take "assay" of the fatness and quality of the game. Pharamond declined the offer in order to escape the fee of ten shillings. *For*, for fear of, as 244, 109.

252, 18. **an old Sir Tristram.** This hero of romance was an especial patron of the chase.

253. **Enter Philaster.** Here, as Daniel notes, a new scene should be marked; the division is that of Weber, followed by all subsequent editors.

253, 40. **Oh, that, etc.** "This speech is beautifully imitated from the opening of Juvenal's Sixth Satire." Dyce.

264, 54. **Sirs.** "Sir" was a term of address to women as well as men. It is used again in v, ii, 39.

278, 129. **I was so.** "I was, in a figurative sense, *disguised*; the word is still applied in vulgar language to those who are disordered or deformed by drink." Dyce.

283, 39. **Your life no price compar'd to mine.** Mason's emendation seems required for the sense: Philaster supposes that Bellario and Arethusa have changed places with him; the wrong has come to him from them; and their lives are of no value compared with his; what would they then have done? Dyce

noted that Mason's change had been already made in the alteration of the play called the *Restauration*.

285, 30. **the firver of the Sirian starre.** The heat supposedly caused by the dog-star Sirius. Cf. the *Maid's Tragedy*, note, **86**, 55.

287, 56. **saffron.** Hymen appeared in saffron-colored robes in the masques.

289, 109. **Fearing.** Fearing for.

292, 148–49. **silkes only be worne before sore eyes.** Daniel quotes, "green sarcenet flaps for a sore eye." *Troilus and Cressida*, v, i, 36.

292, 149. **false lights.** Dyce quotes an illustrative passage from Middleton's *Michaelmas Term*, 1, i, where the woollen-draper Quomodo addresses an assistant spirit named Falselight:

> Go, make my coarse commodities look sleek;
> With subtle art beguile the honest eye;
> Be near to my trap-window, cunning Falselight.

292, 157. **goatish Latine.** Dyce quotes from Hermanni *Vulgaria:* "The ranke savour of *gotes* is applied to them that will not come out of theyr *baudy* [i. e. foul, barbarous] *latyn.*"

293, 174–175. **out of your walls.** Outside of your shops.

296, 8. **my ding-dongs.** My hearties, my darlings.

296, 9. **My paires of deere indentures, kings of clubs.** Allusions to the indentures by which the apprentices were bound, and to clubs, their favorite weapons.

296, 10. **cold water chamblets.** Camlets, rich fabrics of wool or silk with a wavy, watery appearance.

296, 10–11. **paintings, Spitted with copper.** Painted or colored cloths interstitched with copper.

296, 11. **hasty silks.** Silks and velvets were stiffened with gum to make them look shiny, but in consequence the stuff wore out quickly. See note, **301**, 99–100.

296, 12. **branch'd cloth of bodkin.** Embroidered cloth of gold and silk.

296, 14. **You Robin Hoods, Scarlets, and Johns.** The captain applies to his followers the names of the heroes of the Robin Hood ballads.

296, 16. **your three-piled spirits, your wrought**

valors. *Three-piled* was applied to the best velvet, and so metaphorically to the shop-keepers. Valors is used with a quibble on "velure" or "valure," velvet.

296, 17. **your uncut collers.** A quibble on collar and choler.

296, 19. **my rose-nobles.** Another pun.

297, 22–24. **That will not strike . . . and cry cockles.** That will not yield to an inferior vessel, and let a man of war lie inactive and in base service. *Foist* is a small vessel, used, perhaps, as Weber remarks, with application to Pharamond and allusion to the Lord Mayor's gorgeous galley-foist. *To cry cockles* here seems to mean, "to engage in base traffic"; and to be synonymous with "to carry coales" of Q1. Dyce, however, notes that according to Grose (*Class. Dict. of the Vulgar Tongue*) *cry cockles* means "to be hanged." If this is the meaning here, the captain mixes his metaphors and refers to the interrupted execution of Philaster.

297, 28. **solder'd crowne.** Solder'd head; but why *solder'd* is not clear. Q1 has sodden.

297, 29. **musket.** A quibble on the double meaning (1) a male sparrowhawk, (2) the weapon.

297, 36. **hulke.** Boas notes that "*hulk*, to take entrails out of, is preferable to *hock*, hough, or hamstring, which could scarcely be used of a hare."

298, 46. **Oh for a whip to make him galloone-laces!** O for a whip to tear him to ribbons! The captain's rant is more or less consistent in its metaphors. Having cut, embroidered, and ravelled Pharamond, he would whip him until he was mere ribbons of lace.

298, 50–51. **seald up, With a feather through his nose.** *Seeled* (misspelt in the text) is a term in falconry. When a hawk was first taken, a thread or small feather was run through its eyelids, so that it could see little or nothing. Putting the feather through the nose seems to have been a humorous amendment of the captain's.

299, 55. **Thou tender heire apparant to a church-ale.** In view of the character attributed to these convivial occasions, this is equivalent to calling Pharamond a bastard, and a base one at that.

299, 56. **prince of single scarcenet.** Daniel quotes "A king of shreds and patches." *Hamlet*, III, iv, 102.

299, 66–67. **Ile . . . gate.** An allusion to Brasenose College, Oxford.

300, 85. **royall Rosicleere.** Rosicleer and his brother Donzel de Phebo (mentioned in l. 92), knight of the sun, are heroes in the Spanish romance *Donzel de Phebo*, translated into English, 1583–1602, under the title of the *Mirrour of Knighthood, etc.* The *Mirrour* was a popular book and is frequently referred to by the early dramatists. It is referred to in the *Scornful Lady*, IV, i, and is constantly scoffed at and burlesqued in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

301, 99–100. **the regarded scarlets Kiss theire gum'd gols.** The respected officers of state, clothed in scarlet, kiss their perfumed hands. *Golls* is a vulgar term for hands, and *gummed* seems to refer to the application of gum for perfume or bleaching. Daniel thinks *gummed* is used in the sense of corrupted, and quotes from the *Woman Hater*, IV, ii, "She 's a piece of dainty stuff, my rogue ; smooth and soft as new satin ; she was never gummed yet, boy, nor fretted," where the metaphorical use of the word is quite different from its use in the present passage. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, II, ii, "I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet" ; and *hasty silks*, V, iv, 11, and note for 296, 11.

302, 124–25. **Ile have a sursingle and make you like a hawke.** I 'll have a girth or band and train you like a hawk. *Make* was a technical term in falconry meaning "to train, to make obedient." "Mail" (F, male) was also a technical term meaning "to pinion, to wrap in a cloth," but there seems no reason for its adoption here by modern editors.

303, 142. **your wives in muffes.** One of the earliest allusions in literature to muffs, then just coming into use.

307, 59. **will sadly be denyed.** Will be very sorry to be denied.

310, 110. **Or else her murderer.** "It was the received opinion in some barbarous countries that the murderer was to inherit the qualities and shape of the person he destroyed." Mason.

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The place of publication is London unless otherwise indicated. The abbreviations to the left of the titles are those used in the Textual Notes.

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1620. (Q1.) PHYLASTER. OR, LOVE LYES A BLEEDING. Acted at the Globe by his Maiesties Seruants. Written by Francis Baymont and John Fletcher Gent. Printed at London for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child. [Wood-cut on title-page. B. M. (C. 34. f. 31,) Bodl., Dyce.]

1622. (Q2.) PHILASTER . . . The Second Impression, corrected and amended. [B. M. (C. 34. c. 4.) Bodl., Dyce.]

1628. (Q3.) PHILASTER . . . The Third Impression . . . for Richard Hawkins. [B. M. 1346. a. 6. Bodl., Dyce.]

1634. (Q4, '34.) PHILASTER . . . The Fourth Impression. [B. M. 644. d. 19. Dyce. B. P. L.]

1639. (Q4, '39.) PHILASTER . . . The Fourth Impression . . . for William Leake. [B. M. 644. d. 20. Bodl., T. C. C., B. P. L.]

1652. (Q5a.) PHILASTER . . . The Fifth Impression. [Ornament, two rows of small fleur-de-lis. B. P. L., H. C. L.]

1652. (Q5b.) PHILASTER . . . The Fifth Impression. [But distinct from Q5a, and having for ornament a crown. On back of title-page, it has a list of books sold by Leake. B. P. L.]

1663? (Q6.) PHILASTER . . . The Sixth Impression. [Not dated, but list of books "lately come forth" fixes the date as 1663. B. M. 643. g. 23. Bodl., B. P. L.]

1687. 4°. PHILASTER.

1717. 4°. PHILASTER.

1870. PHILASTER. In the *Works of the British Dramatists, etc.* By J. S. Keltie.

1892. PHILASTER. Expurgated. In the *Best Elizabethan Plays.* Ed. by W. R. Thayer. Boston.

1898. PHILASTER. Ed. Frederick S. Boas. The *Temple Dramatists.*

D. ADAPTATIONS, ALTERATIONS, AND TRANSLATIONS

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

1672. THE TESTY LORD. In the *Wits, or, Sport upon Sport.* [A droll based on Calianax scene in the *Maid's Tragedy.*]

1690. THE SECOND PART OF MR. WALLER'S POEMS. This contains a new fifth act of the *Maid's Tragedy.*

1690. THE MAID'S TRAGEDY [i. e. its fifth act] altered. With some other pieces. By Edmund Waller, Esq. [A different version from the preceding.]

1746. LA PUCELLE. Tragédie en un acte par Fletcher. *Le Théâtre Anglais.* Vol. 4.

1765. DIE BRAUT, eine tragödie. Translated into German prose by H. W. von Gerstenberg. Kopenhagen und Leipzig.

[?] THE BRIDAL. A tragedy in five acts, adapted for representation (with three original scenes, written by James Sheridan Knowles, Esq.) from The Maid's Tragedy of Beaumont and Fletcher. As performed by Mr. Macready. New York. William Taylor & Co. [Not dated.]

[The *Bridal* is also in vol. 6 of the *Modern Standard Drama.* New York. Samuel French. Not dated.]

PHILASTER

1695. PHILASTER. Revised and the two last acts new written by E. Settle.

1714. THE RESTAURATION: OR, RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. By George Villiers, late Duke of Buckingham. [In the *Works of*

George Villiers; also see editions, 1754, 1775. An alteration of Philaster.]

1763. PHILASTER. With alterations [and prologue by G. Colman.]

1764. PHILASTER. With alterations [by G. Colman]. Second edition.

1777. PHILASTER. A tragedy. With alterations. [In *Dramatic Works* of G. Colman, vol. 3.]

1780. PHILASTER. Altered . . . [by G. Colman.]

1791. PHILASTER. A tragedy. As altered . . . Adapted for theatrical representation. [In *Bell's British Theatre*, vol. 18.]

[?] PHILASTER. ODER DIE LIEBE BLUTET. Deutsch von Adolf Seubert. n. d. Leipzig. *Universal-Bibliothek*, band 1169.

II. WORKS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL

Besides monographs and essays devoted especially to PHILASTER *and the* MAID'S TRAGEDY, *this list includes such general works on the drama and on Beaumont and Fletcher as are likely to prove useful to the student or the general reader. See also the memoirs and critical matter in the editions of the texts included in the preceding lists.*

1664. A SHORT DISCOURSE ON THE ENGLISH STAGE, in *Love's Kingdom*, a pastoral tragi-comedy, Richard Flecknoe. Reprinted in the *English Drama and Stage under the Tudor and Stuart Princes, 1553-1664*, edited by W. C. Hazlitt, Roxburghe library, 1869. pp. 275–281.

1668. AN ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY, John Dryden. Works of Dryden, ed. Scott-Saintsbury, XV, 282 ff.

1668. A DEFENCE OF AN ESSAY ON DRAMATIC POESY, John Dryden. Works of Dryden, ed. Scott-Saintsbury, II, 290.

1678. THE TRAGEDIES OF THE LAST AGE, CONSIDER'D AND EXAMIN'D, BY THE PRACTICE OF THE ANCIENTS, AND BY THE COMMON SENSE OF ALL AGES: IN A LETTER TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHERD, ESQ.,

Thomas Rymer. [Contains criticisms on the *Maid's Tragedy*, *Rollo*, and *A King and No King*.] Second Edition, 1692.

1679. The Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy (An Answer to Rymer), John Dryden. Works of Dryden, ed. Scott-Saintsbury, VI, 260–283.

1691. An Account of the English Dramatic Poets, Gerard Langbaine. Reëdited as The Lives of the Poets, by Charles Gildon, 1698; The Companion to the Playhouse, by David Baker, 1764; Biographia Dramatica, by Isaac Reed, 1782, and by Stephen Jones, 1812.

1753. The Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland, Theophilus Cibber and Robert Shiels. I, 154–164.

1797. Comments on the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, J. Monck Mason.

1811. Über Dramatische Kunst und Literatur, A. W. Schlegel. Vol. 2, Part 2, pp. 288–306. Heidelberg. Translated by John Black as Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, Philadelphia, 1833.

1814. Explanations and Emendations of Some Passages in the Text of Shakespeare and of Beaumont and Fletcher, Martinus Scriblerus [*pseud.*]. Edinburgh.

1821. Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, William Hazlitt. pp. 86–101.

1831. Beiträge zu einer genauern Vergleichung Shakspeare's mit Beaumont und Fletcher, Franz Horn. *Shakspeare's Schauspiele*, V, 34–72. Leipzig.

1832. Some Account of the English Stage, from the Restoration to 1830, J. Genest. 10 vols. [For numerous notes on the plays, see under their names in the index, vol. I.]

1833. A Letter on Shakespeare's Authorship of The Two Noble Kinsmen; a drama commonly assigned to John Fletcher, William Spaulding, Edinburgh. A new edition, with a life of the author by John Hill Burton, *New Shakspere Society*, 1876.

1836. Notes on Beaumont and Fletcher, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The *Literary Remains of S. T. Coleridge*, collected and edited by H. N. Coleridge, II, 289–322. Also in the *Complete Works of S. T. Coleridge*, edited by Prof. Shedd; New York, 1853;

IV, 199–220. And in *Lectures and Notes on Shakspere and other English Poets*, by S. T. Coleridge; now first collected by T. Ashe, 1883. pp. 395–407; 425–451. [See the Index for references to various comments on Beaumont and Fletcher from *Table Talk* and elsewhere.]

1837. Lives of the Most Eminent Literary and Scientific Men of Great Britain, *Dramatists*, Robert Bell and S. A. Dunham. I, 203–251.

1839. Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries, Henry Hallam. III, 337–351. [Various later editions.]

1840. Review of Darley's Edition, "Adversaria, no. III, Peter-see-mee," *Fraser's Magazine*, August, 1840, XXII, 189–192. Also reviewed in *American Whig Review*, July and August, 1846, IV, 68–80, 131–146.

1841. Beaumont and Fletcher and their Contemporaries, [William Spaulding,] *Edinburgh Review*, April, LXXIII, 209–241.

1846. Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the plays of Shakespeare, J. P. Collier, *Shakespeare Society Publications*.

1847. Review of Dyce's Edition, *Edinburgh Review*, July, LXXXVI, 42–67; *Eclectic Magazine*, October; *Littell's Living Age*, XIV, 385.

1847. "Salmacis and Hermaphroditus," not by Francis Beaumont: the edition of 1602, Dramaticus [*pseud.*]. The *Shakespeare Society's Papers*, III, 94–126.

1847. The Shares of Shakspere and Fletcher in The Two Noble Kinsmen, Samuel Hickson, *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review*, April, XLVII, 59–88. Reprinted, with a confirmation by F. G. Fleay, in *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1874.

1848. Dyce's and Darley's Editions, *Quarterly Review*, Sept. 1848, LXXXIII, 377–418.

1850. Beaumont and Fletcher, William B. Donne, *Fraser's Magazine*, March, XLI, 321–332. Reprinted in Essays on the Drama and on Popular Amusements; Second edition, 1863, pp. 34–66.

1850. On the Several Shares of Shakspere and Fletcher

IN THE PLAY OF HENRY VIII, James Spedding, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Aug. and Oct. 1850, new series, XXXIV, 115–123, 381–382. Also in *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1874.

1856. CURSORY NOTES ON VARIOUS PASSAGES IN THE TEXT OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, AS EDITED BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE, etc., John Mitford.

1856. STUDIEN ÜBER DAS ENGLISCHE THEATER, V, FLETCHER, Moritz Rapp, *Archiv für das Studium der neuern Sprachen und Literaturen*, XX, 1–37.

1858. CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, William and Robert Chambers, 1858, I, 218–225. Revised Edition, 1901, I, 468–478.

1864. CONTEMPORAINS ET SUCCESSEURS DE SHAKESPEARE, Alfred Mézières. 2d Edition, II, 21–211. Paris.

1864. SHAKESPEARE AND JONSON. DRAMATIC VERSUS WIT-COMBATS. AUXILIARY FORCES: BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, MARSTON, DECKER, CHAPMAN, AND WEBSTER. Unsigned.

1869. THE LITERATURE OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH, E. P. Whipple, pp. 157–177. Boston.

1871. ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND, III, BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. Charles Cowden Clarke, *Gentleman's Magazine*, June. Entirely New Series, VII, 27–48.

1874. FLETCHER AND BEAUMONT, Unsigned, *Temple Bar*, Nov., XLII, 460–471.

1874. ON METRICAL TESTS AS APPLIED TO DRAMATIC POETRY, F. G. Fleay. PART II. FLETCHER, BEAUMONT, MASSINGER, WITH ILLUSTRATIVE PASSAGES AND A DISCUSSION. *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, pp. 51–84. Also in *Shakspere Manual*, 1876, pp. 151–174.

1875. A HISTORY OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC LITERATURE TO THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE, A. W. Ward, 2 vols., II, 155–248. Revised ed., 3 vols., 1899, II, 643–763.

1875. A NOTE ON CERVANTES AND BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, C. J., *Fraser's Magazine*, May, XCI, 592–597.

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1883. Francis Beaumont: A Critical Study, G. C. Macaulay. Reviewed in the *Athenæum*, Feb. 2, 1884; the *Academy*, Dec. 22, 1883; the *Spectator*, Aug. 2, 1884.

1884. Chapters in the History of English Literature from 1509 to the Close of the Elizabethan Period, Ellen Crofts, ch. 9, pp. 258–283.

1885. Francis Beaumont, A. B. Grosart, *Dictionary of National Biography*.

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1885. Über Beziehungen von Beaumont und Fletcher's Philaster, or Love Lies A-Bleeding, zu Shakespeare's Hamlet und Cymbeline, B. Leonhardt, *Anglia*, viii, 424–447.

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1886. Geschichte des Dramas, J. L. Klein. 13 vols. English drama, vols. 12, 13. Leipsic.

1886. Some Ethical Aspects of Later Elizabethan Tragedy, J. Rose Colby. Dissertation, pp. 23–37, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

1887. Beaumont and Fletcher, Algernon Charles Swinburne, *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 9th ed., iii, 469–474.

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1889. John Fletcher, A. H. Bullen, *Dictionary of National Biography*.

1890. A Bibliography of Beaumont and Fletcher, Alfred C. Potter, *Bibliographical Contributions*, Library of Harvard University, no. 39. Cambridge, U. S. A.

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1895. Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen Ben Jonson's, John Marston's, und Beaumont's und Fletcher's, Emil Koeppel, *Münchener Beiträge*. Leipzig.

1896. Die Text-varianten von Beaumont's und Fletcher's Philaster, etc., B. Leonhardt, *Anglia*, XIX, XX, XXIII, XXIV, XXVI. *Philaster*, XIX, 34–74. *Maid's Tragedy*, XXIII, 14–66.

1896. The Old Dramatists, Conjectural Readings, K. Deighton. Beaumont and Fletcher, pp. 30–88.

1901. The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspere, A. H. Thorndike. Worcester, Mass.

1903. A History of English Poetry, W. G. Courthope. 4 vols. published, 1895–1903. IV, 304–348.

1904. The Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature, Barrett Wendell. New York.

1905. Spanish Influence on English Literature, Martin A. Hume, p. 276 ff.

1905. John Webster, E. E. Stoll. [Contains a discussion of the influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Webster.] Cambridge, U. S. A.

Glossary

abusde, deceived. *P.* III, i, 110.

answerable, suitable, convenient. *P.* IV, ii, 36.

apprehensive, capable of understandlng. *P.* V, v, 152.

beaten (*beaten rocke*), overlaid or inlaid with precious metal. *M. T.* I, ii, 216.

bill, a kind of pike, used by watchmen. *P.* V, iv, 32.

blankes, blank-verses. *P.* II, ii, 98.

bodkin, *baudkin*, a rich stuff of gold and silk. *P.* V, iv, 12.

bowes (*boughs*). *M. T.* I, ii, 194.

branch, to form patterns. *P.* V, iv, 12, 42.

brave, finely dressed. *P.* II, iv, 28, etc.

bravery, ostentation. *P.* I, i, 275.

bugs, bugbears, objects of terror. *P.* I, i, 245.

bugs-words, swaggering words. *P.* V, iv, 28.

canker, a wormy disease, a corroding evil. *M. T.* IV, i, 85; V, i, 76.

cantharides, the dried Spanish fly, used as a drug. *P.* IV, i, 48.

carduus, a genus of herbs resembling the thistle and formerly esteemed as a remedy for all kinds of diseases. *P.* II, ii, 42.

carriage, baggage. *P.* IV, i, 45; behavior. *P.* II, iv, 121, etc

chamblets, *camlets*, rich fabrics of wool or silk with a wavy, watered appearance. *P.* V, iv, 10.

church-ale, a convivial meeting on occasion of a church festival. *P.* V, iv, 55.

codes, a corruption of God's. *M. T.* I, ii, 29.

cog, cheat, cajole. *P.* I, i, 64, etc.

conger, cucumber. *P.* II, ii, 46.

curious, scrupulous. *P.* III, i, 30.

curst, cross, shrewish. *P.* II, iii, 41.

dare, amaze, terrify. *M. T.* IV, i, 182.

dazle, to be stupefied. *M. T.* IV, i, 199.

donsels, young gentlemen, not

yet admitted to knighthood. *P.* v, iv, 61.

dowcets, testes. *P.* iv, ii, 15; v, iv, 61.

duckers, cringers, bowers; or, perhaps, duck-hunters, alluding to a favorite sport of the citizens. *P.* v, iv, 15.

dullnesse, sleepiness. *P.* iv, iv, 6.

face, pretend, lie with effrontery. *M. T.* iv, i, 54.

facers, shameless persons. *M. T.* iv, ii, 124.

firker, a rouser, a fast one. *P.* iv, ii, 30.

foist, a small vessel. *P.* v, iv, 22.

followers, pursuers. *P.* iv, iv, 33.

foxe, a broad sword. *P.* iv, iii, 132.

foremen, cant name for geese. *P.* v, iii, 175.

galloone-laces, worsted laces woven in narrow ribbon or tape for binding. *P.* v, iv, 46.

goatish, rank, coarse, barbarous. *P.* v, iii, 157.

gols, *golls*, hands. *P.* v, iv, 100.

hand-wolf, tamed wolf. *M. T.* iv, i, 193.

honest, chaste. *P.* ii, ii, 5; iv, ii, 26.

hull, to lie inactive with no sails set. *P.* v, iv, 24.

humane, *human*. *M. T.* iii, ii, 173.

humourous, moody. *M. T.* i, ii, 27.

inevitable, irresistible. *M. T.* iii, ii, 79.

ingenious, ingenuous. *M. T.* iii, i, 211.

jades, spurns, maltreats. *P.* i, i, 190.

jag, cut or slash. *P.* v, iv, 44.

jealous, suspicious. *P.* ii, iv, 18, etc.

kell, caule about the hart's paunch. *P.* v, iv, 45.

kit, cittern, a kind of guitar. *P.* v, iv, 68.

layars, lairs. *P.* v, iii, 29.

leg, a bow. *P.* i, i, 87.

lyme-hound, a hound of the chase so-called from the lime or leash by which it was led. *P.* iv, i, 16.

lodged, brought to covert. *P.* iv, ii, 1.

make, to train a hawk. *P.* v, iv, 125.

miching, *mitching*, creeping, sneaking. *P.* iv, ii, 20.

mued, mewed up. *P.* v, iii, 153.

murrains, plagues. *P.* v, iii, 145.
murrian, *morion*, a helmet. *P.* v, iv, 88.

phlebotomie, blood letting. *P.* II, ii, 45.
physicall, good for the health. *P.* IV, i, 29.
pickthanks, a tale-teller, "barbateur, a sicophant, a pickthanke, a privie whisperer, a close detractor, a secret tale-teller," Cotgrave (B); *M. T.* III, i, 219.
pollard, an animal, stag or ox, without horns. *P.* v, iv, 78.
poppingjayes, parrots. *P.* I, i, 216.
presses, creases. *P.* v, iii, 150.
prevent, anticipate. *P.* I, ii, 199.
prodigious, portentous. *P.* II, iv, 175; v, iii, 61.
piramis, pyramid. *P.* IV, iv, 91.

raskall, *rascal*, a lean doe or deer. *P.* IV, ii, 20.
readier, more ready, more dressed. *M. T.* III, i, 20.
resolute, convinced. *M. T.* III, i, 280.
resolve, convince. *P.* II, iv, 102; am convinced. *M. T.* II, i, 348.
rid, despatch. *M. T.* II, i, 327.
ring-taile, an inferior sort of kite. *P.* v, iv, 57.
rose-noble, gold coin stamped with rose. *P.* v, iv, 19.
roarer, roaring boy, bully. *P.* v, iv, 86.

scarcenet, *sarcenet*, soft silk fabric. *P.* v, iv, 56.
sea-breach, sea-beach. *M. T.* II, ii, 68; irruption of the sea. *P.* v, iii, 200.
servant, lover, the title conferred by ladies on their authorized admirers. *P.* I, i, 124, etc.
single, weak, feeble. *P.* v, iv, 56.
sounds, swoons. *M. T.* v, iii, 227.
soile, to fatten. *P.* v, iii, 177.
stand, a cask or the quantity of liquor that it contains. *P.* v, iv, 92.
stone-bow, cross-bow that shoots stones. *P.* IV, ii, 10.
sullen, dark. *P.* v, iii, 57.
sursingle, band, girth. *P.* v, iv, 124.

tainted, affected in mind. *P.* I, i, 222.
three-piled, of the finest quality (of velvet). *P.* v, iv, 16.
tiller, cross-bow. *P.* II, ii, 45.

timelesse, untimely. *M. T.* I, ii, 68, etc.

Towsabel, Dowsabel. *P.* II, ii, 161.

toy, whim. *P.* V, iii, 139.

tract, tracked. *P.* IV, iv, 51.

travells, labors. *P.* I, i, 160.

troule, to sing a catch. *P.* V, iii, 137.

turfe, cover a hat with fur or silk. *P.* IV, ii, 16.

turtle, dove. *P.* I, i, 219.

uds, corruption for judge in the expletive God's uds. *P.* IV, iii, 97.

uncollected, not having control of one's mental faculties. *M. T.* IV, ii, 315.

unexprest, not to be expressed. *M. T.* III, ii, 85.

velvet-head, the hart's horns (head) when first appearing are covered with russet pile (velvet). *P.* IV, ii, 16.

venies, bouts. *P.* IV, iii, 92.

vild, vile; *the two words are used indifferently*.

wasters, cudgels. *P.* IV, iii, 92.

what-you-lacks, a nick-name for shop-keepers who thus addressed passers-by. *P.* V, iii, 131.

wildernesse, wildness *M. T.* V, iii, 150.

winke, close the eyes. *M. T.* III, i, 272.

wiper, a steel instrument for cleaning the bore of a musket. *P.* V, iv, 37.

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